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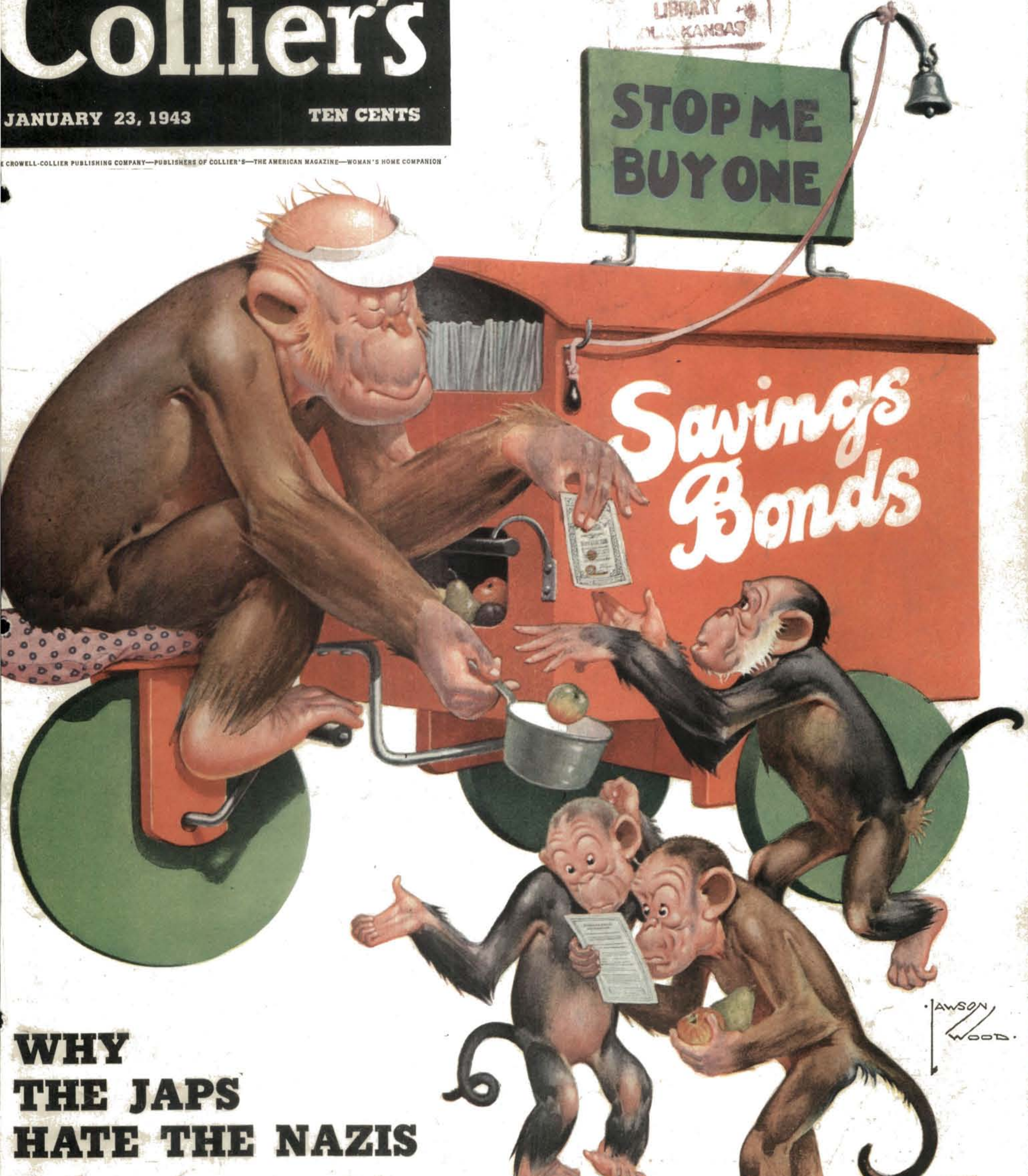

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WHY THE JAPS HATE THE NAZIS

BY ROBERT BELLAIRE

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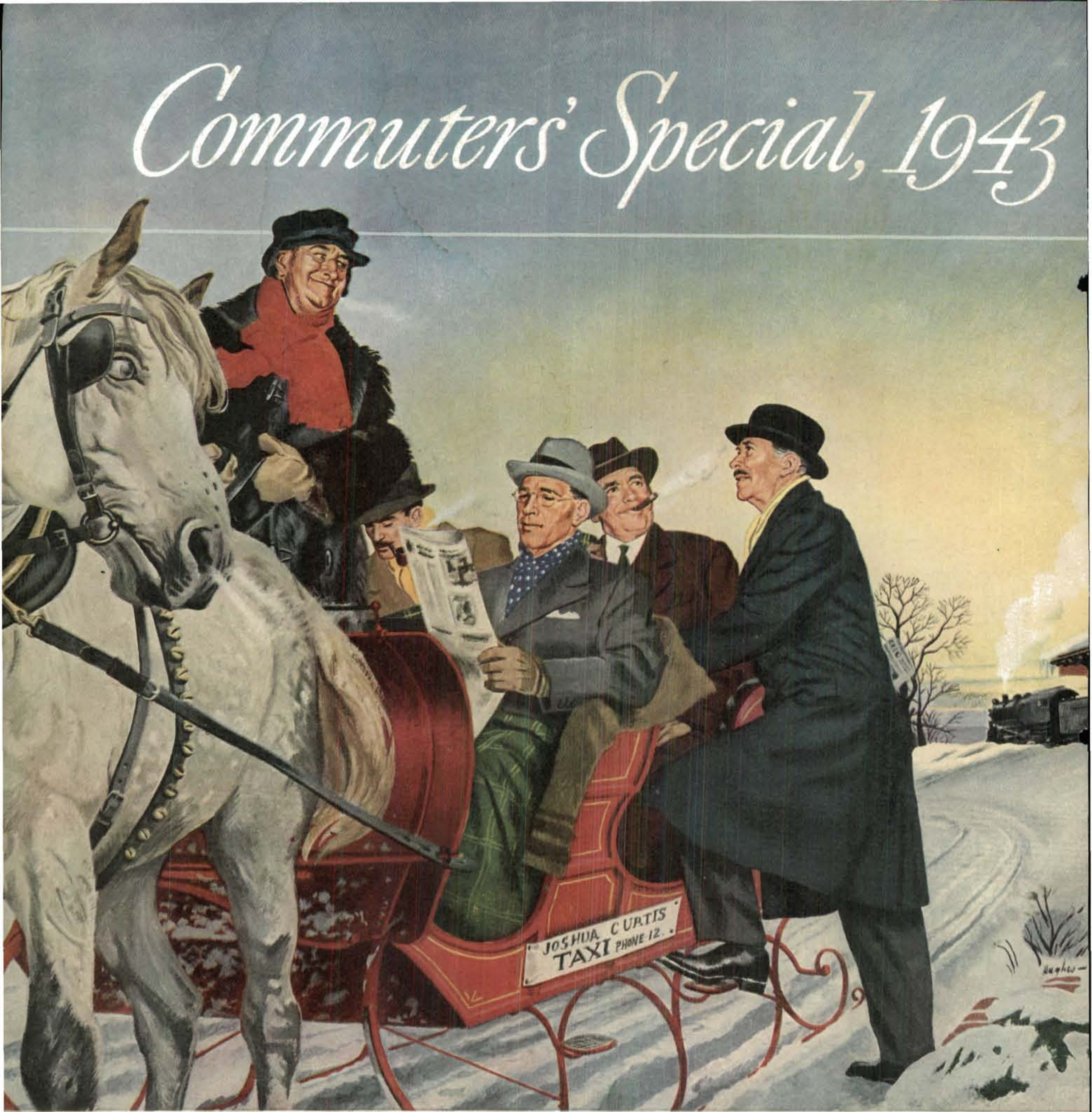
Commuters' Special, 1943
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TAXI PHONE 12
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Making the best of a situation is the great American trait. Offering the best of whiskies . . . Schenley Royal Reserve . . . is the great American gesture. And buying War Bonds is the great American privilege. Buy War Bonds *regularly*.

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It's a short, short way to Tipperary as the Ferry Command flies today. It will be even shorter tomorrow.

For the hearts and hands now building planes to destroy our enemies will be turned to the creation of a new and better world.

If you could only sit down and talk to the men in the aviation division of B. F. Goodrich, your imagination would be stirred by the miracles which are going to take place after this war.

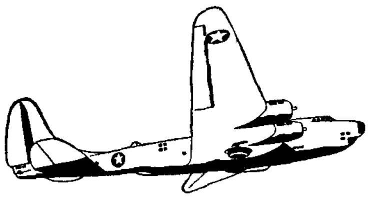
They'd be able to tell you about the weather five miles up and the fight they've been waging to tame it. They could tell you hair-raising stories of what ice did to planes before B. F. Goodrich De-Icers were developed.

They could tell you of a type of brake (called the B. F. Goodrich Expander Tube) which does wonders stopping the lightning-fast fighter planes we're building today, and they'd add, "We think your plane-of-tomorrow will have this new kind of smooth-stopping brake."

They could show you tires used on bombers, like the Flying Fortress, that are taller than you are and can absorb the 80-ton shock of landing one of these giants. You'd recognize the name of these tires from your own driving experience, because it's "Silvertown."

These are only a few of more than 80 natural and synthetic rubber products which B. F. Goodrich is turning out to hasten the day of victory. They'll be here *after* victory, too . . . so the airliner you hop for Europe will be that much more comfortable—that much safer.

Here are some giant American cargo planes that are supplied with B. F. Goodrich equipment!



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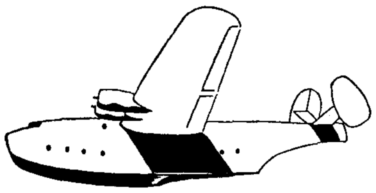
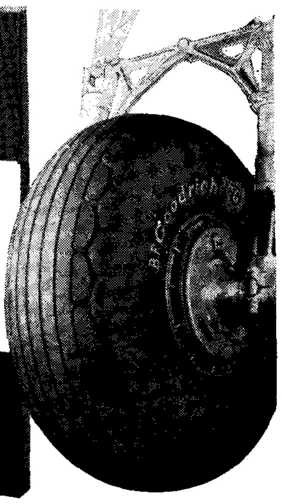


MARTIN MARS

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Picture OF THE MONTH

SPENCER TRACY · KATHARINE HEPBURN

in

KEEPER OF THE FLAME

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

WITH: *Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker, Frank Craven, Horace McNally and Percy Kilbride*

SCREEN PLAY BY:..*Donald Ogden Stewart, based upon the book by I. A. R. Wylie*

DIRECTED BY:.......*George Cukor*

PRODUCED BY: *Victor Saville; Associate Producer: Leon Gordon*

CAPSULE REVIEW: If one were to describe the mood of this film, reference might be made to "Rebecca", for "Keeper Of The Flame" is a story of persistent suspense—definite, unswerving, with no resort to little tricks of bogus byplay. We see the Forrest family holding aloft the torch of tradition—the great man who was killed in an accident at a bridge. Steven O'Malley, as played by Mr. Tracy, is a journalistic inquirer who finds his mind and his life caught in the web of exaltation that was woven around the late Mr. Forrest. Call it a mystery, but certainly a different kind of one, for its realism is not only active but psychological.

That well-known animal magnetism called love which is generated between the two leading characters is neither syrupy nor moon-drenched. Two strong men, in a sense, have come face to face—only one of them is a woman. The word 'best' is thrown around too easily—but this is Miss Hepburn's best performance. She is better than in "Philadelphia Story" or "Woman Of The Year". Tracy, ever the master of restraint, gives his expected distinguished performance.

"Keeper Of The Flame" was directed by George Cukor just before he became Private George. Its supporting cast is one of great excellence, and it is produced by Victor Saville with painstaking care in the MGM manner reminiscent of "Random Harvest" and "Mrs. Miniver". Its details of atmosphere, the play of light and shade on the remarkable personalities, have been captured with outstanding cameracraft by Director of Photography William Daniels. Miss Wylie should be pleased with what has been done to her book. And the public certainly will be.

NOTES ON OTHER PICTURES: "Stand By For Action" is hailed by American Naval Officers as the greatest picture of the Navy in action ever to have been made.

TWO MUSICALS: "Cabin In The Sky" and "DuBarry Was A Lady". Watch for both.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
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WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

MR. WENDELL L. WILLKIE'S mail was better than ours this week. At least one of his letters was. It came from Winston Churchill. In it Mr. Churchill said: "Your visit to Cairo did no end of good and all your most sanguine forecasts were borne out by the ensuing battle." Mr. Willkie was not at all eager to have this letter published, but we won him over by reminding him of what we had printed about his visit to the desert. As if he needed reminding.

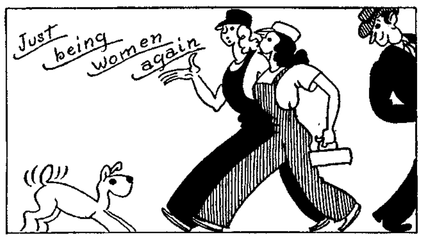
ON PAGE 61 appears a message for every alert young woman in this country. It is published by the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and shows you one vital way in which you can help win the war. We urge you to read it—every word.

SOMEHOW, and against our better judgment, we got into a nice loud discussion of 1943's war outlook. Naturally, it presently got to postwar talk. Somebody inserted the customary doleful prophecy of unemployment after the fighting stops. But fortunately there was a book publisher present. "Unemployment?" he cried. "Nonsense! Even if we have seven million men in our Army, they'll all be busy—busy writing books about their experiences. It is my firm belief, as a publisher, that there is not a man or woman in America with even the remotest association with our Armed Forces who is not now writing a book. I shall doubtless publish some of them. But I predict that the biggest seller to come out of this war will be the tale of some fellow who was an extremely bad soldier, who saw no action, who was nowhere near anyone who was heroic or near any place where one could be a hero. In other words, the story of a guy who was of no use at all to the cause of the United Nations. If any of you discover such a man, with such unusual experiences, will you please let me know?"

FROM the home of the Honorable Theodore Bilbo, senator from Mississippi, comes advice that you are quite wrong if you believe that Negroes do not pay poll taxes in Mississippi even if they may not vote. Our informant understandably asks us to withhold his name. "It is the custom here," says he, "for our tax collectors to attach the wages of Negroes who work for railroad companies and other large employers of Negro labor in order to collect poll taxes. But there's a catch. This attachment and collecting is done after the last date for payment has passed, so that the tax receipts may not be used to insure the privilege of voting. Did anyone think of asking the filibustering Senator Bilbo about this?"

IN AN offhand way, we've been approached by several Army people asking us to play down the Marines for a while and boost the American soldier. One suggested that it is in the interests of general morale that we make no distinction at all in writing of the work of American ground forces—that all be called just soldiers. We spoke to a Marine officer about it. "Maybe they're right," said he. "We Marines have been having a hard time, though, to save enough of the enemy for the Army to work on a little. They didn't send us to Africa because it wasn't necessary. We've been kidding the Army along, telling them that they're just as good fighters as the Marines, and the damn' fools took us seriously and are believing us."

A TIMELY bit of intelligence comes from a captain of Marines who was buying himself a pretty dashing outfit in one of New York's high-priced shops. A citizen who is no longer young but who undoubtedly will acquit himself with credit was buying a Navy overcoat. His wife was present to advise. The new Navy officer, scheduled, we'd guess, for a noncombatant job, tried on several overcoats without any noticeable transformation. Finally the salesman looked to the lady for the final word. "I'm sure they're all regulation and very nice," she sighed. "But could you do anything to make him look less like a policeman?"



WE ARE getting a lot of letters predicting the date or approximate date of this war's end. The winter of 1943 and the spring of 1944 are running neck and neck. Too, we're getting letters from ladies and gentlemen who deplore what they believe to be a growing hope that the finish will come sooner than that. None of those latter are in the fighting forces, of course. They merely

(Continued on page 50)

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THIS WEE

JANUARY 23, 19

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ISABEL SCOTT RORICK
Remember the Sabbath. Mr. Cu makes it an unholy nightmare Mrs. Cugat. Page

MICHAEL FOSTER
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HAROLD LAMB
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FRELING FOSTER
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EDITORIALS
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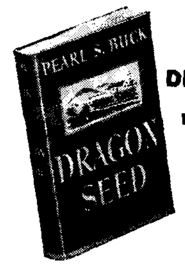

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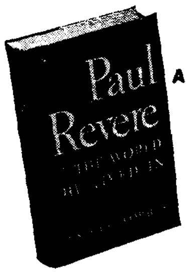

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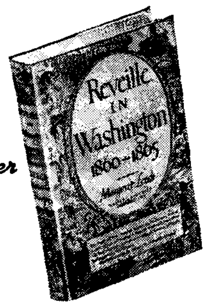

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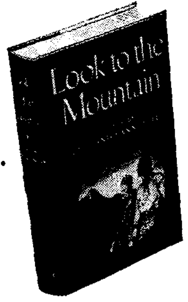

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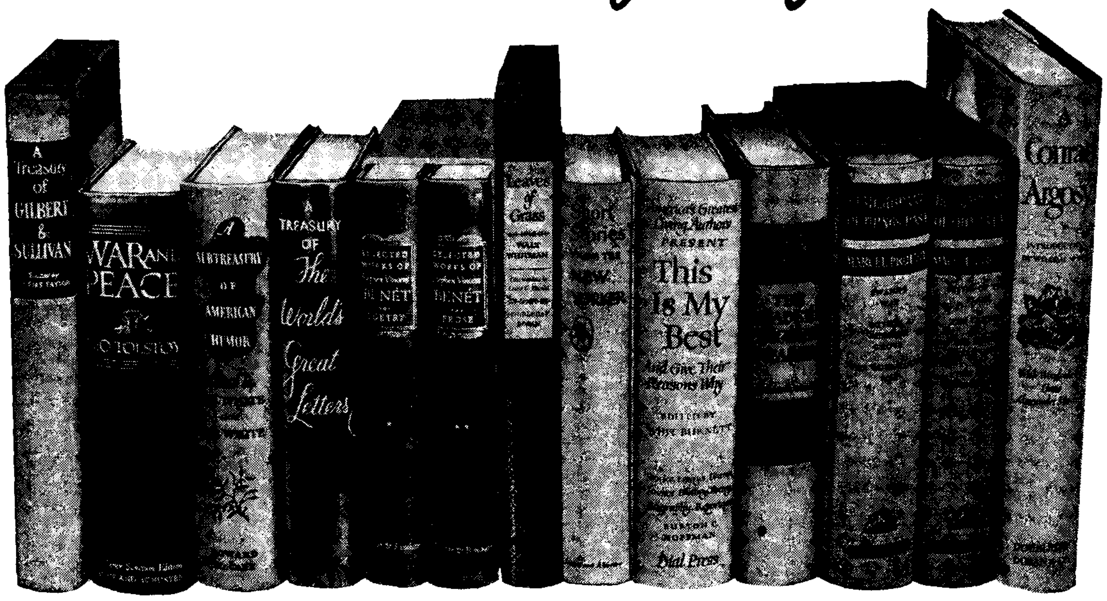

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For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes...then along came round-end PROLON
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Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

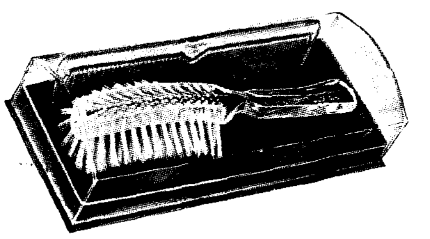
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

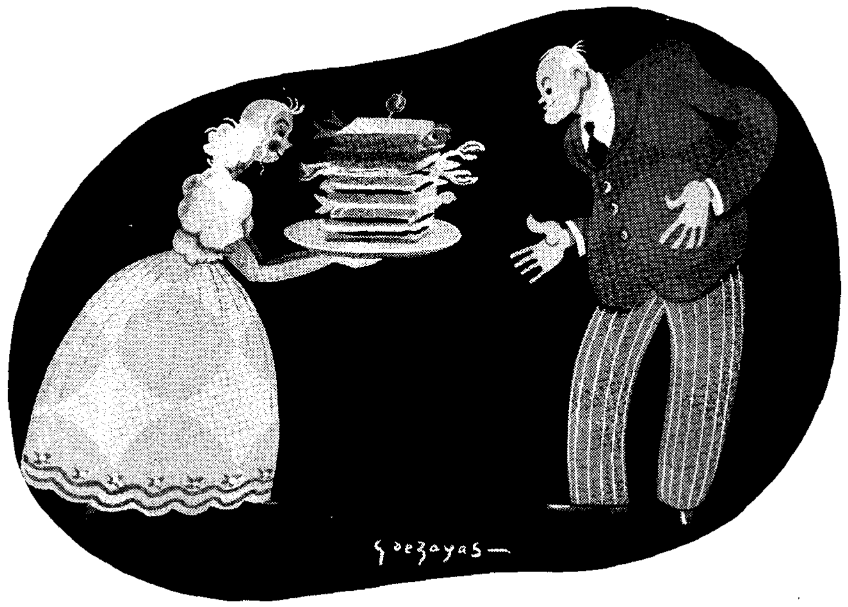
Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush —the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

No sandwich comes anywhere near approaching the smörrebrod of Denmark in size, variety and color scheme. Laid alongside one another butter side up on a large tray are eight slices of white, brown and black bread covered with generous portions of anchovies, sardines, cheese, veal, lobster, smoked salmon, roast beef, raw oysters and goose liver.—*By E. V. Meuhl, Brooklyn, New York.*

The only memorial in the United States to German military men of the first World War was erected in 1932 in Asheville, North Carolina. It overlooks the graves of the eighteen enemy sailors who died there in an internment camp in 1918.

Eugene Ely, a civilian aviator, was the first man to fly a plane from the deck of a ship when he took off from the U.S.S. Birmingham in Hampton Roads on November 14, 1910. He was also the first man to land a plane on a ship when he alighted on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in San Francisco Harbor on January 18, 1911.

On a rock on Adam's Peak in Ceylon, a footlike impression, five feet by two feet, is the object of an age-old dispute among the adherents of three great religions. The Buddhists claim it was made by Buddha, the Hindus claim it was made by their god Siva, and the Mohammedans claim it was made by Adam when he stood there for two centuries, to atone for his sin in the Garden of Eden.—*By Blanch Hamilton, Clifton, New Jersey.*

The first contingent of America's North African Army required 700,000 different kinds of items of equipment and supplies. Among them were nearly 400 different items of clothing and personal equipment, 10,000 items for the Signal Corps, 68,000 for the Medical Corps and 100,000 for the Engineer Corps, including such things as bridges, trucks, well-drilling equipment, storage tanks and railroad locomotives.

Many persons in Norway still follow the old custom in which both man and wife wear a wedding ring on the third finger of their right hand and, when one dies, the survivor transfers it to the third finger of the left hand. Hence two rings on the left hand and one on the right signify that a woman has been widowed twice and is now married again.

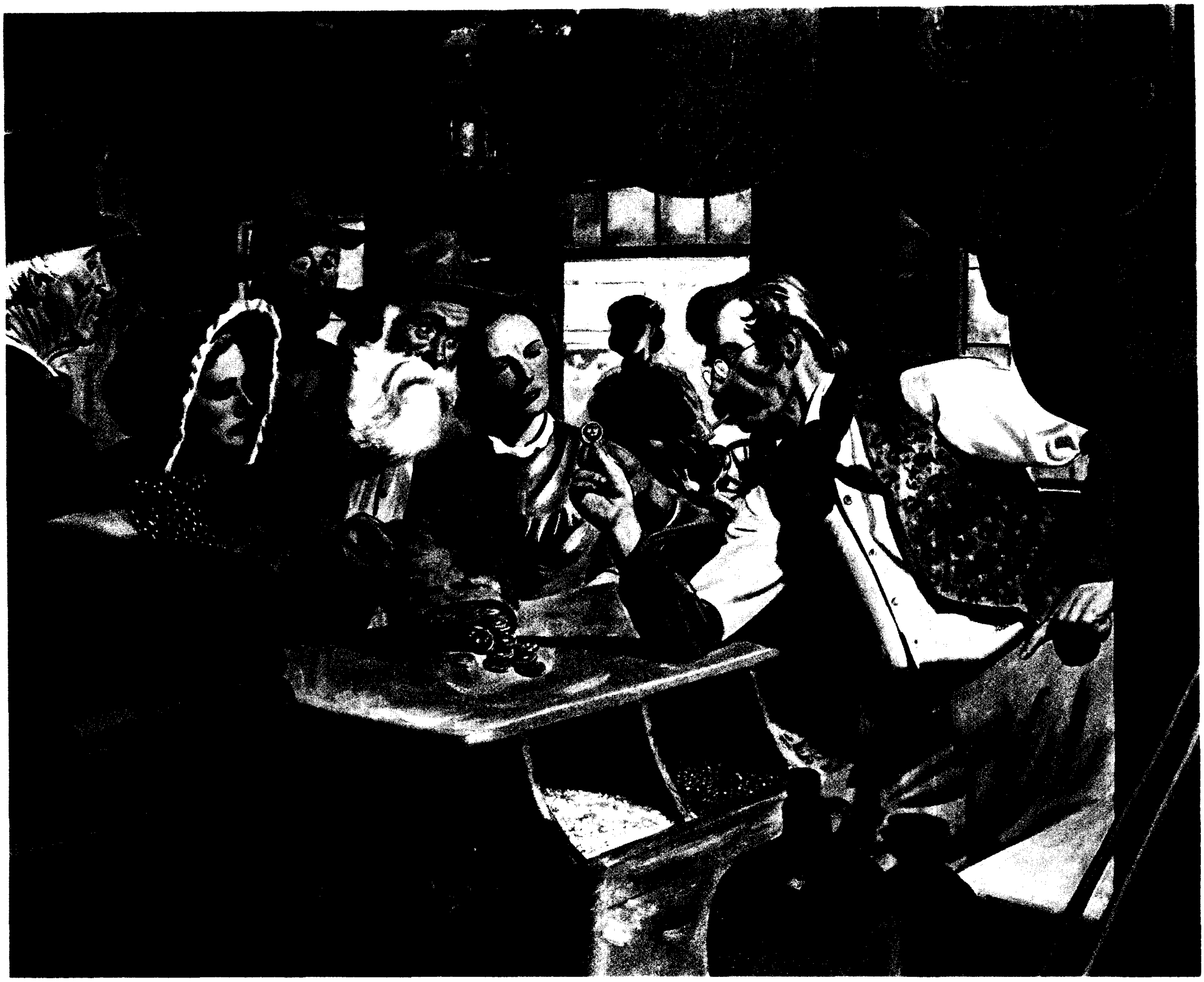
A study of the works of nearly one thousand famous American and British writers to determine at what age they reached their greatest literary ability shows that their masterpieces were written, on the average, when they were in their forty-sixth year.—*By Grace A. Wagner, Long Island City, New York.*

The invention of the Roberts Torpedo in 1866 was followed by the greatest patent litigation in American history. Before the legality of its patent was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1880, this device for shooting oil wells was so widely infringed upon that more than 16,000 suits and countersuits were filed, all those brought to a decision being won by the inventor. —*By Salvatore Ridolfi, New York, New York.*

For every American and Briton who can read and write the Japanese language, there are at least ten thousand Japanese who can read and write English.

Since 1862, when internal revenue laws again became effective, the alcoholic beverage industry has paid more than $14,000,000,000 in excise taxes to the United States government. Other direct and indirect taxes levied by states and municipalities on dealers and consumers are beyond calculation.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Josiah Sprinkle's oversize dollars

Out of the rough hills of Kentucky, one day in the early 1800's, came an old man, Josiah Sprinkle, carrying a sizable buckskin pouch filled to overflowing with large silver coins.

Entering the town of Washington, the county seat of what was then Bourbon County, he spent the coins as silver dollars, although, other than in outline, they bore little resemblance to the national coin of the period. On one side of the coins was an owl, and on the other a six-pointed star. The inscriptions were rudely done, and the edges of the coins were smooth.

Being considerably thicker and larger than regular dollars, and of pure silver without alloy, they were actually worth more than those minted by the Treasury.

When pressed for information about his oversize dollars, Sprinkle was usually noncommittal. Only once did he divulge that, many years before, he had discovered a rich vein of silver, had carefully worked it for years, and was now enjoying the fruits of his labors. But where his mine was, he would never say, nor was it ever found out.

We think it may safely be assumed that you are not so fortunate as Josiah Sprinkle. Rich veins of silver are not lying around just for the finding. But you can make your own arrangements to provide yourself with oversize dollars for the times when you need them most. The way you do this is through insurance.

In insurance, you pay out small dollars and get back big ones. This is because of what the economics professors sometimes call the "time utility" of wealth. In plain words, this means that your dollars are worth more to you at some times than they are at others.

As, for example, when a burglary, a fire, an automobile smashup, or some other unexpected event causes damaging loss of your property, and, perhaps, serious injuries to you. That's when your insurance dollars, available for just such emergencies, look as big as cart wheels.

Your Travelers agent or broker will gladly explain just how you can best provide oversize insurance dollars for any emergency, and assist you in choosing the proper insurance for any hazard against which you want to protect your property, your pocketbook, and yourself.

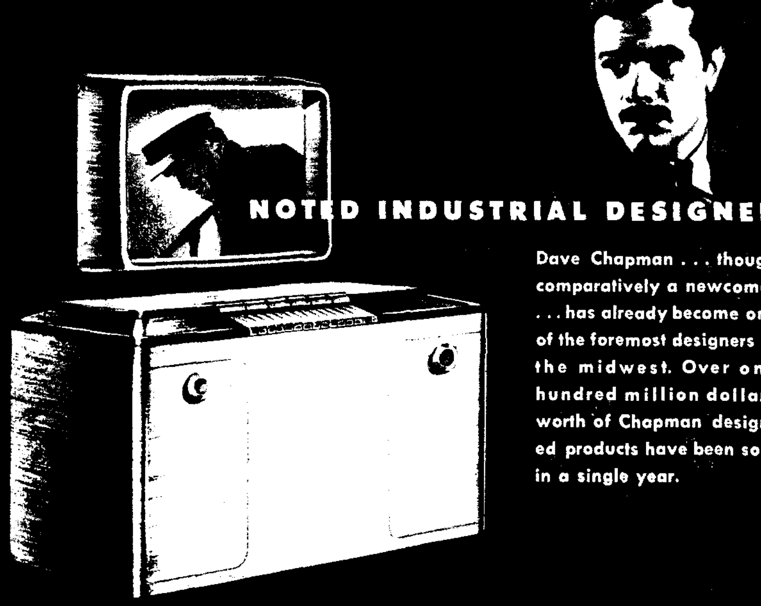
MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

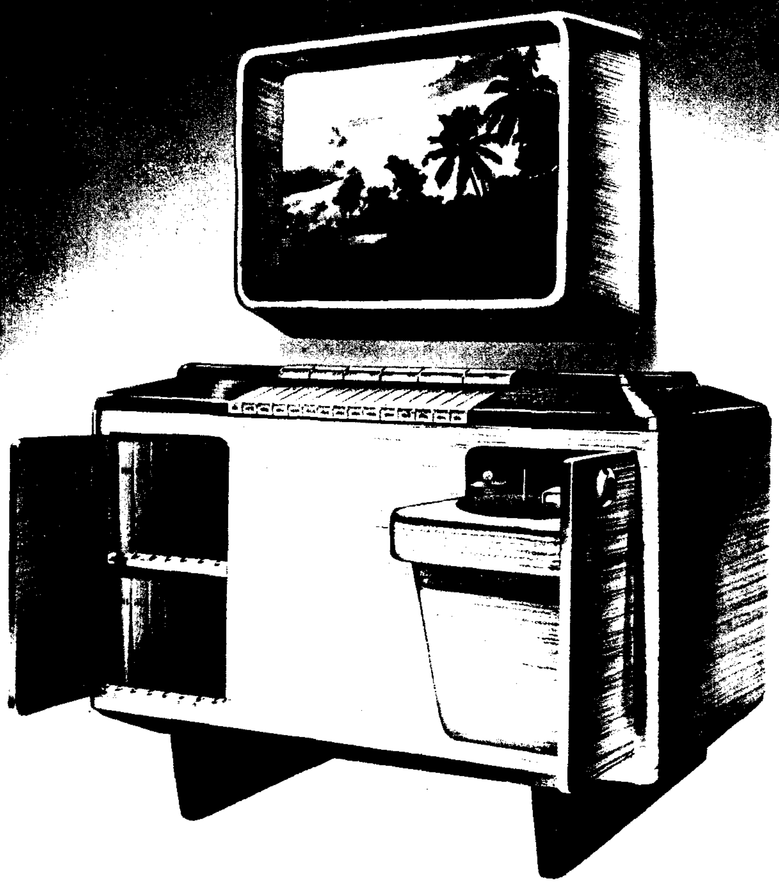
PATTERN FOR PLEASURE

AS PREDICTED BY DAVE CHAPMAN

NOTED INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER

Dave Chapman . . . though comparatively a newcomer . . . has already become one of the foremost designers in the midwest. Over one hundred million dollars worth of Chapman designed products have been sold in a single year.





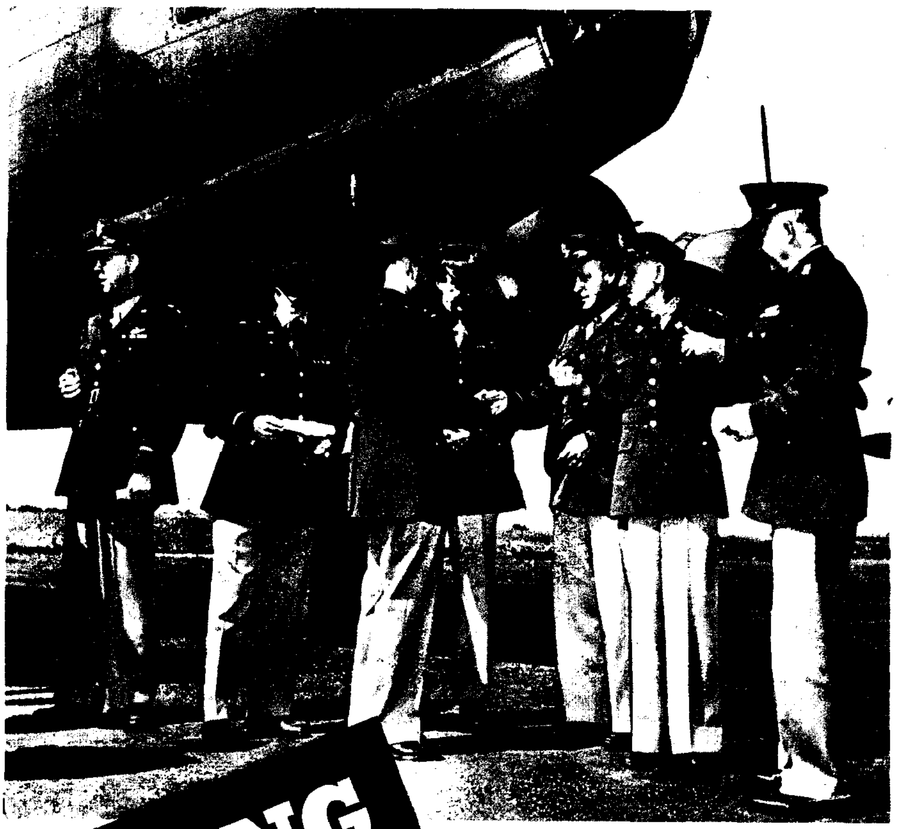
What do you think the radio of the future will be like? We have asked that question of a score or more of America's most noted industrial designers. Pictured above is the intriguing prediction that comes from the gifted pencil of designer Dave Chapman.

While both great Admiral plants are devoted exclusively to the production of radio communication equipment for our armed forces, Admiral engineers are already thinking and planning for the day when victory shall be ours. When that day comes, look again to Admiral . . . world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonograph combinations with automatic record changers . . . for "America's Smart Set" and exciting new adventures in radio entertainment. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.

Admiral RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET



ACME

Officers' caps with the nonchalant droop indicate wearer belongs to the A.A.F., who customarily remove wire stiffening. In group above are Generals Frank, Candee, Eaker, Hunter and Spaatz. Carrying torch for the ground forces, General Eisenhower, right

WING TALK

HITLER used to win important victories without bloodshed by showing prominent visitors from neutral countries how strong Germany was. An inspection tour of the Reich's great aircraft and tank factories and its well-drilled land and air forces often was all that was needed to influence a wavering neutral country to enter the Nazi camp.

This one-time potent argument seems to have lost its force as an Axis weapon. Hitler's device has been used against him by Uncle Sam. Recently groups of officials and correspondents from the leading neutral nations have been invited to the United States and given a good look at our growing might. The result has been highly satisfactory to the Allied cause.

There were, for instance, the top-notch Turkish newspapermen who have just left America, following a trip through our arms plants and military, naval and air bases.

Several of the group had learned the rudiments of their profession at our Columbia University School of Journalism, but they were neither pro-United States nor pro-Axis; just pro-Turkey. They were much impressed with what they saw here. This was evident in their observations and their dispatches to their papers at home. Some of the group doubled in brass as both editors and government officials, so their views will have great weight in Turkey—easily the most important remaining neutral.

One of the visiting newsmen, after seeing the huge new aircraft factory at Willow Run, Michigan, cabled his paper that he believed it will turn out more planes than all the Axis plants put together. All of them were especially interested in finding out how we were going to meet the U-boat menace. A stay at the Kaiser shipyards did much to answer them here.

What made the trip especially valuable was that the group had just come from a tour of Germany. They were taken through great aircraft factories and arms plants as of old, but this was not what they particularly wanted to see. Just as in the United States they wanted to know how we would be able to beat the Axis submarines, so in the Reich they sought to find out how the Germans fared as to food and raw materials.

At first, they were greatly impressed. Everywhere they went, there seemed to be plenty of good food. They stopped at hotels, and the menus were surprisingly rich for a nation at war—especially one that in prewar days had given up butter for cannon.

Some of the Turkish newsmen, however, soon began to smell a rat. The meals, though very good, were so very much alike. Was the New Order regimentation so effective that the kitchens of Germany's best hotels all cooked according to party formula? Could it be possible that the best chefs of the country—egotistical and individualistic as are all true artists—had given up their own famed sauces and dressings and were following a Goebbels cookbook?

The Yankee-trained Turkish reporters did a little leg work. They found out that a perambulating Nazi commissary accompanied them. An entire kitchen crew with special supplies of food took over the hotel while they were there. When they moved on to another hotel in another city, the chefs and supplies moved with them. And after they left, the menus at the hostelries went back to cabbage and potatoes. The backfiring Nazi trick helped answer the principal question in their minds as to Germany's chances of winning the war.

HAVE you ever noticed that some Army officers' caps stand up stiffly and smartly, while others droop in a rather nonchalant manner? Look farther

(Continued on page 50)

BLADES OF WRATH

Through the mist of an English meadow comes a gigantic bomber.

Across its battle-scarred nose is painted the name . . . *Spirit of Coventry.* And as the setting sun catches the spin of its "props," it lifts its great wings and is gone.

Soon the sky above rocks with the roar of hundreds of Lancasters. From Suffolk . . . and Kent . . . and Coventry they rise . . . from every corner of England they come. The greatest striking force man has ever launched in the skies!

There will be blood on the moon tonight in Germany . . .

• • •

Night after night propellers made by Nash-Kelvinator have carried these crusading hosts on high . . .

First on Britain's great Lancasters and now on many of America's planes—these staunch blades of wrath are veterans of hundreds of "fiercely opposed operational flights."

Each blade is so beautifully machined and matched with its brothers that a puff of a man's breath sends them turning in a fifteen-foot arc! Yet so powerful that they help take a thirty-ton bomber aloft and pull it along at 300 miles an hour.

A miracle of precision workmanship! Yet—this is only one of the many war production jobs entrusted to the skilled craftsmen of Nash-Kelvinator, who yesterday made refrigerators and automobiles.

All that we have—in men, machines and skill—is being poured into the job to get it done . . .

For they are *our* sons, too . . . those fearless fighters of the sky.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

NASH KELVINATOR

Our duty is twofold: To help build weapons for Victory and to help build the kind of America our boys have a right to expect when they come home.

COPYRIGHT ARMY AIR FORCES AID SOCIETY

Telephone wire coming up

Here's a bomber-gunner hurrying to load his 50-calibre gun. . . .

In peace, a lot of that copper would have gone into new telephone lines. Now it's needed for shooting and winning the war.

That's why we can't build new lines right now. That's why we're saying—"Please don't place Long Distance calls to war-busy centers unless it's absolutely necessary."

Thanks for all your help and we hope you will keep on remembering.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

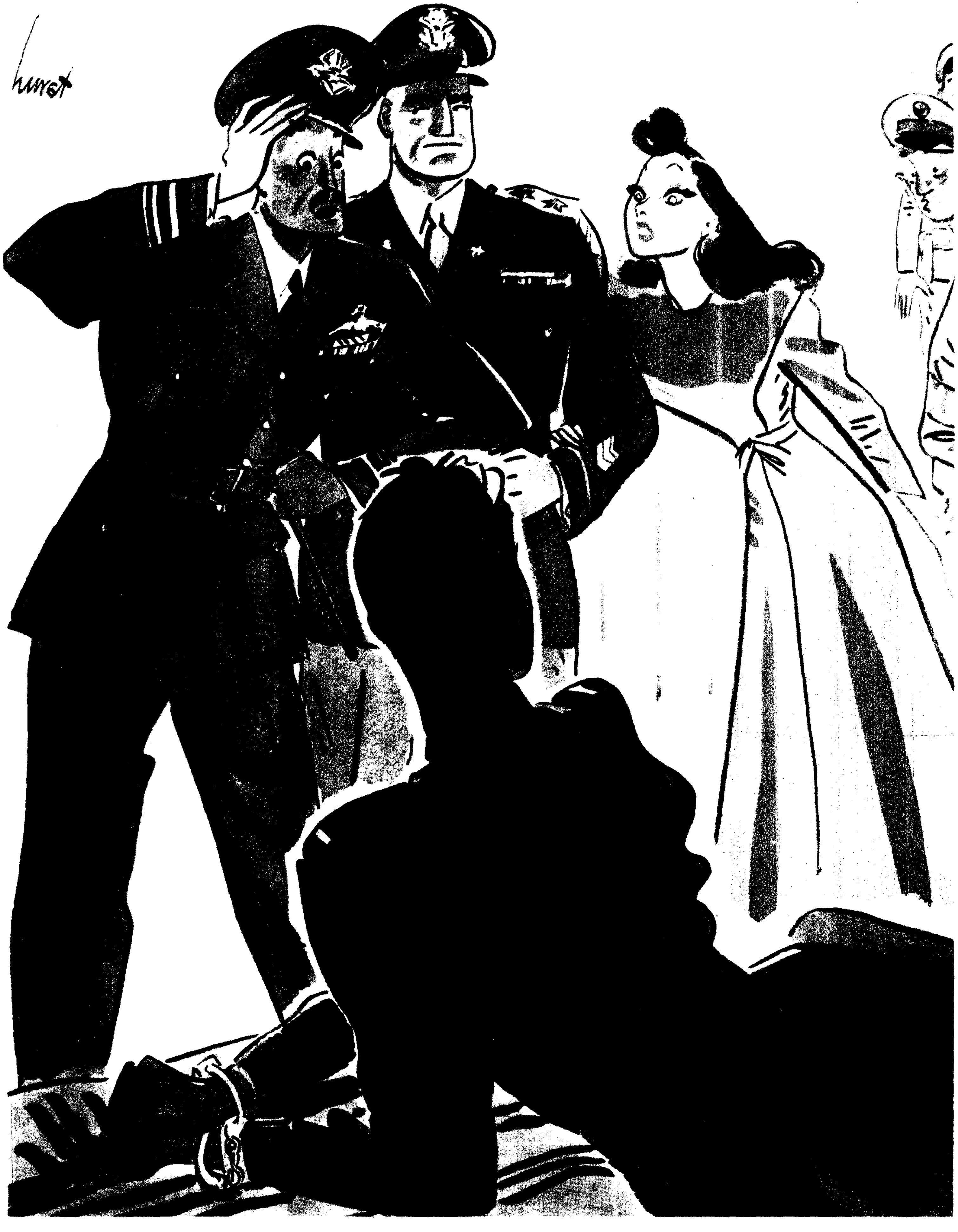
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 23, 1943

Notes for Your Guidance

By C. S. Forester

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The sad case of a heroic young Englishman who went to Texas without an interpreter. He said too little and too late



Eric blinked sleepily at the group which came crowding into his cell, then blinked again more earnestly. "Good heavens!" said the air vice-marshal. "That's Price-Marshall"

SOME of the troubles that the squadron leader got into were undoubtedly due to the fact that his name was Eric Price-Marshall; some of them were due to the fact that, as a result of his early environment, he talked exactly like a stage Englishman in a Broadway comedy (there are really very few Englishmen who do talk like this); but the principal factor which, oddly enough, landed him in a military prison in Texas, was that he had mumps in Buckingham Palace.

Not many people can boast of having had mumps in Buckingham Palace, but then not many people (in fact, only three or four in the whole world) can boast of having a second bar to the D.F.C. It was to receive this supreme distinction that Eric was visiting Buckingham Palace.

He had just emerged convalescent from the hospital, because in his last action, the one in which he won that second bar, he had been slightly wounded. On his leave, between the hospital and Buckingham Palace, he had somehow caught the mumps but just how he had done so it might be more gentlemanly not to inquire. All we know is that he was seen dining with Marjorie Combermere-Clough at the Savoy one evening and we know that Marjorie put in some time later on in an A.T.S. isolation hospital.

Even squadron leaders with two bars to the D.F.C. are only human, especially when they are only twenty-two and are under orders for immediate foreign service. That is the time when they catch mumps from attractive officers in the A.T.S. some way or another.

On the day of the investiture at Buckingham Palace, Eric had felt groggy and out of sorts; but when one has an appointment with King George, one does not allow a trifling indisposition to hold one back. So Eric walked over to the Palace from his hotel in the hope that the walk would make him feel better and, philosophically, was not very surprised when the treatment was unsuccessful.

He found his way to the right entrance with the readiness of long practice—for this was the third time that, in obedience to a royal command, he had waited upon His Majesty—and under the instructions of an official of the Lord Great Chamberlain he took his place in the line of officers moving forward to receive their decorations. By this time his head was swimming and he was experiencing difficulty in swallowing.

That same official (a kindly old gentleman in staff officer's uniform with a quadruple row of ribbons, who had marshaled him into line) began to eye Eric oddly the nearer he approached to the Presence; he hesitated about taking Eric out of the line, and against his better judgment and to his subsequent regret, he allowed him to proceed. Those last few minutes, while Eric was receiving his decoration, saw a remarkable acceleration in the progress of the disease. By the time Eric was leaving the big room quite a group of officers and officials were waiting for him.

"Just a minute, Squadron Leader, please," said the official in staff officer's uniform.

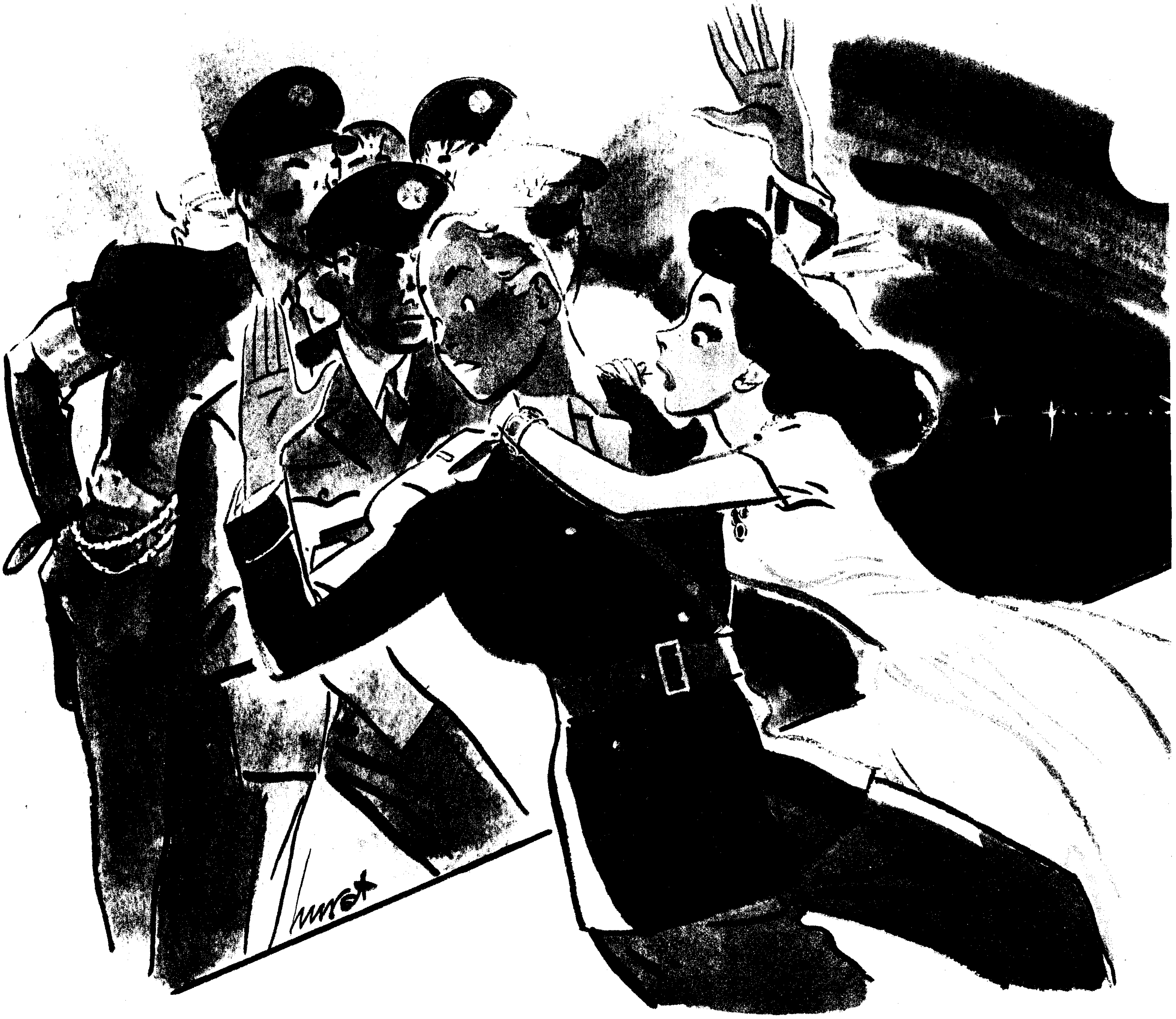
Eric halted and stood at attention.

"Do you feel quite well?" asked another officer with the badge of the R.A.M.C. on his uniform.

"Er—not very, been a bit under the weather all morning," said Eric.

"Is your face always that shape?" asked the doctor.

"What shape?" demanded Eric, not



"Hands up!" rasped a voice, and Eric's dazzled eyes could barely make out the pistol with which the order was backed up. He put up his hands. "A holdup, what?" he said

a little affronted despite his dizziness.

The doctor indicated a gilded Louis Seize mirror hanging on the wall and Eric glanced into it. It was quite an unpleasant sight that he saw there. Eric was vaguely reminded of a hippopotamus that he had seen at the zoo.

"Heavens!" he said, after a second glance.

"Just come in here a minute," said the doctor, and the whole worried group of them made their way into a side room once sacred to ambassadors.

"Sit down there," said the doctor, turning Eric's face to the light. "Open your mouth. Say Ah. Turn this way. Does that hurt?"

"Ouch," said Eric.

"I thought so," said the doctor; "you've got mumps."

"By Jove!" said Eric.

"What do you mean by coming to the Palace with an infectious disease?" demanded the staff officer. "A highly infectious disease, I believe, isn't it, Sir Ronald?"

"Goodness knows how many people you have infected," said another official, the one with the empty sleeve, glaring at Eric indignantly.

"Perhaps," said the most white-haired of all the officials, "perhaps you have even infected—"

He could not possibly finish this speech, but everyone could guess what he meant to say and looked at one another in horror of the bare idea.

"I am wondering what action I shall take, Squadron Leader," said the staff officer, "and—"

"Well," interposed the doctor, "no matter what action you decide upon, the sooner we get him out of the Palace the better. I will write the order to hospitalize him."

"I am under orders to go to the United States this afternoon," said Eric, speaking up for himself at last.

"The United States will have to do without you for a week or two," said the doctor, and then, turning to the staff officer: "How can we get him out of the Palace without the public seeing him?"

That was how it came about that Squadron Leader Eric Price-Marshall did not leave for America in accordance with his orders, and how he came to be separated from his kit and his uniforms, which had already preceded him, and how, when he eventually set foot on American soil, after a hideously uncomfortable fifteen hours in a bomber, his arrival was quite unheralded and the American authorities had given him up for lost.

Eric had spent fifteen cold and cramped hours in a bomber; he now spent three highly luxurious days traveling to Texas from the place where the bomber landed him.

For reading matter he had a pamphlet in his pocket, "Notes for Your Guidance," which a thoughtful Air Ministry had provided for the instruction of R.A.F. cadets and officers proceeding to the United States.

"You are going to America as guests," he read, "therefore you will receive almost unbounded hospitality."

That was certainly true, as Eric discovered in the observation car. It took him a little while to recover from the shock of being identified as an Englishman the moment he opened his mouth, but he had no sooner explained that he was a Spitfire pilot, wounded in action over the Channel, come to America to give tactical instruction to the United States Air Corps, than the hospitality began. People had a little difficulty sometimes in understanding him, thanks to that ridiculous accent of his, and there were moments when he reciprocated by not understanding what was said to him in reply, but on the whole that railway journey was a tremendous success.

"Sensitize your mind," he read in his instructions, "listen *more* than you talk. Think of Americans as your distant cousins whom you do not know well but hope to know better. If you speak the standard English of the South you will be accused in America of having an English accent."

That was true too—and it must be remembered that Eric's accent was something even more pronounced than the "standard English of the South." Brother officers in his own mess had been known to smile at it. When they heard it first they had to glance at the ribbons on his breast and remind themselves that this

(Continued on page 22)

ORAN OVERTURE

By Leo S. (Bill) Disher

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT IN NORTH AFRICA

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Loaded with high explosives and ammunition, crammed to the gunwales with Commandos and American shock troops, an old American Coast Guard cutter smashed the boom at Oran in the face of heavy fire. Here is the story of one of the most spectacular operations of the war

THERE was this kid from Kentucky, Lieutenant George Lawrence of Cadiz, stretched out in an armchair in the officers' lounge, swaying with the roll of an old American Coast Guard cutter that pushed southward toward the African coast. He took off his tin hat and let strong fingers drum against its rounded dome. Absently he said:

"Onward sailed the six hundred!"

Then he looked up and grinned sheepishly. The old cutter—now known as H.M.S. Walney and flying the British flag—pitched through the blackness.

Across the lounge there was Mike, lifting his glass against flickering light. Mike was a captain. Not long before he'd climbed to the crow's-nest to watch the ships of the greatest armada of the war file out toward Africa while the Walney patrolled against U-boats.

"That sight was wonderful," he said, the Jersey Island twang coming quick in his voice. "That sight and this Madeira I won't forget as long as I live."

There was a young Lieutenant John S. Cole, Jr., of Lexington, Kentucky, sitting next to Mike.

"I wonder," he said softly, "I wonder if my kid's born yet. I wish I'd heard from my wife. I keep wondering."

Pimms, the navigator, said, "Damn it, the whisky's getting low. This ship won't ever get back her liquor supply."

The Walney rolled harder. We were listing to port because of the great extra weight of ammunition, depth charges and guns. It wasn't a good sign. We'd already had two engine breakdowns that took time for repair.

The chief engineer, his lips tight and his fists clenched, came from the captain's cabin. He poured a drink. Sweat stood out on his red forehead. He had to talk to somebody.

"The old boy called me in," he said. "The old boy said: 'Chief, what you're about to say is the most important thing you ever said in your life. We are heading for Oran. We are going to break the boom in Oran harbor. Do you understand? We're going in with two old Coast Guard cutters and two motor launches under the guns of seven French shore batteries and eight warships. We are going to land Commando and American troops and naval ratings, capture the fort, and board the warships.' " The chief engineer gulped his drink. "That's what he said. And he said, 'Hundreds of lives depend on what you say. If you say these old engines won't make it, we will transfer to a destroyer. If you say they will, we go ahead. And if they don't, so help me God, I'll have you court-martialed.' " The glass thumped down firmly on the table. The chief engineer wiped a big hand across his mouth.

"I told him okay," he said. "I said: 'Sir, on my professional honor . . . they'll take us there.' "

The kid from Kentucky opened his mouth as if to say, "Onward . . ." but shut it before the words came out.

Next day a soldier on the transport just ahead of us lost his nerve and plunged from the deck into the water. We picked him up. He was in a state of collapse and was taken to our sick bay.

"There's a guy who really fell out of the frying pan into the fire," Mike said, grimly. "I hope nobody tells him where we're headed."

Everybody knew now that our luck depended upon two questions: Would the French at Oran resist? Would the warships there steam out to meet us as we went in after the main invasion began?

That night at eleven o'clock there was a hurried conference to decide what to do about a French cruiser which we learned was in the harbor. It was agreed that if necessary we would run close to the cruiser, board her with grappling irons, and try to take her with tommy guns and hand grenades. It wouldn't be any picnic. Our ship was loaded to the gunwales with ammunition, dynamite, bombs and grenades. We were a floating can of gunpowder.

"I have great confidence," the skipper told me later. "I believe we've got a good chance of getting in and doing the job." He pulled hard on his cigarette.

The blacking out of the men started. Black grease paint was passed around. Men began putting it on their faces and hands.

I propped myself up in a chair at midnight; my ankle had been broken on board ship two days earlier and was in a cast, gleaming white. Commando troops blackened with grease paint.

I began writing my story for the United Press, date-lined, "Aboard a British sloop-of-war approaching Oran"—The chief engineer stopped beside me.

"If you get out of this and I don't," he said in a low voice, "will you send this card to my wife? And tell her—"

Floating the Plaster Cast

An American who had been reading a biography of Stonewall Jackson tossed the book on a table, looked at the cast on my ankle and laughed.

"When the bullets came," he said, "there stood Disher like a stone wall."

It was about time for action. I got my crutches and practiced hobbling around the wardroom. Already the surgeons, one American and one British, were busy there. I got a tube life preserver and fastened it around the cast on my foot so it would float in the water. I put another around my chest. Mike came in just after midnight. He had enough dynamite strapped around himself to sink the ship. There was a knife strapped to his leg. With his face blackened he looked a little like an end man in a minstrel show, but nobody mentioned it because we all knew what Mike was going to do if the old Walney failed to break the boom. He was going over the side and dynamite it.

(Continued on page 58)

Correspondent Disher, wounded when his ship came under fire of French shore batteries as it broke the boom protecting the harbor of Oran. Here he is chatting with U. P. Foreign Editor Joe Alex Morris, left; London U. P. Manager Edward Beattie and Nurse Eleanor Ungerland of Brooklyn

After the shooting: three American soldiers walk in perfect security down the main street of Oran, while the residents of the seaport city stand by to watch without resentment

MIRACLE BEAN

BY PHIL PERDUE

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MONAHAN

It's the lowly soy—eventually you may walk on it, sit on it, ride on it and wear it. Above all, you'll eat it, for it's full of vitamins and good for man and beast

A tableload of soybean products, including everything needed for a complete meal—from soup to nuts

Soyas
NABISCO
SOY FOOD
MILLER'S
SOYA LA

WHEN Herr Schicklgruber, years ago, started making out a shopping list for stocking his war pantry, he put down planes, tanks, submarines and guns. Then he jotted down soybeans. Much as we hate to admit it, Mr. Hitler was displaying exceptionally good sense. The soybean has won him more than a few battles to date. In fact, some rather competent military minds believe with reason that the soybean may be the "secret weapon" about which Der Fuehrer has been mumbling of late.

In the insignificant-appearing little bean, Hitler has found lubricants for his war machines, nitroglycerin for his bombs, paint for warships, protein for plastics, and, most important, a near-perfect food for his Nazi troops and war workers. German army cooks refer to their official soya manual (issued by the German High Command and containing 278 recipes) as frequently as a new bride reaches for her cookbook.

If Hitler thinks, however, that Germany has a corner on the secrets of processing, milling and cooking that potent and versatile vegetable, he is apt to be cruelly shocked by forthcoming reports from his secret agents. When it comes to knowledge of the nutritional nuggets to be found in the soybean, our own food scientists, as usual, are in the front row.

They have found that soybean flour has about three times the protein content of meat, produces energy with a minimum of fatigue, is alkaline in reaction, promotes a gram-positive intestinal flora that helps prevent what radio announcers allude to as "irregularity," is an excellent source of vitamins and mineral salts, builds nerves, and has antihemorrhagic values.

All of which prompts Lieutenant Colonel T. H. Cartwright, U.S.M.C. commissary officer, to observe, "The obvious conclusion is that it should head the list as the best of all foodstuffs for military rations."

Bearing this out, a majority of the world's armies, including our own, are marching on rations replete with soybean products. Each German soldier carries a three-day emergency ration of *edelsoja,* and the Chinese and Japs, from whom the Germans borrowed the idea, long have depended on soybeans for their body-building proteins.

Soy Flour Improves Army Sausages

Just how much of this wonder food is going into our own Army rations is the quartermaster's secret, but the Army isn't letting any soybean stalks grow under its feet. Soy flour is being included in the Army's K ration for paratroops "to provide as complete a nonmeat protein as possible." It will soon enter the Army's pork link sausage to stretch the meat supply, improve the product nutritionally and lower the cost. Soy flour also is being tried in bakery products, soups, gravies, cereals, pancakes, muffins, waffles, bread, and even in fruit-juice drinks. All have stood the test of the mess table.

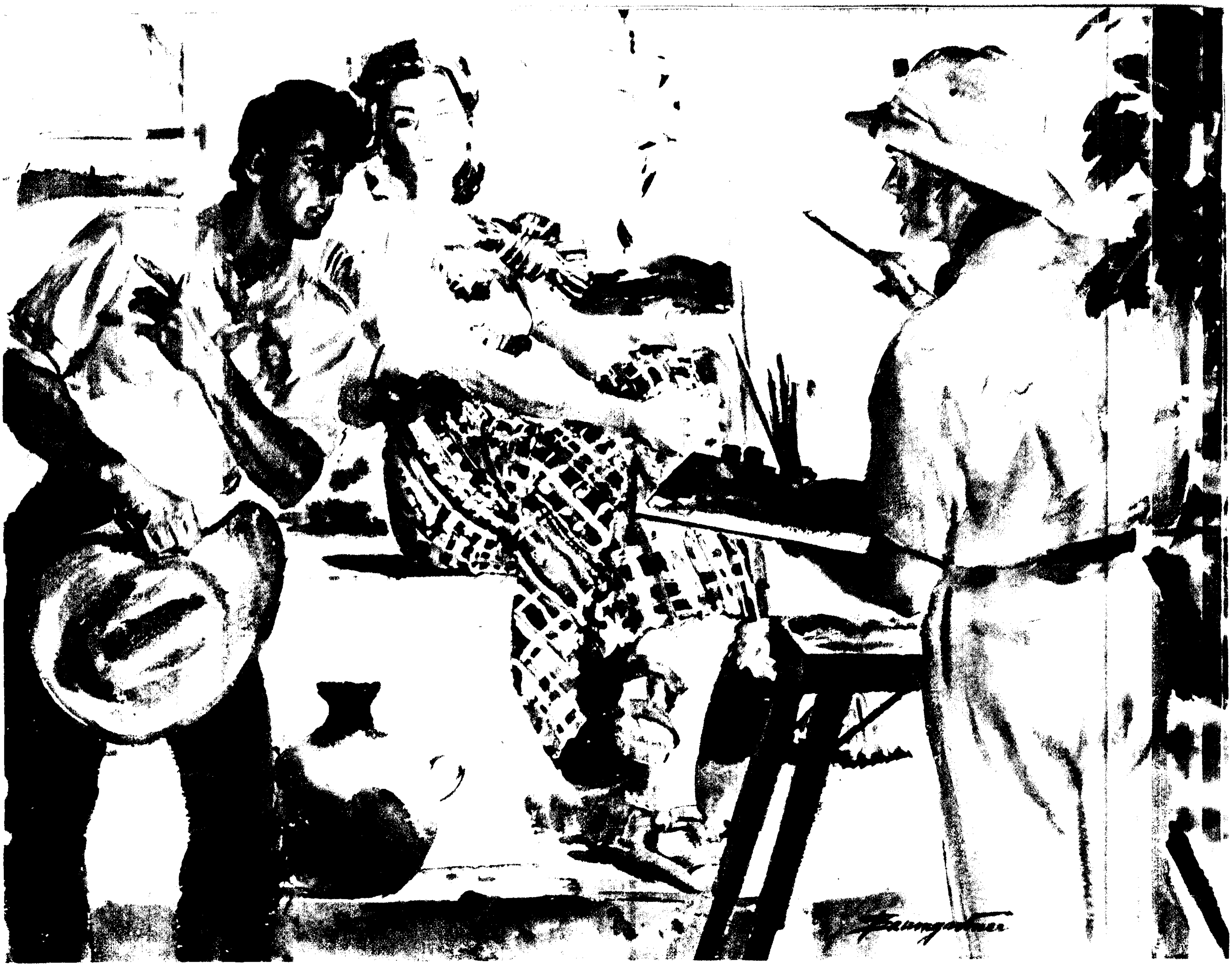
Soybean flour, which is basically a protein food and not a starch like wheat flour, is as cheap as it is nutritious, and vice versa. One pound of soy flour contains as much protein as about three dozen eggs, six quarts of milk, or two pounds of boneless meat.

When you figure this flour at 4½ cents a pound, which is what the government has been paying for it, you can get out your comptometer and nutrition charts and get answers like these: For each 100 grams of protein, your eggs, steak and milk cost from 8 to 15 times as much as soy flour. On the basis of calories, your round steak costs about ten times more, veal cutlet twenty-five times more, and cheese four times more.

Soy flour is a natural for stretching our meat rations. You can't, of course, transform a pound of soya into a sizzling, juicy porterhouse, but you can mix the flour in meat loaf, sausage, meat pie, and other such dishes, and get something really worth while. Mixing a quarter of a pound of soy flour with three quarters of a pound of ground meat adds up to a pound of tasty loaf that is more nutritious yet appreciably cheaper than a pound of solid meat.

But meat is not all. You can use soy flour in a hundred other ways. Mix it in wheat flour, sprinkle it in cereal (if the manufacturers haven't already included it), use it to improve nutritionally gravy, soup, stew, mashed potatoes, cookies, chile con carne—ad almost infinitum. Or you can eat the green vegetable soybeans just as you would any other beans.

Soya products are now included in concentrated soups distributed by the Agricultural Marketing Administration for the nationwide community school-lunch program. These soups *(Continued on page 60)*



Juaquo knew that Clota had to be still for the artist. But this afternoon it was different. He went toward the artist and said, "There's a fever in the town"

The

By Betty de Sherbinin

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Juaquo was a simple man, with simple wisdom. He knew that nowadays people cannot trust to luck, or they will be defeated

GRADUALLY Juaquo realized what the German was about. That the knowledge came slowly was natural, as Juaquo was not educated to suspicion. He was a lad of twenty, dark as the caoba wood of his native hillside, bred straight and strong as the tree, but ignorant in the ways of town people.

He was from above Angras, from the green hillsides that overlooked the little harbor. There he and others like him lived in thatched huts by the side of the red earth path. There was plenty on the hillside, of fruit, of coffee, of cane to sweeten it, and fish from the sea below.

The half-deserted port below was nearer to the world and its struggles. Its people fussed with buying and selling, gathering a cargo for the dilapidated ship that came in occasionally, trying to make something from the sailors who came ashore from the patrol boat, when it docked on its inspection trips.

And it was among these people that Meyer, better known as the German, ran the store and the post office.

And for Meyer the German, Juaquo worked without suspicion—until the day it was rumored there was fever in the town.

Juaquo was carrying in stores, piling them behind the counter and going back for more. Each trip he heard something new, for the store had filled with people and the excitement was considerable. It seemed a family had come down the valley with a sick child and the story of how another had died.

At first Juaquo was unconcerned. It had nothing to do with him. He had no intention of working for the German permanently—there was no sense in lending his strength to the building of another man's prosperity. He was working for a fine bed and some things. And when he had them he would marry Clota, who was so young and so tormentingly beautiful that it hurt him to think of her. It would be soon . . . very soon, providing there were no complications.

AND more and more people kept coming into the store. Not to buy but to discuss. They came from all the twenty families in Angras. They kept questioning Meyer as if he knew exactly what the dangers were—and Meyer stood there all afternoon talking to them, and behind him stood Otto, the big red son who ran the little post office and sent the messages out on the telegraph machine.

Meyer was as big as his son, but big around the middle, not about the shoulders. His skin was light; the sun inflamed it, the pressure of his blood blotched it when he was angry or excited. And his large head was kept shaved in the heat. He was a man who did not spare his own energy, or the energy of those who worked for him. And with his activities he had done himself some good. He owned warehouses behind the store where he kept bits of coffee he bought up and held until he had a shipload. He owned the store. And much of Angras was his. Because of this, he was a man whose opinion people considered.

"It's bad," Meyer kept telling the people, his tongue dealing heavily with the language he had never been able to master. "It's bad when the doctor is not here."

And Otto, still behind him, shook his head. And the crowd, catching the sentiment, shook theirs.

Juaquo as he went back for another load kept wishing the afternoon were over and the people were gone so that the German would close the place and let him go. And then, with the shadows

(Continued on page 64)

PRINCESS IN EXILE

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

A visit to the crown princess of the Netherlands just before the birth of this continent's first royal child—a child that will mean new hope for patriotic Dutchmen all over the world

AS THEY came toward the house, making small deep footprints in the snow, the little girls looked like illustrations from Hans Christian Andersen—two plump Dutch dolls with silky golden hair, sky-blue eyes, and cheeks glowing with the red of fire engines.

Their mother looked out of the window into the strong sunlight and said, "Here come the children now," and in a moment they were bursting into the room in a bedlam of mittens, snow suits, galoshes and soprano voices, to surround "Mammie" and have her take off their outer wrappings. The mother tugged at overshoes and unzipped snow suits and unbuttoned sweaters with both hands, deftly, as if she had done it many times.

Smiling, she looked up and exclaimed, "Such a nuisance, all this dressing and undressing!" but her face, as she pulled off the knitted caps and smoothed the children's yellow hair, showed clearly that she felt the "nuisance" to be a very happy task for any mother—even for H.R.H. Juliana, of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, Princess of Lippe-Biesterfeld, Queen-to-be of Holland in peaceful days to come.

Americans, unaccustomed as they are to royalty, would have understood that simple scene as they have never understood jeweled scepters and gilded thrones, for it is a scene that is duplicated on any winter day in Montana farmhouses and Massachusetts mansions. The Crown Princess of the Netherlands, in her Canadian exile, is awaiting the birth of her third child—a child which may be the first king of Holland since 1890—in circumstances as closely approximating the life of an average middle-class citizen as any royal person ever has been permitted to achieve.

She lives in a rented house not an inch too big for her family, in Rockcliffe Park, a modestly fashionable suburb of Ottawa, Ontario. She keeps only two servants, a cook and a parlormaid. She takes care of her own children, with the help of two friends who share her exile. She buys her children's clothes in the unpretentious Ottawa shops, where she delights the salesgirls by asking—and taking—their advice; she attends the local movie house; she has been seen shopping in the five-and-ten. Her new child will be born, not in a palace as were Beatrix and Irene, but in an Ottawa hospital, with what the princess fervently hopes will be as little fuss as possible.

Even Juliana's natural simplicity, however, cannot minimize the rapt interest surrounding the coming of this first child of European royalty to be born on the North American continent. If it should be a boy, excitement in Holland is certain to be so overwhelming that the people have been implored, by shortwave radio, not to provoke the Germans by making wild demonstrations when they hear the good news.

The princess herself shyly refuses to predict whether she will need a pink or a blue nursery. "I think it is better not to have premonitions," she says, adding the inevitable soliloquy of all mothers-to-be, "If it is a boy I will be very happy, of course, but if it is a girl I will be very happy too. It does not matter."

There was a glow about her as she sat in the tiny morning room chatting about the children, her mother, her husband, Holland, and her people. Her face is pleasant and alert, her manner bright, rather sweet. Photographs never do her justice because they do not show that her eyes are a lively flower blue, her hair the pale brown color of honey, her skin fine and fair. When she talks she takes on great charm; her unquenchable qualities of intelligence and sympathy and sincerity begin to shine through the half-regal, half-girlish reticence.

She explained, with no breath of self-pity in her voice, that her husband, Prince Bernhard, now in England as aide to the queen, will not make the trip to Canada to be with her when her third child is born. The reason for this is simple and Spartan. Juliana realizes that other Dutchmen in exile are unable to return to their homeland no matter how badly their wives need them, and she does not wish to assume any privileges that cannot be shared by her countrymen.

She saw her husband only three times last year—each time because he was sent on a government mission that took him to or near Canada—and she considers herself very lucky.

"In 1941," she recalled, "we met only once."

Juliana and the youthful, speed-loving Prince of Lippe-Biesterfeld (who has successfully lived down the handicap of being a German and is regarded by the people as one hundred per cent Dutch) have been married since 1937 and have always been considered one of the most romantically mated and happiest of European royal couples. Certainly they were among the most conscientious and intelligent in their concern for their people.

Before the German invasion, they inaugurated the custom of playing host and hostess to regular gatherings of young people at their beautiful Soestdijk Palace—discussion groups at which young professionals would debate topics of economics and social questions. The prince and princess both entered freely into the discussions, contributed much to them and learned much from them.

Juliana, as a result, has a strong and shining admiration for the generation which will assume the job of rebuilding her nation when the war ends.

"I don't say this because it is my generation, but the younger generation in Holland is extremely progressive—*was* progressive even before the threat of war," she said earnestly. "Of course, this progressiveness was sped by the war—but the foundation was there. Those young people were prepared for many of the very fine things, in the moral sense, that the war has brought."

Flight from Danger

When the invaders descended from the sky and the possibility was great that she, like her mother, might be taken as hostage by the invaders, Juliana left her country, with her husband and daughters, aboard a British destroyer which the Nazis tried desperately to bomb.

Later, when it became desirable that she and her children remove to the greater safety of Canada, the princess acceded, convinced that her first responsibility lay in safeguarding the future of the House of Orange while her mother and husband in England work unceasingly to carry on the government of the Netherlands.

The Dutch approve this. Today, every church service in Holland starts with prayers for the queen and the princess. This is unlawful, but the Germans have no alternative except to pretend they do not hear the prayers. They are up against their old problem of not being able to arrest the population of an entire country.

Of the Holland that is now under the heel of the Nazis, the young woman who will some day be queen spoke with pity and quiet anger and fierce pride. "The Germans can have all the professors of psychology they want," she said contemptuously, "but they will never understand the Dutch people."

She receives daily cables containing all possible news of Holland and is informed of all underground movements. She does not disguise her triumphant pleasure in reporting that the stolid but courageous Dutch have proved eminently successful at sabotage.

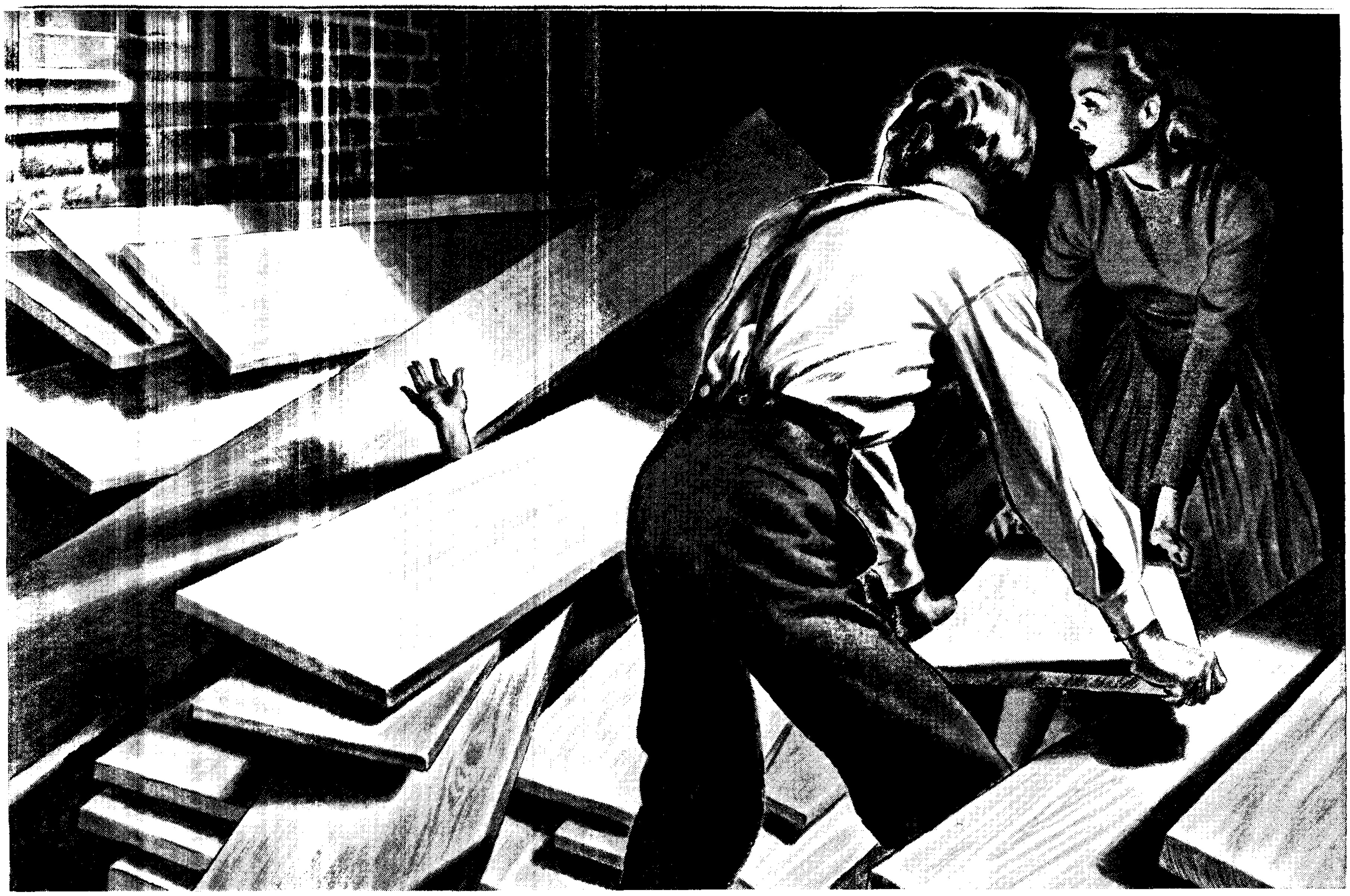
"They have been asked not to do anything violent which would react upon themselves, but they have accomplished a great deal by slow-down movements everywhere and by accidents." She smiled at that last word.

"It's very interesting to notice how the

(Continued on page 68)

KARSH—COURTESY NETHERLANDS INFORMATION BUREAU

Brought from war-torn Europe to safeguard the future of the House of Orange, Princess Juliana and her children live quietly in Canada. Irene, left, Beatrix and Prince Bernhard



Mr. Hemingway and Mrs. Cugat set to work. It was only a matter of moments before a somewhat flattened Louderback was brought to light

REMEMBER THE SABBATH

By Isabel Scott Rorick

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The calamitous affair of Mr. Cugat and the cellar shelves. An enlightening story of the All-America headache—the job-bungling handy man

SOME men are what is known as "handy around the house." They can, if need be, fix a dripping faucet, plane off a door that sticks, put up a hook in the back hall or paint the cellar steps. The craftsmen of the genus have workshops in their basements, expensively equipped, and will turn out, in their spare time, an occasional end table for the living room or furniture for the yard. The dreamers, touched with genius, will devote whole lives to model planes or trains—or ships in bottles. Mr. Cugat, though, was none of these.

He was a good provider—sober and industrious, well thought of in financial circles for sagacity and acumen, an excellent poker player and a natural athlete, but he was about as handy as a seal in mittens. Mr. Cugat had been spared, however, any realization of this. His confidence in himself was modest but sublime. In spite of the fact that the base plugs he investigated blew the main fuse, door knobs he tightened came off in his hand, plaster cracked, glass shattered, nails bent double, paint formed puddles and he always cut himself, he was wont to say offhandedly that he must get around to fixing this or that some of these days, so as to "get it done right for once."

Fortunately for everybody concerned, the jobbing department of a contracting firm by the name of B. Allerton and Sons Co., at the urgent behest of Mrs. Cugat, generally got around first and, at a price, put things to rights before they could again come to Mr. Cugat's notice.

But one night after dinner he said in a businesslike tone, "I want to look at the basement."

"What for?" asked Mrs. Cugat uneasily.

"Well, I bought a little wine today. I've decided to lay some away. Start a cellar. The Lord only knows how much longer we'll be able to get anything imported, so I thought I'd buy some while I could and I want to see where's the best place to keep it."

"Oh," she said, relieved. The hot water heater had been acting up again and she was afraid he'd decided to look into it. The last time he'd looked into the hot water heater he'd had to go around for a month without any eyebrows. "There's the fruit room," she said hesitantly, leading the way down the stairs.

The fruit room, however, not unnaturally, appeared to be full of fruit. But clear it out and it was just what he needed. Yes siree! A narrow strip of wood could be nailed along the back of the shelves and another along the front, so that the bottles could be tipped and it was dark and cool. He began making enthusiastic plans.

"But where will we put the jelly?" protested Mrs. Cugat. "There aren't shelves anywhere else and Anna and I planned to can a lot this year—vegetables and things—because of the war."

"Oh, we can put up a few shelves somewhere else for that," said Mr. Cugat easily. "There's plenty of room in the laundry."

"Well, all right," she acceded doubtfully. "I'll call Allerton's in the morning, then."

"Allerton's!" he expostulated, shocked. "Do you happen to know, young lady, how much you have to pay a carpenter, per hour, these days?"

MRS. CUGAT, of course, did not. Neither did Mr. Cugat, when pinned down, but anyway, it was universally known to be an exorbitant wage and like throwing money into the street to call one in for just a few shelves. He'd put up a few shelves for her and her jellies—some Sunday after golf. Order up the lumber tomorrow, he said indulgently, and he'd do it this Sunday! Mrs. Cugat attempted tactful dissuasion, but he'd begun to like the idea. Very well, leave it to him then, he'd order the lumber himself, the first thing in the morning. He had a customer, as a matter of fact, who could probably get it for him wholesale. Was there some kind of rule around? He'd just take the necessary measurements.

Mrs. Cugat, actually impressed, produced the tape measure from her knitting bag and he repaired, whistling, to the laundry to stretch it professionally here and there, eyes narrowed.

Perhaps Mrs. Cugat's tape measure was to blame or maybe the obliging customer was simply overgenerous but the truckload of lumber that rolled into the yard the next afternoon looked like a lot. Mrs. Cugat, anxiously, from a window, watched while three men took just under an hour to unload it—partly on the new perennials. Anna exclaimed with interest. A new back porch? She'd wanted to say something for a long time. Summer nights the kitchen got so hot she'd been near to fainting.

Hastily dashing this hope before it could develop the proportions of a grievance, Mrs. Cugat said no, Mr. Cugat was just planning to put up a few shelves in the laundry so they could use the fruit room for something else. Anna looked blank.

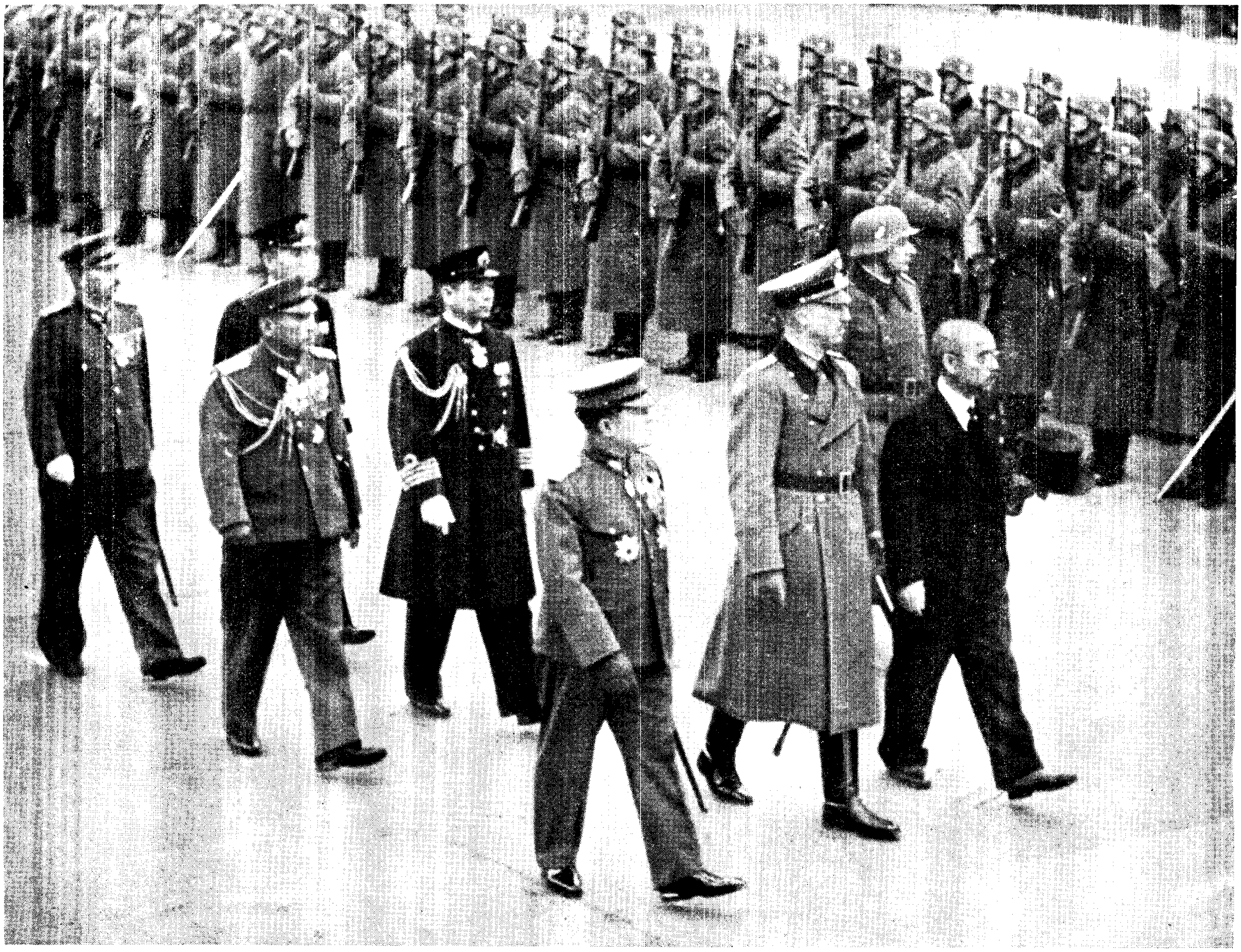
"The *mister?*"

"Yes," she said lightly, and avoided Anna's eye.

Home from the office, that evening, Mr. Cugat was to be seen from the back windows regarding the pile of lumber soberly. When he came into the house, however, his tone was casual. "Must have made my measurements a bit generous," he observed, "but no harm done. It's a pretty good idea to have some spare lumber on hand these days."

"But where will we keep it?" she asked anxiously.

(Continued on page 25)



EUROPEAN

The bald-headed little man is Yosuke Matsuoka, once Japan's foreign minister. He has just laid a wreath on a German war memorial

Why the Japs Hate the Nazis

By Robert Bellaire

FORMER UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT IN TOKYO

The Sons of Heaven think there's room on earth for but one race of supermen—and they don't mean the Germans

ONE drizzling morning last spring in Kyoto, Japan, a stoutish little German in the uniform of a Nazi general bowed solemnly as he approached a Shinto shrine to worship Japan's war dead.

The stoutish little man, followed by other uniformed Nazis and a dozen Japanese plain-clothes policemen, was the German ambassador to Japan, General Eugen Ott. Except for the raindrops, his well-cut uniform was immaculate. His dozen military medals glittered and jangled as he walked.

As Ott knelt to worship at the damp, moss-covered shrine, he was humiliating himself as part of a nation-wide "good will tour" ordered by Berlin in an effort to stem growing anti-Naziism in Japan.

For some months, Ott had been losing ground in his fight to get the Japs to follow his Fuehrer's orders. At no time had Tokyo ever placed its world-conquering program on Berlin war time. But now that Hitler was demanding that Japan open a second front against Soviet Russia, the Japs had become more insolent and independent than ever.

Tokyo had given no publicity to her independence from the Axis or to her growing hatred of the Nazis. Open acknowledgment that the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis actually was made of glass would merely have comforted Japan's enemies as well as Germany's. But the harder Ott and his Nazi agents tried to rivet the yoke on Japan, as it had been riveted on Italy, the more the Japs hated the Nazis for trying to dictate to *them.* The Nazis might be supermen, but the Japanese were *gods*—the Sons of Heaven.

Ott's appearance in Kyoto was his twentieth such performance in two weeks. He had also made more than fifty speeches—urging the Japanese to trust Hitler and accept his leadership. But few Japanese had come to hear him. The government-controlled press had virtually ignored him. Not one of his speeches appeared in print. Several newspapers, however, entertained their readers by printing photographs of the superman Nazi kneeling in worship of the "despicables."

When Ott finally struggled to his feet in front of the Kyoto shrine, he decided to give up his good will tour and return to the capital. Word had reached him earlier that morning that a dozen Nazi agents and more than one hundred of their Japanese stooges had been arrested in Tokyo during the previous night. The charge against them was "attempting to interfere with the administration of Japan."

As Ott returned to his chancellery in Tokyo that evening, still trailed by a dozen Jap detectives who said they wanted to "protect" him, he probably wondered whether those arrests of the previous night had not been timed as a personal warning to him to terminate his Chautauqua activities. At least, he could tell himself, this obviously was not the season for a Nazi good will tour of Japan anyway.

The Japs have many reasons for hating the Nazis. Some of these reasons are Hitler's own fault. Others are the natural outgrowth of Japan's nationalism and religion—her fanatical belief that it is the mission of the Japanese race to dominate the entire world, including Germany.

Competent Japanese spokesmen have described that mission thus:

"The ultimate end of politics is the conquest of the world by one imperial power, and Japan is prepared to fill this glorious role—her destiny dictated by the gods. Those who resist must be subjugated."

No exception is made for Nazis, and the Nazis know it.

"If Japan goes to war with America and Britain," a ranking member of the

German and Japanese officials drink a toast to the Axis pact. At the extreme right is Herman Stahmer, mysterious German agent supposed to have induced the Japs to sign

ACME

MIT[illegible]ZUMI-PIX

The signing of the anti-Comintern pact is cele[illegible] the German ambassador with a speech in which the Japs a[illegible] to trust Hitler and accept his leadership. Jap officials list[illegible] amused silence

Thirty members of the Hitler Jugend are welcomed to Tokyo by representatives of the government and youth organizations. Later they established a "youth's kingdom" by joint encampment with Jap youths

NAKAJIMA-PIX

German embassy staff in Tokyo told me a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, "our days will be numbered here too. Japan will wage a race war in which we Germans will be regarded as enemies along with the rest of the white race. It is only a matter of time. They intend to conquer all of us, but they are smart enough not to tackle all of us at once."

He then quoted a remark made by a member of the Japanese cabinet several days earlier:

"Because you Germans are our allies," the Japanese leader had told him, "we give you the honor of being the last white men we will drive out of the Orient."

Since a Japanese is expected to be pro-Japanese, and pro-nothing-else, the Japanese government has tried to suppress everything which might make popular sentiment friendly toward Germany.

Not only has the government been suppressing Nazi-subsidized secret societies, but any popular celebration of Japan's membership in the Axis has been outlawed in effect.

On each anniversary of Japan's nominal adherence to the Axis, Nazi propaganda agents in Japan have attempted to organize mass meetings throughout the country. They have distributed thousands of huge Nazi flags which were to be hung along all city streets. They have tried to arrange short-wave propaganda broadcasts from Berlin for rebroadcast over Japanese long-wave stations. But everywhere the Tokyo government has thwarted them.

Since all mass meetings in Japan require police licenses, the government has found little trouble in suppressing Nazi plans for such demonstrations. Police officials issue just one permit for the entire country, and that is issued to the government itself. Speakers are carefully selected. Their speeches must not create sympathy or friendship for Germany or Italy. The meeting is held indoors, so that attendance will be limited to a few hundred. Newspapers are instructed to give the celebration little publicity.

Two years ago, the Germans managed to have the streets of Tokyo decked with Nazi flags the morning of the anniversary, but by noon, most of the Nazi flags had disappeared. I called the editor of one of Japan's largest newspapers to ask him why the German flags had been removed from his building.

"Police orders," he said. "We were told we could not fly the flag even of our friendly enemies."

The Nazis were even less successful in their attempts to bring Berlin propaganda broadcasts to the Japanese people. The Japanese government took the position that Berlin short-wave stations were so powerful that long-wave rebroadcasts in Japan would be unnecessary. Technically this was true. But possession of a short-wave radio receiver in Japan is punishable by imprisonment or death. Very few Japanese ever heard Berlin's Axis anniversary programs.

I once asked the Japanese Foreign Office for an explanation of the government's obvious attempts to suppress pro-Nazi propaganda in Japan. The reply said: "The government does not find it necessary to suppress pro-German propaganda, because there is very little popular pro-German sympathy in Japan."

The popular Japanese nickname for the Germans is "The Vultures." For several years, Japanese cartoonists have been using the vulture to impersonate Germany.

"Every time our embassy protests against these cartoons to the Japanese Foreign Office," an exasperated German news-agency correspondent told me, "the Japanese claim these vultures are really eagles."

The Nazis won the nickname of "Vultures" by making the Japanese feel that Hitler was attempting to reconstruct Germany's pre-World War I empire in the Orient at the cost of Japanese blood.

The Vultures' Demands

The Nazis invited this feeling by the demands they made upon Japan on the grounds of "Axis partnership." The Germans have demanded:

1. The use of former German islands in the South Pacific as "bases from which to attack the United States."
2. A major share of the booty in the fabulously rich Netherlands East Indies, to which the Nazis claim to be the rightful heirs because of the Nazi occupation of Holland.
3. Major economic concessions in Japanese-occupied areas of China.

Japan's reply to all these demands has been a polite but firm, "Very sorry. . . . *No!*"

"We are partners," the Japanese concede for convenience. "You keep Holland, and we will keep the Indies. You fight the United States in the Atlantic. We will do the fighting in the Pacific. As for China, that must be a special Japanese area. We won that for ourselves before we became partners with you."

Ken Tsurumi, scheming Japanese army agent who operated in the Japanese diplomatic service, was quite frank in his off-the-record discussions of the Nazi problem when the Nazis were making their biggest bid for concessions in occupied China early in 1940.

Tsurumi, a former consul general in Seattle, Washington, and in charge of Japanese espionage activities in Singapore immediately prior to December 7, 1941, spoke with authority. His remarks reflected the opinion of the Japanese army—the only opinion which has mattered in Japan during the past ten years.

(Continued on page 48)

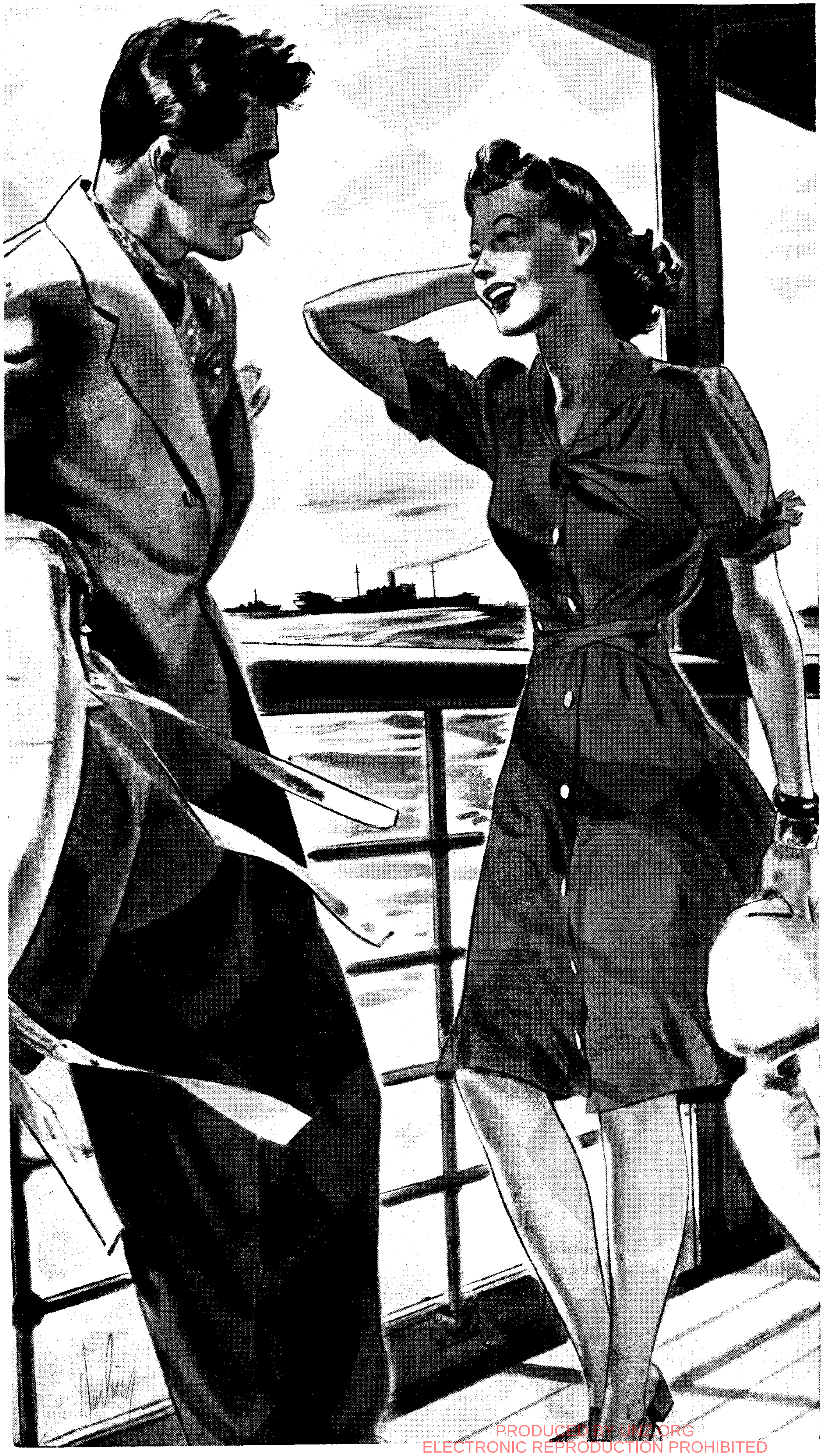
WIDE WORLD

Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, former Jap premier and the empire's No. 1 Fascist, as he appeared in 1940 just after his appointment as home secretary. Later an attempt was made to assassinate him

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



Still shaken by his discovery, Jason said heedlessly, "Luana, I wonder if we can't clear up an awful lot of things by trying to be perfectly frank"

The Story Thus Far:

IN SAN FRANCISCO, early one morning, a girl enters Jason Amboy's apartment, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (written by Jason's brother, Wayne) and steals away. A short time later, Jason is notified that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—cannot be found and has probably been murdered.

Jason boards the first ship he can get and starts for "the islands." Before he does so, however, Flack, his eccentric manservant, does some clever sleuthing and learns that the intruder is Luana Topping, of Kauai Island, Hawaii. . . .

Among Jason's fellow passengers is *Luana Topping*. He meets her, chats with her. She gives no indication that she has ever seen him before. Some of the mighty Grazzards and their satellites are aboard, too—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, the dictatorial head of the clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others. Jason (distantly related to the family) sits at Mrs. Grazzard's table.

To Jason's amazement, Flack is also aboard. The fellow—disguised and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener"—tells him to beware of the Grazzards. . . .

Jason finds a stowaway in his stateroom. The fellow says that he is Arthur N. Garson, of Los Angeles, and that he is being pursued by two passengers who want to kill him. Jason (who has met Arthur Garson) knows that the intruder is lying. Nevertheless, he permits him to share his stateroom. . . .

Jason makes a new friend—Natalie Mace. She tells him that she hates the Grazzards, who, she suspects, have done away with Wayne. Jason tells her about the stowaway; then goes to his stateroom. The stowaway is not there; and, when Jason finds some drops of blood in the room, he feels sure the man has been murdered. But—following a talk with the steward, Emil Roth (who has been bribed by "Mr. Garson")—he decides not to report the matter to the captain.

Ignorant of what has happened, Natalie Mace tells Jason that she has learned the stowaway's identity—he is, she says, old Hiram Grazzard's second cousin: Winfield Grazzard. She believes (so she says) that Winfield and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards. She suggests that Jason somehow inveigle the fellow in his stateroom into talking, telling what he knows!

V

THE blond girl watched Jason's face expectantly. When he didn't answer, but continued to consider her, her smile faded and her eyes narrowed.

"Don't you believe me?" she said.

"I believe you're saying what you honestly think is true," he answered. "It's your conclusions that I'm not so sure of."

"But what's wrong with them?" she asked, and her air was now aggrieved. "I've given hours of thought to them. Every piece dovetails perfectly."

"But it's all based," Jason argued patiently, "on such slight evidence, and all of it is so circumstantial. We accept that my brother was killed. We know the identity of this stowaway. You've heard these rumors about Uncle Colton. And this morning your husband told you that Winfield Grazzard is 'another blackmailer.' It seems to me you've put all that together to establish a point that's somewhat fantastic."

"It isn't fantastic at all," the girl said warmly. "It's entirely logical. It explains everything. And whether I'm right or wrong, I won't quarrel with you."

Her hands were trembling. She gathered her things together and started to get up. "I'm going to my room and lie down, Jason. I've a splitting headache. You've upset me more than I can tell you. I'm sure I'm right about all of this. It works out too perfectly."

Jason got up as she did.

"Think over what I've said, my dear," she said. "Talk to your stowaway. I think you'll find I'm right."

She walked away. Jason was more than half sure that Natalie's reasoning was sound and that her convictions were justified. But he would not admit that he believed his brother might have been a blackmailer.

Life aboard the Tasmania was, despite the overcrowding, settling down to an easy routine. Soldiers and the other passengers gathered in groups on the decks, played cards, shot craps, sang songs and talked about the war.

The convoy was spread out in two columns with the leader usually off to the north, the other destroyers roving about or bringing up the rear.

All over the Tasmania, new friendships were blossoming. There was a great deal of hilarity and rough joking. With everything so pleasant, the calm, sunlit sea, the good-natured crowds, it was hard for Jason to realize that a terrified man

(*Continued on page* 40)

Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels—they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."

Ski champion, U.S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.

"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.

Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pig-boat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY
IN THE NAVY
IN THE MARINES
IN THE COAST GUARD

Camel

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

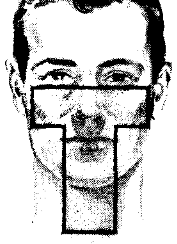
FIRST IN THE SERVICE

On land — on sea — yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy—an "I'd walk a mile" grin—add 'em all up and you get CAMEL — the fighting man's favorite.



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to *you.*

Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."** Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Notes for Your Guidance

Continued from page 12

was the Price-Marshall whose feats in a Spitfire had become almost legendary from the days before Dunkirk until now—it was hard to believe that a man who spoke like that could at the same time be a man of cold daring and brilliant efficiency.

The station nearest to the airfield at which Price-Marshall had to report was only a flag stop, and Eric was the only passenger to descend. The station agent looked at him inquiringly as he stood in his crumpled tropical suit with his little handbag—all the luggage he could bring in a westbound bomber from England—wondering what he should do next.

"The Freshwater Aerodrome?" asked Price-Marshall.

"What?" said the agent; never before in his life had he heard the sort of accent that Price-Marshall used, just as he had never heard the word aerodrome.

"I mean the airfield," Price-Marshall said. "The Freshwater Airfield."

"Are you visiting there?" asked the agent.

"I suppose that's what you'd call it," said Eric. "How do I get there?"

"It's up the road a piece," said the agent.

"Can I get a taxi?"

"Taxis are scarcer than hen's teeth in this town," replied the agent.

"I'll call up the airfield then, dammit. Where's a telephone?"

AT THE Freshwater Airfield a bored enlisted man answered the telephone and endeavored to make sense of what an apparently demented foreigner was saying at the other end.

"What was that? Who is this?" asked the private.

"I want to speak to the officer of the day," exploded Price-Marshall, shouting into the receiver. "Price-Marshall is my name. Eric Price-Marshall."

The bored enlisted man called the attention of his sergeant to the maniac at the other end of the wire.

"I think this guy must be an Englishman, Sergeant," he said, "and he keeps on saying he is some sort of marshal."

"Marshal?" said the sergeant. He picked up the instrument just in time to hear Eric's next explosion: "I want the officer of the day. Hallo. Hallo. Are you there? This is Price-Marshall speaking. Eric Price-Marshall."

"Gee," said the sergeant. A great light was dawning on him—a false dawn, but vivid enough for all that.

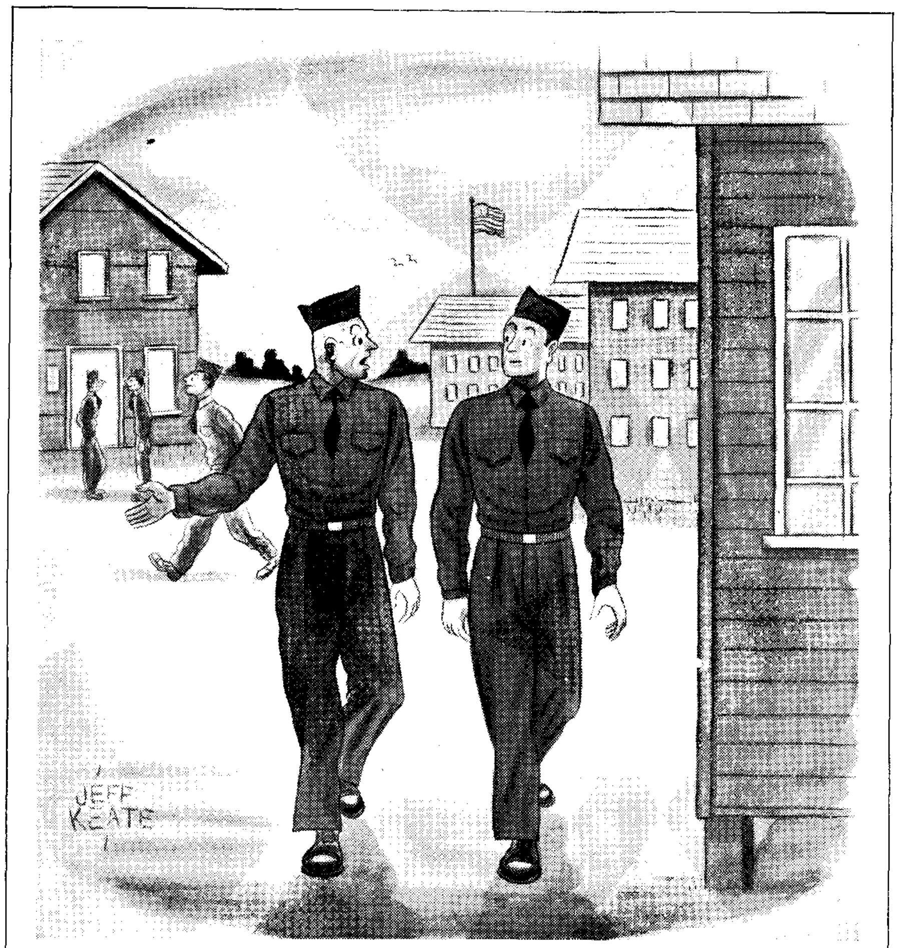
"Here," he said to the private, handing back the instrument, "go easy with this guy. I'll be back in a minute."

The sergeant ran like a hare in search of the officer of the day while Eric at the railway station was surprised and gratified at hearing a sudden change of tone at the other end.

"Yes, sir," said the private, "hold the line a minute please, sir. We're getting the officer for you, sir."

The sergeant (he was undoubtedly the cause of much of the subsequent trouble) saluted the officer of the day breathlessly. "There's a British air vice-marshal on the phone, sir. Wants to speak to you."

Once the idea of an air vice-marshal was put into the head of the officer of the day it was hardly likely that when he heard Eric say "Eric Price-Marshall" on the telephone he would be disillusioned; especially as the officer of the day knew that a British air vice-marshal was at that moment visiting certain airfields in the United States.



"Of course, I've never actually seen Dorothy Lamour in a movie. I've just seen her at Army camps, bond-selling rallies, on radio shows and at her house for tea one day!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"Yes, sir," he said very deferentially, "you're at the station, sir? I'll send down for you right away, sir."

Eric hung up with a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile the officer of the day referred hurriedly to a chart and confirmed what he had already suspected, that an air vice-marshal is the equivalent of a lieutenant general and in consequence only two or three grades below the Almighty. It was clearly a matter for the brigadier general commanding the airfield.

"Well, for gosh sake," said the general, "this is a surprise visit, I suppose. Call my car—I'll meet him myself. And I'd better have an escort. Warn the guard to turn out when we get back."

ERIC, sitting disconsolately in the scanty shade at the railway station, heard the high-pitched note of the police sirens approaching him and at first did not believe they could have anything to do with him. He knew they were police sirens, of course—his education had included visits to the movies. The motorcycles came shrieking up through a cloud of dust and stopped at the station, and a car stopped behind them, and a dignified military figure stepped out from it into the sunlight and looked around expectantly. Eric got to his feet—this must be the officer sent down to fetch him—and walked toward the general, fighting down the overwhelming British shyness which nearly mastered him.

"Air vice-marshal?" said the general, a little puzzled.

"That's me," said Price-Marshall in all honesty—he was quite shy enough not to hear properly what the general had said, to say nothing of the fact that he was ready by now to make undue allowance for the American accent.

The general looked at the man of twenty-two in the crumpled tropical suit.

"Pardon me, sir," said the general, "we weren't expecting you this morning."

"I'm not surprised, sir," said Eric, "my schedule was upset."

He was referring to mumps in Buckingham Palace, of course.

"It's a pleasure to have you at any time," said the general.

They shook hands, the general still scanning the visitor's face closely.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "I didn't expect to see someone quite so young in your rank."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Eric. He was undoubtedly very young to be a squadron leader, and he was modest about it. It had just dawned upon him that the single star which the general wore indicated brigadier general's rank and not that of second lieutenant as it would in the British army. "It's very good of you to come and meet me like this, sir."

"You're very welcome, sir," said the general, holding open the car door and handing Eric in despite the latter's modest holding back. The car and the motorcycles rushed away, dust flying and sirens shrieking. Eric went back in his mind to "Notes for Your Guidance." "You will receive almost unbounded hospitality, the American standard of hospitality being as high as any in the world." This was certainly true, seeing that they had sent down a general and a police escort to meet him.

"Was this all the baggage you brought, sir?" asked the general.

"No, I sent my kit and uniform on ahead," said Eric. "I hope they got to the aerodrome."

"I will inquire as soon as we arrive," said the general.

The car tore around the last corner and stopped at the gate of the airfield.

"Will you inspect the guard, sir?" asked the general.

"Well—yes, of course," said Eric, remembering that, in the words of the pamphlet "you will be expected to feel, and show, appreciation." The request to inspect the guard was quite surprising, but, to quote once more, "you will not be expected to tell your hosts what is wrong." If they wanted a mere squadron leader—albeit a squadron leader with two bars to his D.F.C.—to inspect the guard of honor a squadron leader had better do so. He climbed out of the car along with the general and walked up and down the rigid lines of men standing at attention.

"A very fine body of men, sir," he said, raking wildly back in his mind for memories of when he had seen guards of honor inspected—it was not a thing he had ever done before in his life.

"Thank you, sir," said the general, holding the car door open for him again.

They drove slowly across the airfield toward the general's quarters.

"You've got a Spitfire there, I see," said Eric, looking eagerly around him.

"Yes, that's one of the machines we have for tactical instruction."

"It's fine to see one again," said Eric. "Do you think I could take her up today?"

IT WAS four weeks since Eric had last flown a Spitfire, and a Spitfire pilot after that period of deprivation yearns for nothing so much—more keenly even than a drunkard yearns for drink or a lover yearns for the sight of his mistress—as to fly a Spitfire again.

"Of course," said the general.

They reached the general's quarters, and the general made the introductions:

"My wife, Mrs. Townsend. My daughter, Louise. My aide, Lieutenant—"

But Eric did not hear anything after he heard the word Louise, and shook the hand which Louise offered him. The memory of Marjorie Combermere-Clough faded abruptly from his mind.

"I hope this room will suit you, Marshal," said the general opening a door, "the bathroom's through here."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Eric. In England he was always very irritated by people who did not address him by his full name with the hyphen, but in America he was determined not to be. And the general, even though he was a general, had never met an air vice-marshal before and was a little doubtful about how one should address one socially.

"Lunch will be ready in half an hour," said the general, "and I'll find out about your baggage."

It was strange to Eric to find that he was expected to take up his quarters with a general, but then everything else was strange to him—it was even gratifying, to one so unpolitically minded, to find that America was so careful of the comfort of the armed forces of her ally. Price-Marshall wallowed in his bath and scrubbed from himself the dust of the plains and the prairies, before he came down to lunch. And a benevolent destiny at lunch gave him the seat next to Louise, so that he only gave half his mind to the general's suggestion that he should take up the Spitfire with a camera gun to show what the machine could do when opposed to an American plane and an American pilot.

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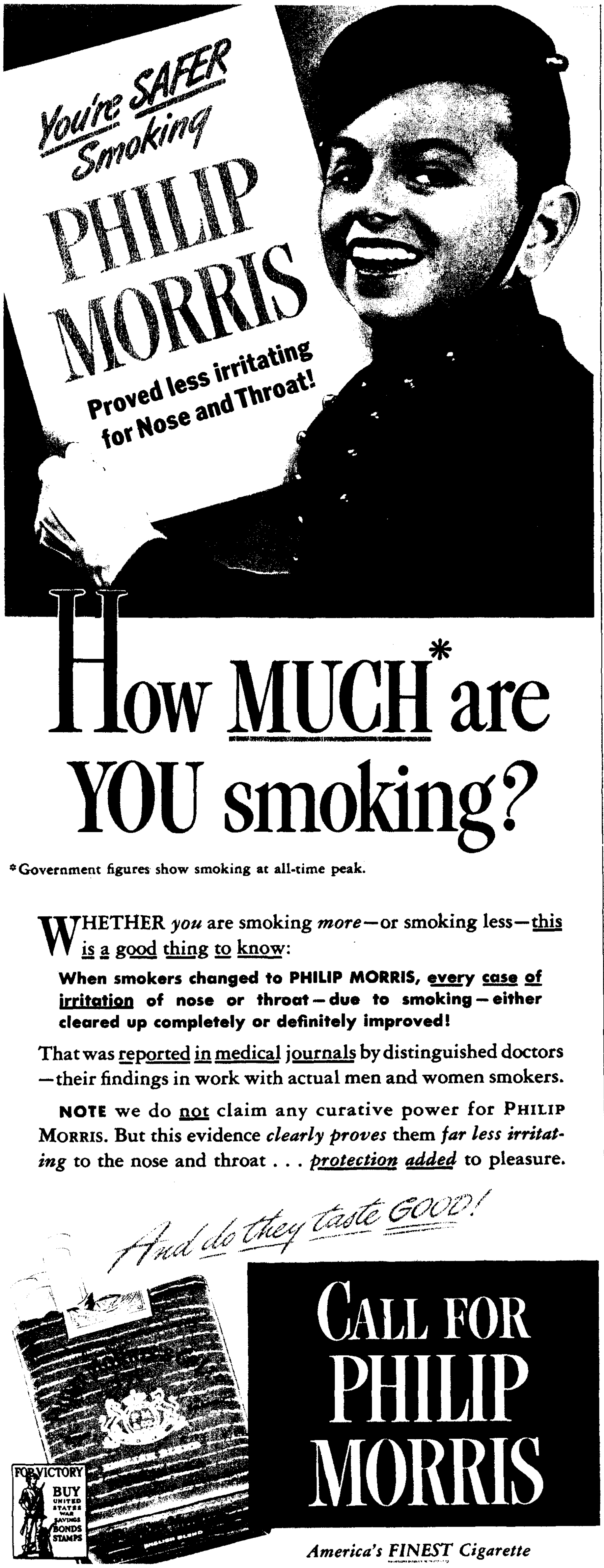

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Louise was saying. "I hope you'll be coming."

"A dance?" said Eric. "That's top-hole. That is, if you are going to be there."

"Oh, I shall be there all right," said Louise.

"And will you dance with me? I mean, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" asked Eric.

"I shall be looking forward to that," said Louise.

The general's aide explained apologetically that Eric's baggage had not yet arrived—naturally it had not occurred to the aide to make inquiries for the baggage of Squadron Leader Eric Price-Marshall, which at that moment was lying tucked away in an obscure corner of the Post—and offered to fit him out with an American flying suit. Eric eagerly acquiesced; now that the prospect was squarely in front of him it would have been very hard for him (supposing he had been able to choose) to decide whether he would continue in Louise's society or fly a Spitfire. The prospect of either was delightful, and he got eagerly up from the table.

AN INTERESTED crowd watched him ascend. No one could help being interested in seeing how a man with a lieutenant general's rank handled a plane—especially a man with all the contradictory qualities of this one, with his fantastically youthful appearance and absurdly affected accent. If even English officers were sometimes led into doubting whether Eric was a good Spitfire pilot on account of his speech, those hard-bitten young Americans were certainly justified in having their doubts. They gathered eagerly around Captain Bergfried when he came down—the sham fighting had taken place too high for the fine points to be observable even through binoculars.

"Boy, oh boy," said Bergfried, "I have to hand it to him, that guy can sure handle a plane. If that had been real it would have been harps for me."

Bergfried headed the rush of men who went forward to greet Price-Marshall as the Spitfire descended. The camera gun was whipped out and rushed away for the film to be developed, and when later they ran it through in the projection room Bergfried sat and bewailed his own lack of skill. The blurred picture of his plane shot suddenly into the middle of the screen and stayed there, writhe and twist as it would. The little audience in the seats writhed and twisted at the same time, as they realized the prodigious acrobatics which not only the target plane but also the Spitfire, must have been going through when the pictures were shot.

"Boy, oh boy," said Bergfried again, watching the picture of his plane dancing helplessly on the screen.

The film flickered to an end.

"Don't you go putting my film on," expostulated Bergfried, but the operator was inexorable. And there was nothing to see except twice a fleeting glimpse of Price-Marshall's wing tip and a momentary view of the Spitfire so far off that it was only a speck on the screen.

"You got me so mad I had a crack at you at long range," explained Bergfried. "I wouldn't have hit you."

"You might have, with luck," said Eric. "That's about the range I was wounded at."

"So you've been wounded too?" said Bergfried.

The Post's opinion of the British air vice-marshal was rising steadily—at the cocktail hour Louise heard enough of the Post gossip to confirm her in all she had thought about him at first sight. She felt a pleased glow inside her at this proof of her infallible intuition in liking at first sight a man who had so many accomplishments and such a brilliant record. It only remained to be seen if her intuition remained good on the subject of whether or not he was married, and, sure enough, discreet dinnertime conversation revealed that her intuition had been just as acute in this respect as well, and that Eric was still unmarried.

The man had just everything, she told herself as soon as she had discovered that he danced the rumba as well as he handled a Spitfire, by Captain Bergfried's report. From one point of view it was quite surprising, seeing how well he danced, that she should agree to take time out from the dance floor to show him how brightly the moon shone over Texas, but from another point of view it was not really so surprising.

Meanwhile in the Post an officer still on duty was chatting over the long-distance telephone with a friend of his at another airfield. "By the way," he said, "we've got this British air vice-marshal here. Has he been your way yet?"

There was a long pause, and then the man at the other end said, "Will you say that again?"

"We've got the British air vice-marshal here. Does that seem strange to you?"

"Yes. We've got him *here*. What's your man like?"

"Only a kid, but they say he can handle a plane like nobody's business."

"Hold the line a minute."

Air Vice-Marshal Darlington—a big red-faced man in his forties—was at that moment completing his education by playing poker with a group of senior officers of the American Army. He put down his cards a little impatiently when somebody asked urgently to see him.

"I am sorry, sir," said the officer who had interrupted him, "but are you the only air vice-marshal in the United States?"

"Yes, of course," said Darlington.

"I've got the Freshwater Field on the wire and they say they've got an air vice-marshal out there too."

"Oh they do, do they? Where's this telephone?"

The wires ran hot with the conversations that flashed backward and forward along them that night, from one airfield to another, and from both of them to Air Corps Headquarters, and to the F.B.I. and back again.

"The man's a spy," were Darlington's last words. "Lock him up. Keep him in jail—handcuff him—make sure he doesn't get away. I'll be over in the morning and see what he has to say."

ERIC and Louise were still admiring the moon when half a dozen burly men suddenly closed around them. The glare of their flashlights left Eric dazzled.

"Hands up!" rasped a voice, and Eric's dazzled eyes could barely make out the pistol with which the order was backed up. He put up his hands.

"A holdup, what?" he said. "I thought they only happened in Chicago."

"Shut your mouth, you dirty spy," said the voice.

"How dare you?" said Louise.

"You keep out of this, Miss Townsend, I'm sorry you had to be mixed up in it," the voice apologized.

"Mixed up in what?" said Louise.

"Ask this guy, he knows."

"He doesn't," said Eric.

"Shut your mouth," said the voice again, rather inconsistently, and Eric was just going to point this out when something was dug into his back and another voice said, even more unpleasantly, "C'mon. Stand up. Get going."

There was no resisting the demand, and Eric stood up, feeling most undignified with his hands over his head. Somebody stood close behind him and reached over his head, then Eric felt cold steel on his wrists as they handcuffed him.

"Get going," said the voice again, and Eric stumbled down the path.

"I am going to get the general," said Louise with a sort of sob, brushing past him and running ahead.

"Just as well to have her out of the way," one of the men said.

SO ERIC found himself in jail. It might, he thought, be a practical joke or it might be just a nightmare, and whichever it was, the morning would bring the explanation. He laid himself on the uncomfortable bed and composed himself to sleep as well as his handcuffed condition would permit. A few minutes were enough to show him that Louise's appeal to her father must have been ineffectual. . . . Nice girl, Louise.

The same thought was still in his mind when a jingling of keys and the clash of bolts woke him in the morning. He blinked sleepily at the group which came crowding into his cell, and blinked again more earnestly when he saw the blue of the R.A.F. among the khaki. That made him sit up hurriedly. Air Vice-Marshal Darlington looked at the disheveled figure with a day-old beard, and then looked again, in just the same way as Eric was looking at him.

"Good heavens!" said Darlington. "That's Price-Marshall."

"That's who?" said the general.

"That's Price-Marshall," repeated Darlington, and as far as he and the general were concerned there was no need for further explanation. It was only Eric who needed to be told why he had had to spend the night in prison.

The general took him off to his quarters for breakfast, and again he sat next to Louise. Eric had always said that the test of whether one should marry any particular woman or not was if one could bear the sight of her before breakfast. Louise passed the test satisfactorily. And Louise had always thought much the same regarding whoever it was she would marry. So perhaps it was as well that Eric passed the test, even though he had slept in his clothes and had not shaved since yesterday.

THE END

Remember the Sabbath

Continued from page 17

He sighed, suddenly weary. "Don't ask me to figure out anything tonight!" he exclaimed. "What a day! I haven't had five minutes to catch my breath."

"You're going to carry it in soon, though, aren't you?" she pursued nevertheless. "It's ruining the grass."

"I'll carry it in," he said patiently, "but I don't have to do it before dinner, do I?"

Dusk finally fell, blotting the raw pile from sight and mind, and Mr. Cugat dozed peacefully in his chair. The next day he had to go to Washington.

Mr. Cugat was having to go to Washington more and more often of late and, frankly, Mrs. Cugat was getting good and sick of it. At first she had been excited and proud to think of him down there at the helm, helping to make history, mingling with the great, but Mr. Cugat had quickly pricked that pretty bubble.

"The only mingling I ever do is with men about like *myself,*" he informed her flatly.

"But you and Mr. Atterbury must meet *some* well-known people," she protested.

"Not in outer waiting rooms," he muttered.

"I mean," she explained patiently, "after you get in."

"We don't get in," he said in a disgusted voice.

"Never?"

"Never."

Mrs. Cugat was indignant. Lying awake and thinking about it, in her lonely bedroom, on the nights he was gone, she calmed herself by fashioning dreamy palliatives—something she was very good at. Mr. Cugat, finally coming to the attention of Morgenthau or somebody, would be asked to take charge of some difficult tax problem that nobody else could figure out and he would handle it so brilliantly that he would be appointed to some perfectly marvelous position and they would have to move to Washington for the duration, where they would have an apartment at the Carleton and meet simply *everybody*—like Lord Louis Mountbatten and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Here, Mrs. Cugat, finding it necessary to digress at some length to plan what she would wear for this happy occasion and to dwell on the envy that would surely gnaw at the breast of her good friend, Mrs. Sturm, would usually drift into such a pleasant mood that she'd drop off to sleep without further ado. Which was just as well, for she needed her sleep; the little burdens of everyday living seemed to weigh twice as much when borne alone. And now all this lumber piled up in the yard!

"Well, well! What are we building—an air-raid shelter?" called next-door neighbor, Mr. Cressey, jocularly over the rose bushes on Monday evening.

"Just a few shelves for the cellar," she called back.

Mr. Cressey's eyebrows raised politely. "My!" he said. "Planning on *quite* a few, eh?"

It seemed, somehow, disloyal to shout, for all to hear, that Mr. Cugat had just made a mistake in his measurements, so she let it go by simply nodding brightly.

"Look who's building an air-raid shelter!" bawled a young voice down the block not a moment later. One of the Louderback children, thought Mrs. Cugat resignedly. The Louderback children were a large and virulent brood, who jeered continually and on principle. Anna reported that the Louderbacks considered the Cugats stuck-up. Mrs. Cugat was scared to death of them.

"My deah! How chi-chi!" rang the reply.

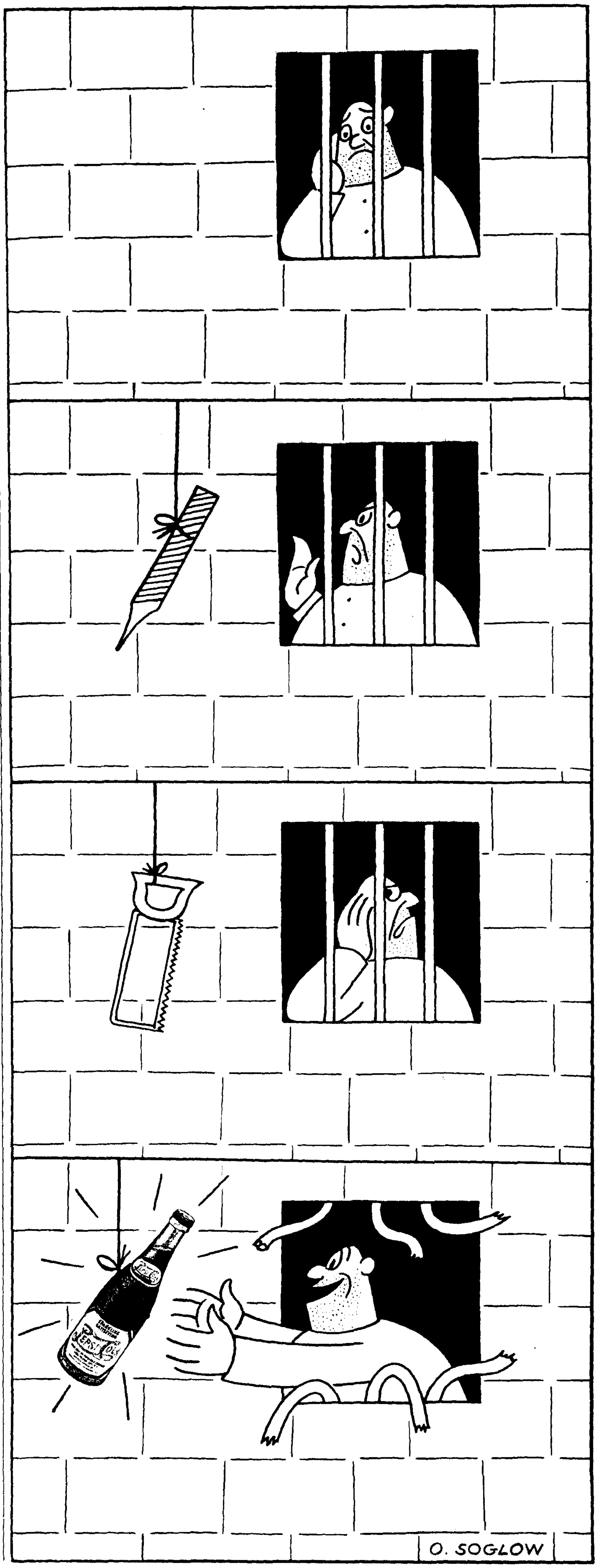
PINK and very stuck-up, Mrs. Cugat retired to the house and endeavored to put the whole thing out of her mind. But on Tuesday, in the middle of lunch, the doorbell rang. There were questions and answers and a closing of doors. "What is it?" she asked anxiously, as Anna appeared in the dining-room door.

"Mr. Ernest Hemingway to see you," Anna announced primly. "I put him in the library."

Mrs. Cugat sighed. "I think you must have the name wrong, Anna," she said gently. "What did he say he wanted?"

"He wants to see you," Anna explained patiently. "He's one of them—you know—writer fellas."

Mrs. Cugat, holding firmly to reason,



cool shaves

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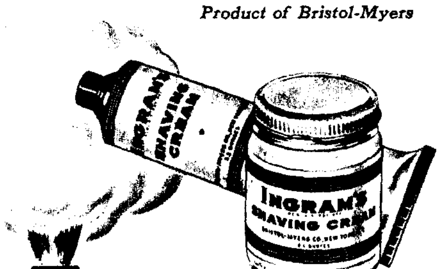


INGRAM'S
shaving cream

put down her fork. "Are you sure, Anna?"

"Yessum."

She faltered at the library door but managed to turn the knob.

"Mrs. Cugat?" inquired a very young man with a snub nose. Mrs. Cugat nodded blankly. "I'm from The Morning Spy," he said, swallowing. "I'd like to get a story on this—ah—air-raid shelter."

Mrs. Cugat explained gently.

"You mean you aren't going to build one?" he gulped.

"I'm afraid not," she apologized. "It's just one of those silly things that got started—"

Mr. Hemingway rose violently to his feet, ran his fingers through his hair, walked over to the window and stood looking out, legs spread, back hunched. Mrs. Cugat was distressed. It seemed to mean a good deal to him. He turned the face of a haggard baby. "I've got to get a story," he bit out. "I've got to make good!" And then, in a more normal tone added, "You see, this is my first assignment."

Mrs. Cugat said she was *so* sorry but what could she do?

"Nothing, of course," he replied in dignified despair and turned back to the window.

After a minute or so Mrs. Cugat cleared her throat tentatively.

"Look," Mr. Hemingway said abruptly, turning around again, "what in the world *are* you going to do with all that timber?"

Mrs. Cugat sighed and embarked upon the explanation of the shelves but she was brought up short by a terrified scream from somewhere outside followed by what sounded like the cascading rumble of an avalanche. They dashed to the porch. Anna came running around the side of the house.

"Come quick!" she panted. "One of them Louderback brats has got buried beneath our boards!" Mr. Hemingway vaulted over the railing.

In the side yard, the once neatly towering stack sprawled like a heap of jackstraws. From its depths came a faint whimper.

"There was one of 'em on top," gabbled Anna, "and one layin' down on the grass. When it started to go, the top one jumped but the other never had a chance!"

Mr. Hemingway tore off his coat and they all set frenziedly to work. It was only a matter of moments, really, before a somewhat flattened but apparently unhurt Louderback was brought to light but it seemed like an eon. "When my mother hears about this," it said disagreeably, "she's goin' to be *plenty* sore!" Mrs. Cugat, Mr. Hemingway and Anna sank to the back steps without breath to answer.

BUT Mr. Hemingway suddenly recovered. He walked over to his coat, put it on and extracted, from a pocket, a notebook and pencil. "What's your name and age?" he asked Anna eagerly.

Anna obliged him. "Let me have yours?" he said, turning to Mrs. Cugat. Mrs. Cugat, absorbed in picking slivers out of her thumb, complied abstractedly.

Mr. Hemingway beamed. "Boy! What a scoop!"

"Look," said Mrs. Cugat slowly. "What was it you said *your* name was?"

"Harvey E. Hemingway—E for Ernest. Quite a coincidence, isn't it? I mean us both being writers. Oddly enough," he added modestly, "our styles are not unlike." He turned to go and waved a hand. "Well, be seeing you in the papers!"

It wasn't until fright had subsided and she began to function normally again that Mrs. Cugat started to worry about him. But by then it was a little late.

"Local Socialite Rescues Tot," announced The Morning Spy next day right on the front page, with a murky picture of her (taken ten years before, in a particularly hideous hat) beside it. "The little boy under the pile of lumber tried to move, but it wasn't any good. It was there crushing him down. 'Maybe I'll be here under this lumber until I die,' he thought. 'Can this happen? Maybe it never did happen—' " The Hemingway style (Harvey E.) here abated somewhat —possibly under the whacks of a blue pencil.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lester P. Louderback's little boy, Sonny," continued The Spy's story chattily, "can thank his lucky stars that Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cugat, 28, member of a prominent family and wife of the banker, George B. Cugat, of 202 Huntington Drive, was around yesterday. Buried beneath several hundred feet of heavy lumber, the lad was rescued only just in time by the heroic efforts of the ninety-pound blue blood who, with no thought for herself, toiled unceasingly to extricate him, administered artificial respiration and then collapsed. 'Anyone would have done the same,' she is quoted as saying when rescued by her maid."

By Thursday morning no less than a dozen persons had arrived to inspect the scene of the accident—some with cameras. Anna spent a happy hour posing. By Thursday afternoon no less than two dozen had gathered, and Sonny Louderback was trying to take up a collection. Grimly, Mrs. Cugat called Allerton's and for ten dollars and thirty-two cents, which of course covered Social Security and unemployment and workman's insurance, had the lumber carried out of sight behind the garage.

Mr. Cugat, back, once again, from the waiting rooms of Washington, was highly amused. He also seemed rather relieved to find the lumber out of his sight for a while, even at that price. Lord, he was tired! Washington was a madhouse.

Then his wine came and, reviving, he carried it downstairs and, with boyish enthusiasm, unpacked it all over the laundry floor. Sunday came and went.

"Darling, you seem to be so busy just now, don't you want me to call Allerton's again and have them come and finish up those shelves?" Mrs. Cugat urged tactfully. Whether by accident or design, the laundress had kicked over one bottle and it had splashed liberally—on the clean laundry. Burgundy.

"Hell, *no*, honey," Mr. Cugat protested earnestly. "Won't you ever get it into your little head that we've got to start saving money?"

"Will you get at the shelves pretty soon yourself, then? *This* Sunday, maybe? It's terribly inconvenient—"

Mr. Cugat promised that he would.

Sunday morning arrived and Cory Cartwright called to fix up the usual foursome, but Mrs. Cugat, on the alert, forestalled him. "George can't play golf today, Cory," she said firmly, "he's going to put up some shelves in the basement."

"Well, can't I talk to him a minute?"

"No," said Mrs. Cugat and hung up.

"A perfect day, too," muttered Mr. Cugat wistfully from behind the funny papers.

HATTED and gloved and ready for church, she came out on the porch an hour later to find him still sitting there. "You'll find the key to the cellar door in the back hall," she informed him pointedly.

Mr. Cugat threw down his papers with a sigh, rose, stretched and pulled up his trousers. "Okay," he said, "where are my overalls?"

"Overalls?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Cugat said she'd never seen him in a pair of overalls in her life. He looked pained.

"I had them the summer I worked on the ranch," he explained patiently.

"That was three years before we were married. They were probably given away ages ago."

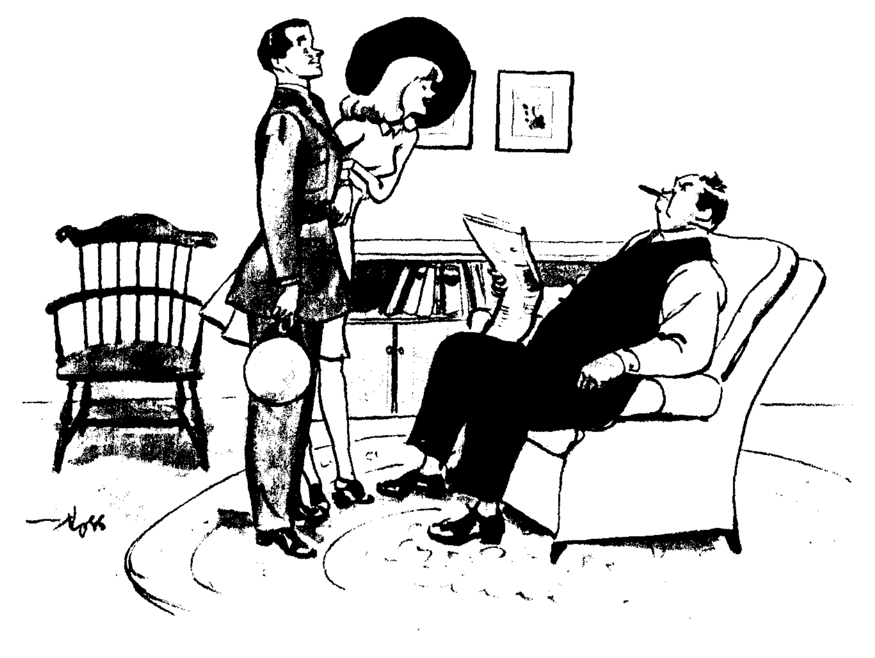
But Mr. Cugat thought not. Why would anybody give away a perfectly good pair of overalls? They must be somewhere around.

"The only place I can think of is in that trunkful of stuff that your Aunt Edith sent over," she suggested. "It's way up in the attic and I'm not a bit sure where the key is. Can't you just wear an old pair of flannels?"

This, it appeared, was not to be thought of. Mr. Cugat ascended to the attic. Dubiously, she left him there.

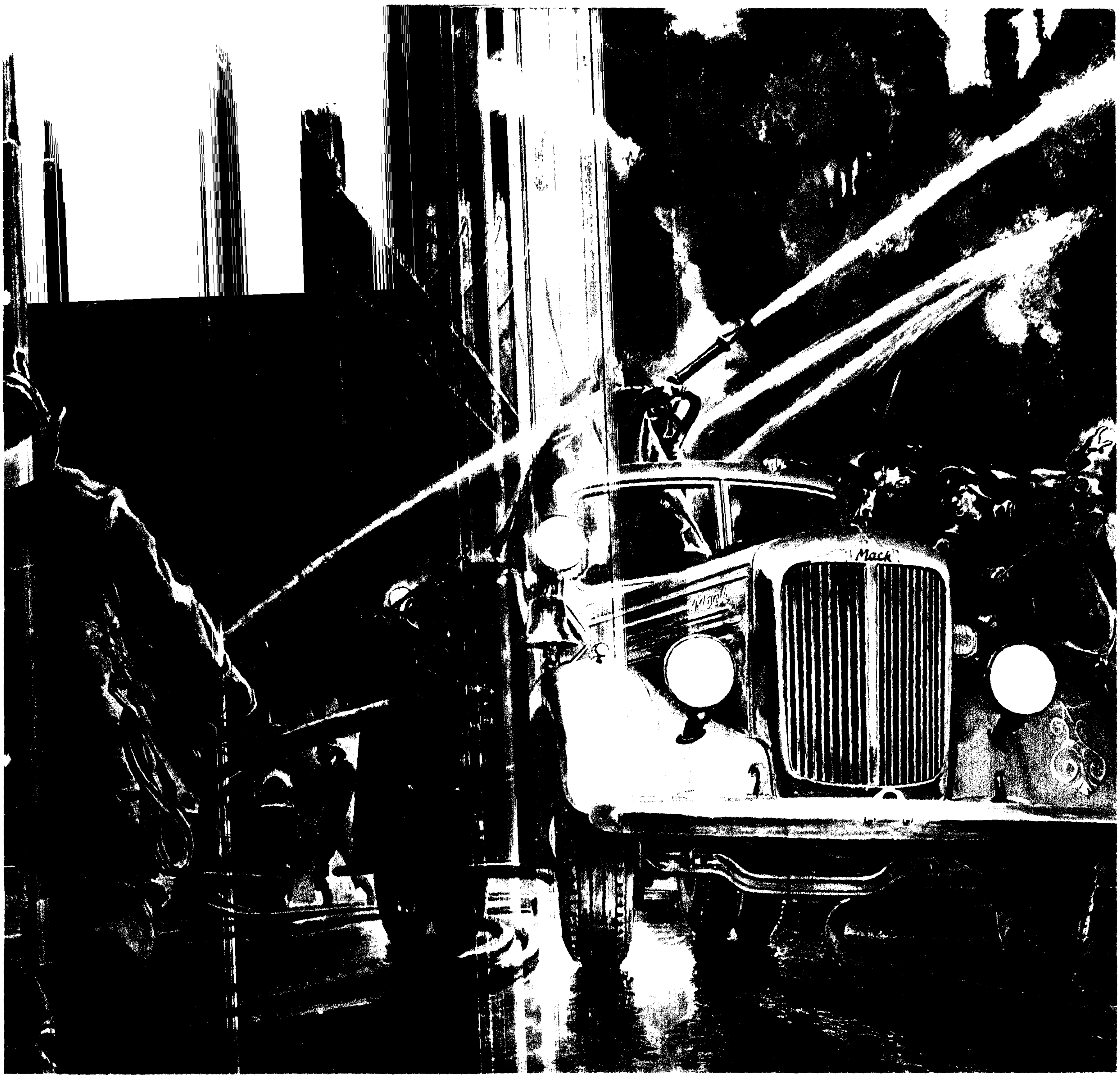
And found him, to her dismay, still there when she got back. "Come up and look here a minute!" he shouted happily in answer to her call.

He hadn't found the overalls but he'd found a lot of other things. Old class books, photographs of teams and glee



"We're married, Daddy, but Albert is allowing me to live with you and Mother for the duration"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS



Nearly 1000 American communities are protected by Mack fire apparatus. Here, in a scene sketched from life by Peter Helck, a modern Mack fire fighter goes into action, hoisting towering streams of water into a stubborn blaze.

POURING IT ON . . . MACK STYLE

The phrase, "Built like a Mack truck," was not invented . . . it was earned. The Mack reputation was made on the job, the hard way. As that reputation has spread in 42 years, so the Mack line has grown. In addition to military and civilian trucks of every type and size, the Mack name also appears on fire apparatus, buses and marine engines . . . all built to stay on the job longer . . . all "Built like a Mack truck."

ARMY E NAVY

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Mack
TRUCKS

**ONE TON TO FORTY-FIVE TONS; BUSES,
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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

clubs, a bundle of letters from a girl named Honey and goodness knows what! Mrs. Cugat looked ruefully around the attic.

"Dinner!" trumpeted Anna, two flights below. Mr. Cugat's jaw dropped in astonishment.

The afternoon shadows lengthened, and Mr. Cugat dozed in the porch swing. Mrs. Cugat bent over him with compassion. Poor darling, he was working so hard. His face looked drawn and very thin. She shook his shoulder, feeling like a brute. "If you're going to get at those shelves—" she began.

Mr. Cugat *blinked, glanced at his* watch and rose with alacrity. "Jeepers, yes," he said, "how'd it get so late?" And without more ado, leaped down the steps and disappeared around the corner of the house. She followed him anxiously to see if there was anything she could do to help and found him already behind the garage, stalwartly shouldering lumber, a Louderback watching lynx-eyed.

"Where you going with them boards?" it was inquiring suspiciously.

Mr. Cugat grunted: "Down cellar."

"Why?"

"Building shelves."

"*Building shelves!*" shrilled the mite and proceeded to go off into fits of typically derisive Louderback laughter. "What you going to *keep* on the shelves?" it piped, when it could speak.

"Toad meat!" barked Mr. Cugat and, swinging around to leer, accidentally caught the Louderback neatly with the end of the board and knocked it flat.

Screams of "He hit me, Mamma!" rent the Sunday quiet as Mrs. Cugat hastened apprehensively across the street after the victim to explain. Mr. Cugat, callously, had continued on his way.

BUT when she got home, a bad half-hour later, she found him back in the porch swing. "We haven't any saw!" he explained, surprised and indignant.

"Oh," said Mrs. Cugat blankly.

He shook his head and sighed. "You women! There's nothing out there but an old hammer, a bent screwdriver and a funny-looking thing."

"Well, up to now—" she began a little sharply but he cut her short.

"Every household ought to have a good set of tools," he declared, adding kindly, "I'll buy you some in the morning."

Mrs. Cugat sat down wearily. "Did you leave all those boards in the laundry?" she asked.

"I never got them that far," he grumbled. "They were so long, I couldn't turn the corner and, as I say, I had no saw, so I had to leave them in the areaway. I'm afraid it makes it a little hard to get in and out—"

Somewhat to her surprise, he bought the tools the next day—a beautiful set of them, in a chest—and after dinner, took each out and examined it enthusiastically. Mrs. Cugat kept a watchful eye on him but, in handling something or other called an adz, he managed, as usual, to draw blood. Dr. Buell arrived and took a small stitch in him. Another Sunday came and went. That week the laundress kicked over a second bottle of wine and got a misery in her back—presumably from going through the areaway bent double.

Then Mr. Cugat was sent to Washington again! Really, it was getting to be the limit! Nice, of course, that out of the whole office he was always the one chosen to go but he was worn out from being on the sleeper so much and trying to catch up with his regular work in between. She was getting sick and tired of being left alone, too. And all for nothing! *She felt like speaking to Mr. Atter*bury. As for Mr. Cugat, she felt like speaking to him, and was going to.

"I'm going to call Allerton's, regardless, if you don't get those shelves built *this* week," she said when, obviously still unremarked by Morgenthau, the seat of his trousers shiny, he came wearily home once again. "The laundress is looking for another place and I don't blame her! The cellar's a shambles!"

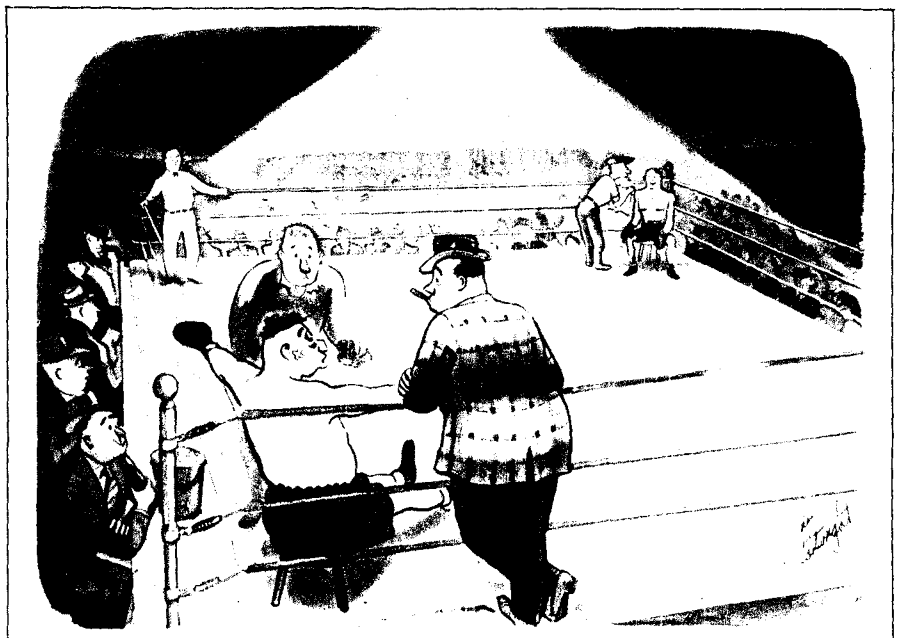
MR. CUGAT admitted that this was so and on Sunday after lunch meekly and of his own accord called Cory, canceled his golf and prepared to *get down to work.* "You didn't find my overalls?" he asked hopefully.

"No," said Mrs. Cugat.

"Did you look?"

"No," she said again flatly. He picked up his new tools and descended to the cellar.

An hour passed, during which he could be seen toiling back and forth from the garage to the basement carrying more boards—four Louderbacks watching from a respectful distance—and then a reassuring pounding began. Better stay upstairs, she reasoned sensibly, so as not to distract him. Zit-zawk, zit-zawk, went Mr. Cugat's new saw. Mrs. Cugat, inspired to industry, got out some darning. How nice, having him at home on a Sunday, busy around the house instead of off playing golf all day!



"He's a good boxer, he hits plenty hard and he's aggressive—but that's all"

COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

Twenty busy minutes went by and then the front door slammed. Hastening to the banister, she peered over just in time to see Cory making purposefully for the cellar stairs. Good Lord! She waited uncertainly but, to her relief, the sawing began again. Somewhat reassured, she went back and sat down.

The darning was finished *before it be*gan to dawn on her that the sound of the hammer and the saw had become somewhat intermittent. Quickly suspicious, she went to the head of the cellar stairs. But a new pounding began and of such briskness that she hesitated and then decided to let well enough alone and run over to see her mother.

She stayed longer than she meant to and when she got back, the house was dark. Coming up the walk, she thought she heard singing. Opening the front door, she found, emanating from the cellar, a sweet intermingling of Mr. Cugat's mellow baritone and Cory's lilting tenor polishing off "To the tables down at Mory's." She hurried down the stairs.

The warblers were sitting comfortably on the floor with their backs against the wall and their legs outstretched. They were covered with sawdust and hung with shavings, and their hair was curled with perspiration. Between them was a sticky glass pitcher, half-full. Two empty wine bottles, an orange squeezer, a bag of lemons and a plate of cookies were on the ironing board. They greeted her with enthusiasm and pointed excitedly to the opposite wall. "Look at the shelves!" they chorused proudly. "All done." Mrs. Cugat looked.

The shelves, a palsied structure in four staggered sections, towered cautiously to the ceiling. "Darling," she exclaimed, "so *many!*" The artisans beamed. "What makes them lean forward like that?" she asked hesitantly.

Mr. Cugat considered them with care, head on one side, brow furrowed. Then he lifted the pitcher, drank, and got, rather painfully, to his feet. "We don't quite know," he said anxiously. "Do you think it will make any difference?"

Mrs. Cugat touched the structure carefully and it swayed gently back and then forward again. "It would be awful," she said, "if it tipped over."

"I thought of taking this clothesline," said Cory, rising, "and tying the whole thing to those pipes up there—" He took the pitcher absently from Mr. Cugat and started to lift it to his lips but, recollecting himself, politely passed it first to Mrs. Cugat. "Have a little beetle juice," he urged.

Mrs. Cugat drank gratefully.

"Did you look at the shelves in the fruit room?" she ventured, after a little. "It seems to me, they're nailed to the wall in some way."

"There's a different principle involved here, entirely," said Mr. Cugat with *dignity.*

In the end, after another experimental pitcherful, made this time with just a dash of gin, it seemed sensible to adopt Cory's suggestion and lash the shelves, more or less firmly, to the hot-water pipes. Mrs. Cugat hoped she wouldn't be there when Anna got her first look at this arrangement. But the mundane concerns of tomorrow seemed suddenly immaterial. Lightheartedly, they repaired to the kitchen to make a rarebit.

MR. CUGAT'S alarm clock rang stridently at half past seven next morning, and Mrs. Cugat turned her head with a groan. Mr. Cugat, bobbing up like an automaton, in the other bed, sank suddenly back on his pillow with a sharp exclamation. She blinked at him. His headache must be even worse than hers. That beetle juice, of course. His eyes were wide and staring. "I can't move," he said. She sat up on the edge of her bed and tried to concentrate and he tried, again, to struggle upright and sank back. "I think I've hurt myself."

"Can I help you?" she asked dazedly, going over and putting an arm around his shoulders. She gave a little tug. Mr. Cugat yelped. "George!" she exclaimed, really alarmed. "What is it?"

"Well, I slipped off that ladder once yesterday," he admitted sheepishly.

"I'd better call the doctor."

Back from the phone, she hovered over him sympathetically with a hot-water bag. "Dr. Buell is coming right over," she said, "and I called the office and told them you wouldn't be down. The office," she added with a little gleam, "were frightfully upset. They said Mr. Atterbury was going to Washington again today and you were supposed to go with him. I told them this was one time he'd have to get along with somebody else."

Mr. Cugat quivered beneath the covers. "Gosh!" he groaned despairingly, "He'll have to take Bemis, and *he'll* make a fine mess of things! Give me the phone!" But at that moment, Dr. Buell arrived.

Mrs. Cugat retired to the hall to wait, anxious, but not greatly alarmed. Men were babies about such things. Besides, it would do Mr. Cugat no harm to have a day or two in bed, he was worn out. If Bemis made a fine mess of sitting around in waiting rooms, so much the better—it would make Mr. Cugat's sitting around all the more appreciated.

THE doorbell rang and she went down to answer it, Anna being busy in the basement, dourly and without comment transferring her jellies from the fruit room to their new home. She opened the door to confront no less a personage than Mr. Atterbury. "What's all this I hear about George?" he rumbled, bustling in. "It can't be anything serious. Let me see him! Is he up here?" He started for the stairs.

"The doctor's with him," Mrs. Cugat protested, fluttering after him. But Mr. Atterbury kept right on going.

"George, my boy," he bellowed, "you in here?"

Mr. Cugat was lying on his stomach, face contorted. Dr. Buell was poking gently at the small of his back.

"By Gad, George, you've got to get up," exclaimed the source of Mr. Cugat's income, breathlessly from the foot of the bed. "We've got to be in Washington in the morning!"

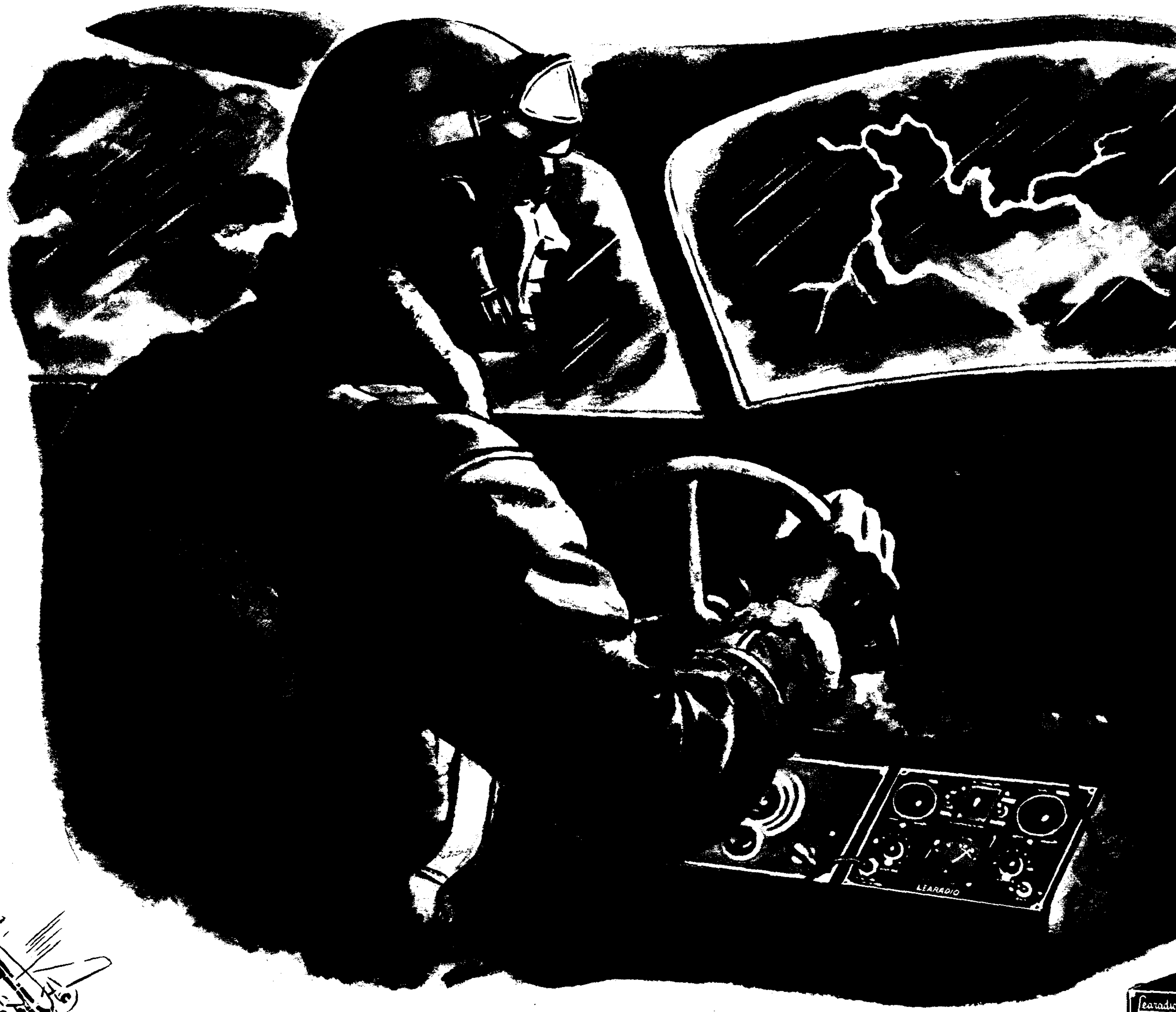
"It's his sacroiliac," said Dr. Buell blandly. "He couldn't get to Washington tomorrow if the President was expecting him."

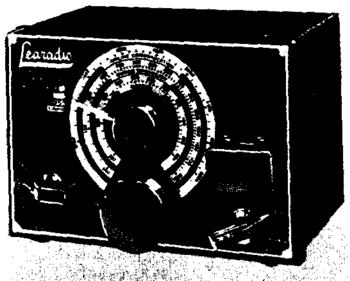
Mr. Atterbury waved his arms. "That's just it, you fool!" he bellowed. "The President *is* expecting him! *Early's asked us to lunch!*"

Mr. Cugat strove agonizingly. Dr. Buell probed hopefully. Mrs. Cugat wept. But it was no use. Mr. Cugat couldn't even turn over.

Mr. Atterbury, at length, threw up his hands. "Well, I'll have to take Bemis, I suppose," he growled, consulting his watch. "He's a good man though, Bemis —fine *strong* fella—" Without another glance at poor Mr. Cugat, he clumped disgustedly out of the room and down the stairs unattended—Mrs. Cugat being too prostrate to move. The front door slammed awfully and the house shook. Then—far below them—came a muffled crash, a thin scream. Mr. Cugat's shelves had tipped over.

The End





"Through the overcast above 20,000 feet"

LEARADIO TAKES OVER!

. . . DEPENDABLE COMMUNICATION MEANS EVERYTHING TO THE PILOT —

In this instance, the pilot was none other than the well-known Major Alexander P. de Seversky who tells the following story:

"Sometime before the radio compass was adopted generally, I had an experimental set with me during a flight to Mexico City. I was caught by bad weather and was forced to fly all the way through the overcast above 20,000 feet. Locating the airport and descending through the overcast to the Mexico City airport, which is surrounded by high mountains, was a difficult problem. But Tschaikowsky's Symphony in F emanating from the local broadcasting station guided me faultlessly to the airport. I landed safely before a group of worried and astonished officials."

Other famous pilots who use Learadio in their planes are Clyde Pangborn, Major Al Williams, Colonel Roscoe Turner, and Bob Hall. *Learadio gives faithful dependable service with a minimum of maintenance.*

Earning its mark as the *"pilot's preference"*, Learadio is now standard equipment on the better known aircraft, including Grumman Amphibians, Wacos, Fairchilds, Cessnas, and most civilian and air cadet pilot training aircraft and itinerant types used in the service of the armed forces.

★ ★ ★ ★

Automatic electrical and mechanical controls of Lear-origin are incorporated in the aircraft manufactured by: Consolidated, Vultee, North American, Douglas, Boeing, Lockheed, Beech, Curtiss-Wright, Grumman, Northrop; and the sub-contractors: Ford, General Motors, Bellanca, Eastern, Nash-Kelvinator.

T-30 RCBB transmitter-receiver is an extremely efficient and dependable 2-way aircraft communication system. It's the "pilot's preference" because every flying need has been foreseen and every installation problem solved in advance—everything is at the pilot's finger tips.

- ★ **Powerful 2-frequency crystal controlled transmitter (2900 KC to 6500 KC).**
- ★ **Telephone and telegraph emission approx. 20 watts output.**
- ★ **Three Band receiver — radio ranges (180 KC to 405 KC) broadcast (500 KC to 1200 KC) airway communications (2800 KC to 6700 KC).**

For "three-way radio", the receiver includes new provision for operating from both the conventional antennae and the famous lightweight Learadio loop (shown below) providing static-free reception or aural-null direction finding. *(Approved type for C. P. T. training).*

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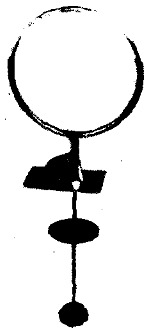
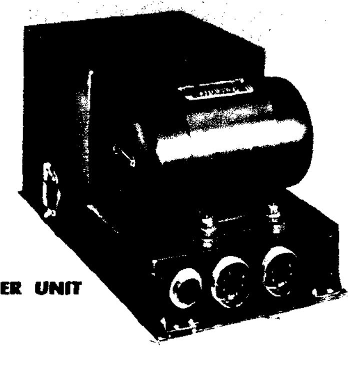
LEAR AVIA, Inc., Piqua, Ohio



LEARADIO LOOP



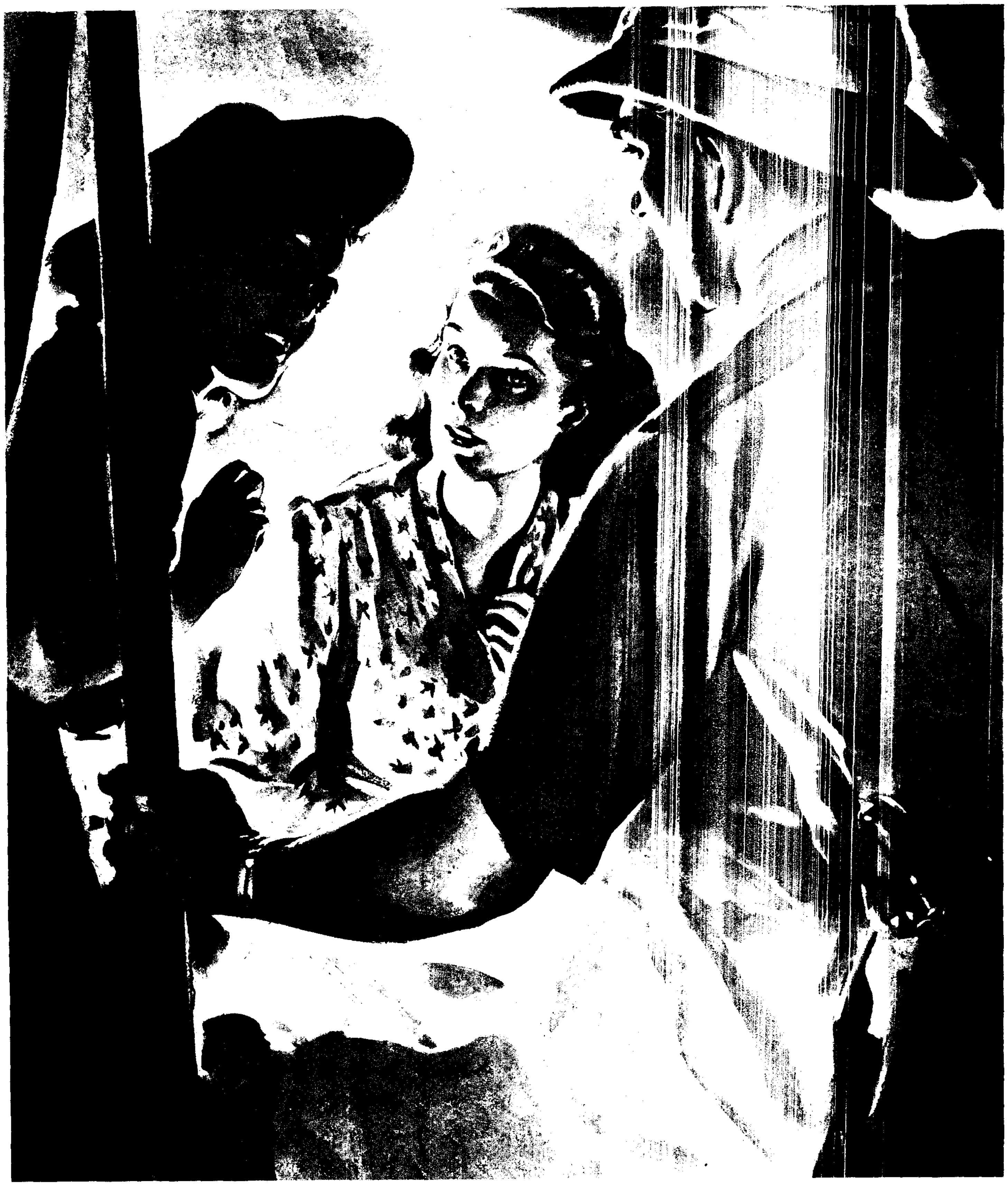
POWER UNIT

LEAR AVIA, INC.

Learadio

BATTLE-BORN • BATTLE-TESTED • BATTLE-PROVEN

Superior Instruments FOR TOMORROW'S FLYING



The tent was bright. Mrs. Winston was sitting up, her robe about her. The instant Bob appeared she said gently to Tommy, "You won't mind, Mrs. Garrick, seeing to that hot water? I've something I must tell Sir Robert"

The Hunters

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

CLAIRE ALLOWAY, an English girl, jilts the man she loves—Michael Garrick, who is in Africa—and marries the *wealthy* John Winston. A few years later, Michael (who still adores the girl who had let him down) marries and settles down on a coffee plantation in Uganda.

Unfortunately, Michael drinks far more than any man should; and his wife "Tommy"—meets and falls in love with a young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Apparently Bob adores her; and when he goes to England (to take over a baronetcy he has inherited) he tells her that, some day, he will marry her.

Tommy waits patiently, for months. Then Bob returns. He is accompanied by a beautiful blond widow—*Mrs. John Winston!*—whom he had met on the boat coming out; and it is obvious that he is infatuated with her. . . .

The meeting between Mrs. Winston and Michael is a strange one. Introduced, they act as though they are perfect strangers. And Tommy and Bob—now Sir Robert—suspect nothing. . . .

At Bob's suggestion, the four—Claire, Tommy, Michael and Bob—go to the Congo for a long lion hunt. Claire and Michael are often alone; and Michael soon learns that the woman he had once loved is a conscienceless flirt—and worse—who does not care for Bob but who wants a title.

Once he is sure of what Claire's true character is, Michael makes his plans. While the little party is preparing to go out and try to bag a lion, he tells Claire to pretend that she has a headache, so that she and he can be alone together. He tells her that he will fake a touch of "fever," that he, too, will stay in the camp.

The ruse works. Tommy (who is still in love with Bob) and Bob go to a near-by boma, and Claire and Michael do not accompany them. . . . In the boma, Tommy and Bob get no lions. Instead, they meet a Belgian—on his way to the coast—who tells them that war has been declared. Bob listens to him; then: "We'll go right back," he says quietly.

VIII

THE Belgian, it appeared, had extra carriers to alternate with bearing the chair, and they all went to the boma. Bob kept saying, "We must get back to the cars—" and the Belgian asked, "You have automobile—yes?"

"At the village. We can make it there in one day, if we start early enough. Then we'll take you on in the cars."

They set off, Tommy in the carrying chair which she did not want to take but which the Belgian forced upon her. Sitting in it, swinging along rhythmically to the porters' quick jog she heard the voices of Ramande and McNare ahead. She heard Maginot Line and Siegfried Line and Suez. She heard Ramande telling how he had fought in the last war, a boy from Lille. *"Les Boches!"* he said explosively. *"Toujours les Boches."*

The Boches. The Jerries. The Huns. Those words were some of Tommy's earliest memories. Standing out in front of Grenville Farm, a little girl of six, watching the troops swing past. Her father, working shorthanded, doing what there were no more laborers and grooms to do. . . . The older sisters working with him, and then the other girls, in khaki. She had helped, too. . . . Bud Gray came back with a wooden leg and worked with them; he said the peg leg was fine for making holes to plant in. But she had seen him with his sleeve across his eyes, crying with the pain of the nerves that kept growing against the stump. Dicky Thorpe had come back with no legs at all. And his two brothers never came back. . . . Bob Firth with his teeth out from gas, and an empty sleeve. . . .

They took Belgian refugees on the farm and two little children were pitiful and an older girl was vacant-eyed and an older woman was disagreeable and stayed in bed and wanted trays brought up though she wasn't ill, not really. Mother had lost patience with her. . . . But the little children were sweet. Only so scared.

Four years of that. . . . And then more years, and the war was only an old memory, something that happened when you were a child, that would never happen again. There were other young men and they said they would never fight, there was no need to fight. . . .

She thought back to the England she had left. Talk of Mussolini but not much worry—at least not at Grenville Farm. They said in Exeter that Mussolini was all right for Italy; he had cleaned it up and travel was much pleasanter. No beggars now before the churches. . . . Germany was rearming, but a strongish Germany would be a useful bulwark against the Soviets. . . . The Nazis and that Hitler were a dangerous lot, but they were riding for a fall. A pity about the treatment of the Jews, but, undoubtedly, that would not last.

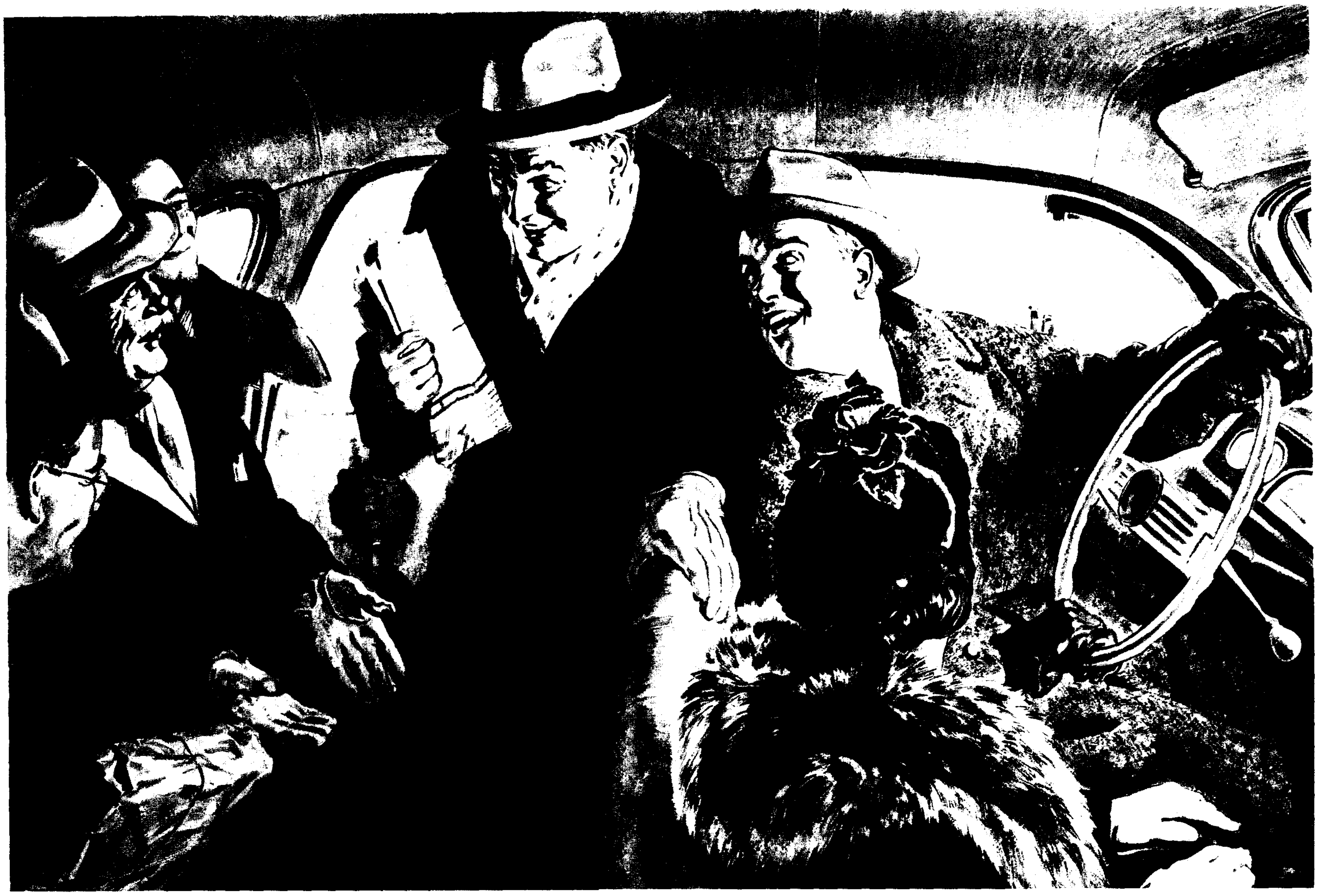
Out in Africa the continent seemed far away. There were Nazi settlers pouring into Tanganyika but the concern about them was not as great, in Uganda, as the concern about the Hindu settlers in Kenya, not for a long time. And then Germany had grown darker and darker, like some monstrous eclipse over the world's sunshine, but still one thought that light would somehow prevail.

And now it was war. The fact of it was dazing.

Tommy's thoughts went back and forth, and under her excitement and foreboding there rankled a small private grief—the safari was over. She had lost her night, the night that might have meant so much, and now she would lose other chances she might have had.

They were nearing the camp and Tommy got out of her carrying chair to walk with the men. The moon was bright now, and the tents looked white in it; at a distance they looked snow-covered. The place was utterly silent except for the muffled snoring of the porters in their brush shelters behind the tents, and it had a curiously deserted air, due to the lonely look of the table and chairs in the moonlight in the open.

To Tommy it seemed a long time since they had set off from table, with Michael and Mrs. Winston wishing them good luck. She thought of it, ironically; at



WE'RE GETTING "MORE FRIENDS PER GALLON" THESE DAYS

"WHEN our local rationing board gave us that 'A-Book' of coupons, I said to my wife: 'This means good-bye to our friends. We can't do much driving on 3 or 4 gallons of gas a week!'

"Well, we soon discovered our neighbors were in the same fix. People who live across the street—and down the block—telephoned to say: 'How about us folks pooling our cars?'

"So we got together—and now we're taking turns driving the dads to work, the mothers to market, and the kids to school.

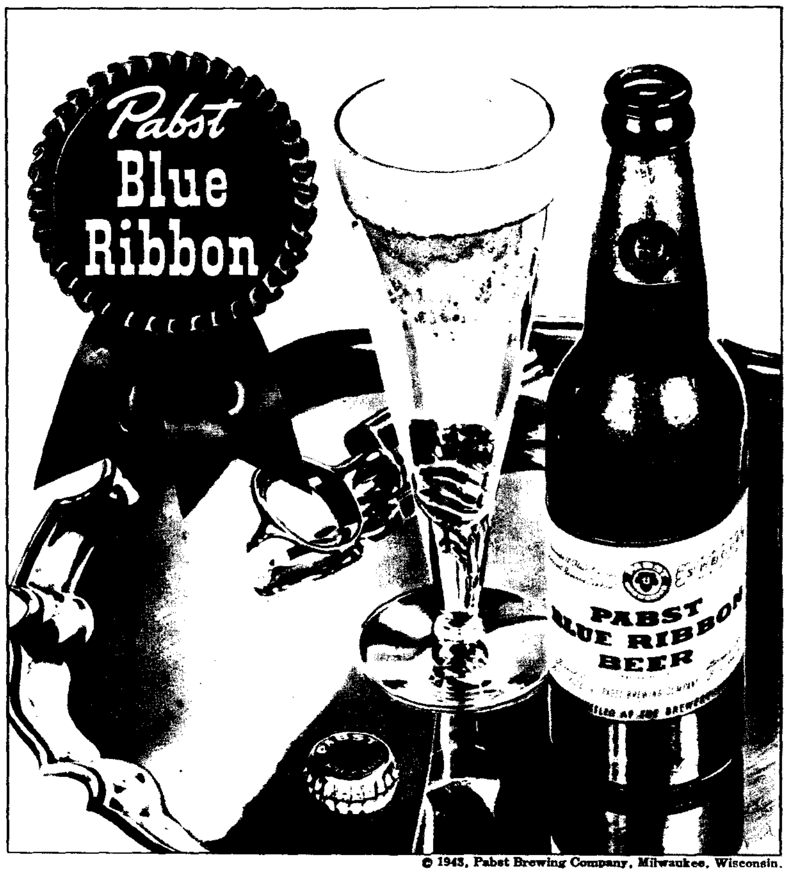
"And frankly—we've discovered that sharing our car, instead of being a hardship, is really a blessing in disguise.

"For neighbors who formerly were little more than nodding acquaintances are beginning to drop in evenings for a game of bridge—or a friendly chat over a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

"Like a lot of other folks, I guess we are just rediscovering how much real pleasure there is in home and simple hospitality . . . . ."

With wartime restrictions bringing a new appreciation of home and hearth, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

That softer, kindlier taste of Pabst Blue Ribbon is achieved by FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING—a Pabst process that gives you all the taste tones of a well-rounded beer. Not just 3, nor 5, nor 7 or 8 brews—but no less than 33 master brews are skillfully "woven" into one great beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



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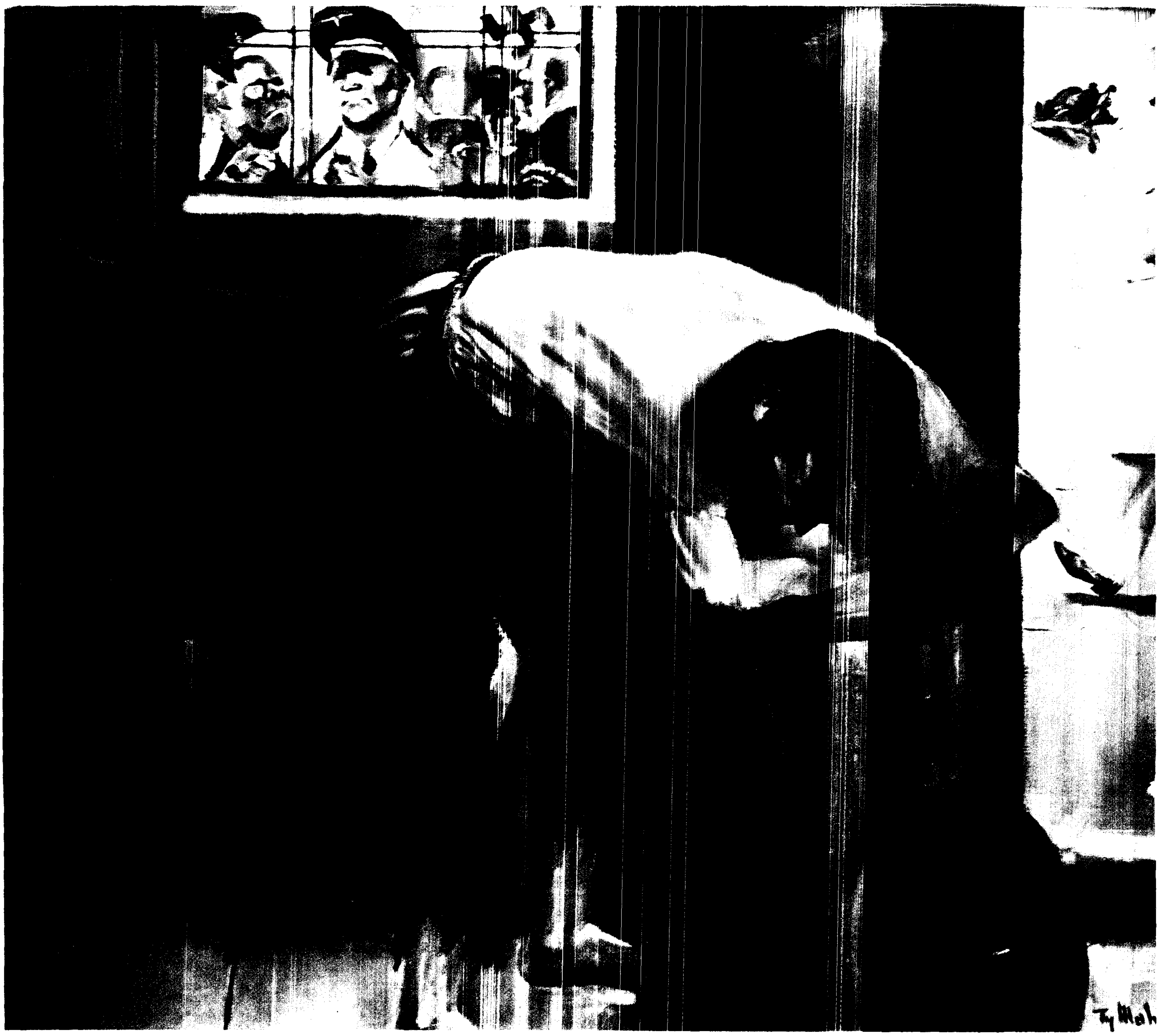
Now more than ever—*A Symbol of Friendly Companionship*



IT'S DINNERTIME IN AMERICA

IT'S DINNERTIME...or will be soon. What are you going to have? Steak's a little bit high. Maybe some lamb. Or chicken.

Enjoy it. Enjoy every bite of it while you can. Enjoy it even if it *is* rationed, even if you *do* pay more for it than you've paid in years.

At least you can still get it...

Not too far in the future...if the Japs and Nazis win...you may be glad to get a scrap of the cold skin of a chicken from a refuse pile. You may fight over a leaf of spoiled lettuce. May risk your life for a bone with a few scraps of meat on it.

Is this revolting? Does this seem drawing the picture a little too grim, a little too black?

It isn't. And it's time that we here in America realized it isn't. Right now, just to feed our armed forces, we are rationing certain foodstuffs. Can you imagine the shortages the Germans and Japs would make here if *they* took over?

Planned shortages. Planned as part of their revenge for our being a "have" nation. Planned as part of their scheme to keep us subjugated for generation after generation.

There's *no reason* why they should spare *us*, if they're victorious. They've spared no one else. People in Poland and Greece and Yugoslavia now grub for miserable shreds of food from garbage piles. People like *us*.

Think about it. Think of it as something we and our families may face...think about it as one of the things that lost time, half-hearted effort, "letting the other fellow do it," can bring about...think about it as one of the realities of total war.

Now is no time to relax. Now is the time for all of us...for you who read this advertisement and for us who sign it...to do all in our power to get this war over sooner.

It's up to *you*...and *us*.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS • GUN CARRIAGES • ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE • STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

that moment the war with Germany seemed timed by personal malice.

With grunts and sighs of tiredness the carriers were putting down their loads, squatting down beside them, getting their pipes out of their banana-fiber bags. One man was already twirling his fire sticks, another, more sophisticated, had drawn out a box of matches, and another had gone to where the embers of the campfire glowed dully in the ashes. Beside those ashes two chairs were standing, close together, and Bob eyed that conjunction a little askance, then held his wrist up in the moonlight so he could see the figures that had long ago lost their luminosity. "Half after one. . . . Might as well rout everybody out and start packing."

MICHAEL carried the tray carefully to Mrs. Winston's tent. The clearing was a wash of silvery gray, the shadows indistinct, part of the vague obscurity of night. Once he paused to look off at a dim shape, an obese bulk visible in a patch of light, but the shape did not stir and Michael walked slowly on.

"Claire—?"

"Michael—?"

The flaps of her tent were unfastened and he stepped into the darkness within. "Put on a light," he said in a low voice. "I want to set down this tray."

"Tray?" From the darkness came her laughing whisper. "What have you got a tray for?"

"Drinks, my sweet." His somberness had vanished; he felt suddenly gay and amused at the fantastic adventure. Two conspirators whispering intimately in the dark. He murmured, "A light's all right if you don't turn it on me." A shadow would show on the tent wall.

The round eye of a torch showed bright, throwing its light across the tent from the cot. It flickered on an airtight, spread with a white cloth where silver toilet things were grouped, then moved to a suitcase, on its side, posing as a low table. Michael stepped cautiously forward and set down the tray on that, and the light played curiously over the bottle and glasses, then clicked off.

He turned and tied the entrance flaps with tight knots, then groped for the foot of the couch and sat down. She was curled up at the farther end. She asked, "You're sure no one saw you?"

He chuckled. "Someone did. A brute of a fellow."

"Michael!"

"Be easy. Only our old friend of the other night, Monsieur l'Hippopotame."

"What?"

"Out for a bit of night grazing. Out in the open. Just moon enough to see him by. He didn't budge. Stood and stared."

"I thought I heard something! A little while ago. I thought it was you."

"Nothing so solid."

"But if a hippo's wandering around won't it wake the porters?"

"No fear. They're snoring like Billy-be-damned. You're in luck to have your tent so far away."

"But isn't he dangerous—?"

"The hippo? Oh, they roam about at night, but they come and go to the river in those ruts you saw. They stay out of the way"

"A hippo!" said Claire with a soft laugh. A hippo was an amusing concomitant to a night's tryst.

He chuckled with her. "Rather a lark, isn't it? We dodged a number of things, in the old days, after your mother put her foot down, but we never had to reckon with a hippo before."

"Do you think he knew what you were about?"

"Definitely. He winked."

"You donkey!"

He heard her leaning back against the pillows. He said, "I'm putting on a light. Just for a moment," and took his torch from the pocket of his robe, and flashed it on her. It lighted her lovely face and shining hair spread on her shoulders, the soft throat and satin-smooth white shoulders, banded by sheer lace. She was curled up against the pillows, her blue robe across her. He said softly, "Circe, Circe!" looking a long time on her before he clicked off the light and dropped the torch back into his pocket.

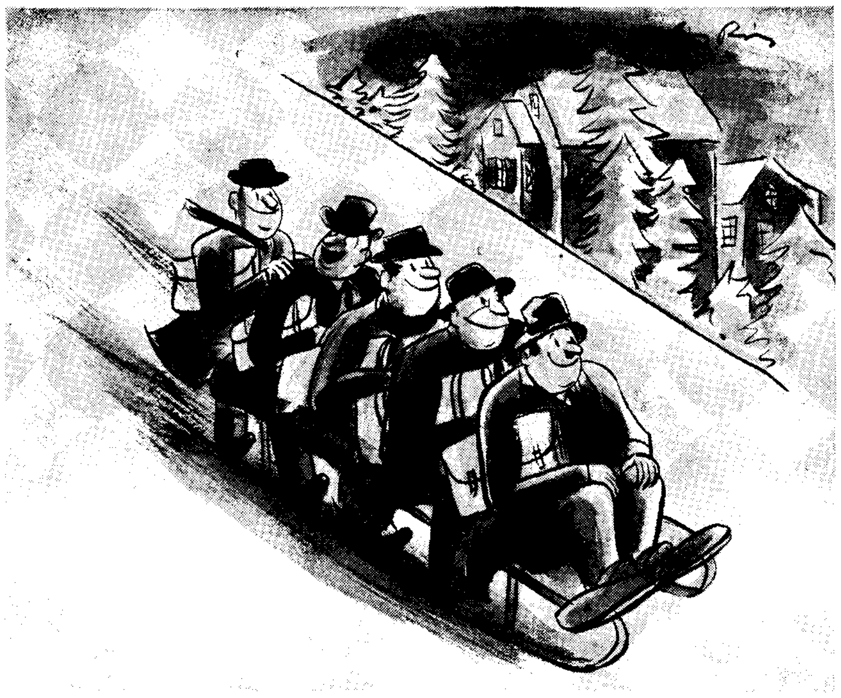
Out of the dark she whispered, amusedly, "What do I turn you into, Michael?"

What, indeed? . . . So many Michaels. . . . And, ultimately, a cold, uncaring Michael who would be a horrible embarrassment to her.

"You'll see," he said lightly.

Suddenly he leaned down, and kissed her.

Then he stood up abruptly. "Don't rush your fences, Michael!" he said in a hard voice.



COLLIER'S "What a relief from 35 miles an hour!" IRVING ROIR

She laughed. "You always did, you know!"

"I know. Remember that spill I took at Braemere? Trying to lead the field? I nearly broke my neck."

"I was frantic till I got to you."

He had lain in the gorse, dizzy from shock. She had galloped up, with that young cub of a whipper-in who was so hot for her, and old Lamenter on her heels. She had got off her horse and flung herself beside him. "Michael—are you hurt?" That was the first time her voice had told him that she cared. She had looked at him out of those great blue eyes with a stark sincerity of fright. His chagrin had turned to purest ecstasy.

HE SAID harshly, "If I'd only had the cash!"

"Poor Michael!"

Her husband must have had tons of cash. John Howard Winston. She hadn't known of any John Howard Winston in those days. She had said that nothing mattered but love, that she would wait.

Well, life being what it was, he could hardly blame her for not waiting. And, love being what it was, he could hardly blame her for writing him to come back, to be her lover. . . . But—those other lovers! And now he—and then Sir Robert!

"How's for a drink?" he said abruptly.

"All right," she lazily agreed. "We didn't have a sundowner, did we?"

"No. This is a moondowner."

"A toast to our one night."

She wasn't going to let him forget it was for only one night, was she? She needn't worry about that. There would be a definite finality to this one night.

If he spun it out, if he kept her oblivious of the time—and he could lie about it for she hadn't her watch on—that finality could happen pretty far into the morning, and the commotion about it might still be going on when Bob and Tommy returned, for Bob would be in a lather to get back early. A pity he wouldn't be there to see Bob's face! All the explanation in the world wouldn't explain away that situation.

He hoped she'd forget about the bottle and the two glasses. He'd tuck them under the cot when they got through drinking. Drinking would keep him from putting his arms about her for quite a while.

If only his heart did not knock so. It was beating in his side, and in his throat and in his ears. He was dizzied with it. It would be funny, he thought wryly, if it suddenly stopped beating, if he did not need those tablets. . . .

"MICHAEL!"

"What, sweet?"

"You hear that?"

He sat up, turning his head to listen. He heard a confused murmuring of voices, somewhere out toward his tent. He thought of the hippo, of an accident to a native. If some fool had thrown a spear—

He jumped up, pulled on his dressing gown.

"Michael, what is it?"

"Listen!"

They both listened intently. She was sitting up, her body rigid. The voices were louder, indistinguishable. Bob McNare was out there, saying something. Michael could not hear the words but he could hear the voice. Then he heard Tommy's voice.

Claire breathed, "They're back! What time is it?"

"S-sh!" In the dark he found her robe, thrust it toward her. "Put this on."

They were back, all right. And they had missed him—Tommy had. He could hear the voices of the boys. They had routed out the boys and were questioning them.

His great scheme had gone to pot. He was no dead lover, only a trapped one. He felt chagrin and disgust and then a flash of sheer, involuntary relief at being let off from that dramatic finality, and a mocking self-derision at recognition of his relief.

He was a rotter! He couldn't even kill himself in time. All he could do now was to stay put and be discovered.

But he wouldn't have it that way. Devil take it, he thought wryly, you had to be a bally corpse before you could stick around and give a woman away!

In a flash he was at the back of the tent, tearing at the cords that tied the flap. No use—there were natives out there, milling around. Sent to look for him, probably. They'd be shouting for him in a moment.

"Natives out there," he said to the rigid figure beside him in the dark. "You step out in front. If they come here, talk to them. Say you haven't seen me. I'll get away later."

He'd hide under the bedclothes. Like Falstaff. Or was it in the laundry?

The voices out in front were coming nearer. They sounded strained, uncertain. They were at Bob's tent now. "No, he isn't here," Bob was saying. Then Tommy: "Do you think a leopard—?"

"No."

"But—"

MICHAEL was at the entrance to the tent now, his fingers struggling with the knots he had tied so tight. He hadn't expected to untie those knots. Through the canvas he could see a light. They had a lantern. The voices were conferring. "But what—?" A low murmuring. Then, "We'll have to tell her, anyway." They were coming again.

No chance to hide from that light. Claire could not keep them out of the tent. Tommy would come in.

"Back to bed," he breathed, over his shoulder. "Pull up the blankets. You have a chill."

He heard swift movements behind him. Then, outside, Tommy said softly, apologetically, worriedly, "Oh, Mrs. Winston! Sorry to wake you, but—"

Michael flung open the flap—had they noticed it was being untied?—and called out, "I say! You back?"

Tommy was standing there, with Bob beside her, holding a lantern, and back of them a trailing procession of boys and natives staring, goggle-eyed, as he stepped out. The silence was thick with shock, discomfort, constraint and uncertainty.

"You back?" he flung again, into that silence. And then, as if recollecting that his presence there called for a word of explanation, "I'm acting as boy. Mrs. Winston's ill. She called her boy but he didn't come, so I did. She had a chill."

From the shadows behind him Mrs. Winston's voice came languidly: "I wanted something hot. I thought the boy could fetch something. . . . Is that Mrs. Garrick?"

"Mrs. Garrick and Sir Robert," said Michael, gravely, informative.

He was enjoying himself now. He was doing this well, he thought. Very casual, very correct. Eyes bland and direct. Not a glint toward Bob McNare. He addressed himself to Tommy:

"You d better carry on now. Get the boys to heat some water. You had the spirit lamp, you know, so I couldn't concoct anything. I brought some whisky That helped, I think."

They could make what they pleased of the two glasses. They would think it perfectly in keeping for him to take a drink when offering one as medicine.

Tommy spoke up, determinedly mat-

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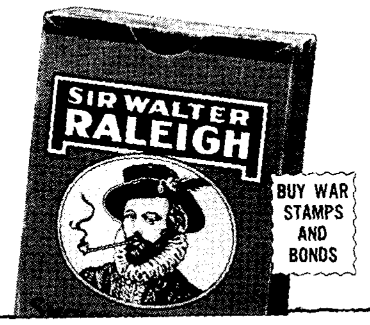
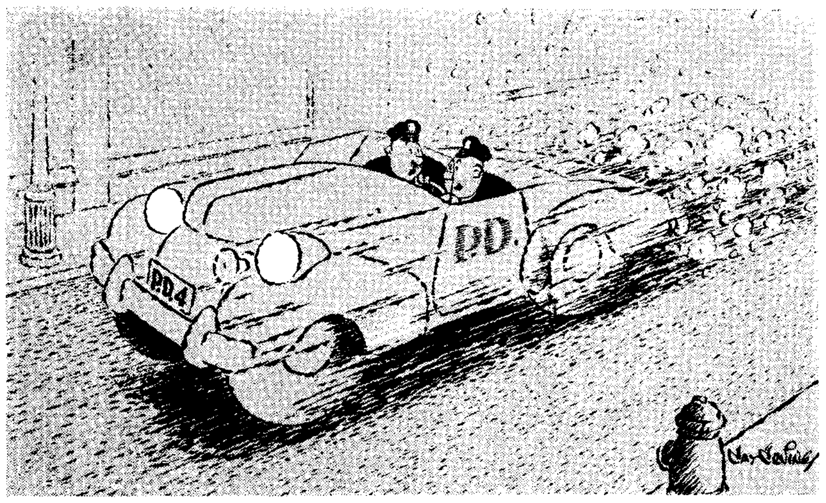




COLLIER'S "No, no, Moriarity! Just prowl!" JAY IRVING

ter of fact, though her voice was not quite natural: "Has she got a temperature?"

"I wouldn't know."

"I think I did have," said that languid voice from the tent.

Michael hid a grin. The little devil! Carrying it off with her tongue in her cheek. He told them, smoothly, "Bit of luck you came back. But what happened? Lost your bait? I didn't hear any shots."

Bob said abruptly, "There's a war on. England has declared war on Germany."

That curt announcement struck Michael speechless. His eyes went incredulously from one to the other. Then excitement blazed. "War? How the devil do you know?"

They told him in spurts of words and phrases, Bob stiff and constrained, Tommy breathlessly explanatory. From within the tent Claire made a startled exclamation.

"Where's that Belgian fellow?" Michael wanted to know, and McNare said, "Back there—somewhere. Wondering what's going on."

Tommy said hurriedly, "That's why we didn't shout for you—we didn't want him to wonder."

"Oh, to hell with wondering!"

Michael shrugged off the situation that a moment before had held all his thought. They could think what they pleased. Appearances had been saved, at any rate, and they could go on from there. The fact of war dwarfed every other fact: it was ridiculous to bother about personal emotion when men, millions of men, were to die, and women and children, when the fate of England was at stake.

"We've got to pack up and get out of here," he said. "We've got to get back in touch."

"That's what I thought. That's why we came back," said McNare. Then he said, very stiffly and formally, "But if Mrs. Winston is ill—"

"She'll make it in a carrying chair."

Claire called, "You want to start—now?" Her voice was dismayed. She asked plaintively, "Isn't anybody going to tell me—"

"I'd better see her," said Tommy shortly and went in. Claire called, "Please! Sir Robert!"

Michael swung off in the dark, to find the Belgian. After the first steps his hand went quickly to his side and he stood still, his body bent. His knees trembled and he felt weak all over. It was too much, he thought, to have a war flung at him on top of the shock of that return, after the tension and passion of the night.

Careful, Michael! You don't want to pass out now and miss the excitement. Steady does it. . . . God, what a fool he'd have been if he'd done himself in, as he'd planned to do. He'd never have known about this. . . . He'd been crazy to dream of taking himself off. A man's place was on top of the earth as long as he could stay on top, and before he went under he'd send a few of those damned Nazis before him. He wasn't too old to fight. He could do something. England would need all she had.

England. Memories assailed him. That other time. The crowds on the streets, the cheering, the frenzy of excitement. Oh, to be in London now! Sixteen years since he had been in London. A sharp hunger for the city he had known assailed him, for its streets, its shops, its restaurants, the roaring traffic and the sheen of lights of wet pavements and the gray stone of the Houses of Parliament. For the sound of Big Ben.

He straightened. The acuteness of the pain had passed. He'd manage now, he thought; he'd have to, if he wanted to go back and get into the show. He'd go on the first ship, find some examining chap of the old days who knew him, who knew his record—oh, he'd wangle it, somehow. . . . If only it wasn't all over before he could get in.

McNARE, hearing that "Sir Robert," started to turn his back and make off, but the fear of giving himself away kept him rooted, in painful hesitation. His one clear thought was to try to behave as ordinarily, to keep his guard up.

"Please come in a moment."

He came just inside the flap; he had given Tommy the lantern to take in and the tent was bright. Mrs. Winston was sitting up, her robe about her. The instant he appeared she said gently to Tommy, "You won't mind, Mrs. Garrick, seeing to that hot water? I've something I must tell Sir Robert."

Tommy spun about and went out the tent. Bob had a strong impulse to follow her, but that was too ghastly rude, he thought; you couldn't be rude to a woman even if she was a beast.

"Robert!"

Her voice was so soft that involuntarily he came a step nearer; he stood in stiff attention looking down at her with unwilling eyes.

"Don't be too critical of Mr. Garrick for having rushed in. He was quite nice, really. Frightfully decent, in fact." Claire smiled up wanly. Then, in a rueful voice, "It was all rather horrid—I was afraid I was going to be sick. . . . I think his whisky did save me. . . . I know he's often been rather—cheeky—so I wanted to say this, so you'd know he hadn't been tonight."

The soft sincerity of her voice was dumfounding. So, too, was the homely picture of Claire Winston afraid she might be sick. Bob did not know what to think. There was such innocence in her clear eyes. Such unconsciousness of any darker depths to his thought than a fear that Michael might have been presuming.

Yet—that headache. Well, a headache was a natural prelude to a chill. . . . But Michael's elaborate bathing and shaving that the boy had told about. . . . Yet Michael might be shaving to be ready for an early breakfast with her—Michael often shaved at night to save himself the trouble in the morning, Bob remembered. Michael hated to get up.

But Michael's brags? Michael's boasts of Mrs. Winston's willingness? . . . Well, he had thought Michael a liar, then, and why should he believe him now, through the fortuitous evidence of a chill and an untimely visit to her tent? If Michael had been out in the boma with Tommy, and Mrs. Winston had called, he, himself, would have come running. . . . Because he suspected Michael, had he a right to suspect her? To believe her a cheating trickster? The mere notion of it was unbelievable in the light of her clear glance.

He felt ashamed of himself; he felt a confusion of shame and a dawning of infinite relief and a pricking of wariness that mistrusted believing in her because he so wanted to believe in her—and at the same time he felt revolted at believing Michael because Michael was so poisonous. He did not know what to think. All the facts that had seemed such damning evidence whirled in his mind, like pieces in a shaken kaleidoscope, unable to settle to a pattern so he could know what he really saw in them.

Then, suddenly, his mind caught hold of something; he remembered that Michael had never once glanced smugly or triumphantly at him, as surely Michael would have done, if he'd been playing the profligate. Michael couldn't have resisted the impulse to exhibit his winning, to satirize the situation. Michael had been too smooth, but that was Michael, savoring the unconventional atmosphere of his presence there, but not even Michael had dared to inject a sly suggestiveness.

The pieces of the kaleidoscope fell into a bright pattern, the pattern of Mrs. Winston's innocence and truth. His mind was not such a fool that it absolved her from playing the romantic, a little, with Michael in the past, encouraging, amusedly, his admiration, but it cleared her of any dark complicity in this night's doings. It seemed to him particularly characteristic of her that she was not saying anything about misjudging her, but only about misjudging Michael. She wanted to let him know that she understood that Michael could be presuming and to reassure him.

Or, there might be a little more to it than that—she might think he was blaming her for having let Michael wait on her. She had no notion of anything baser in his mind—you had only to look at her to know that. He had never seen her so gentle, so appealing—like a Madonna. That gold hair on her shoulders . . .

He turned his eyes quickly away, afraid she might surprise the feeling in them. He did not know what to say and he had to say something; he could not stand there all night, tongue-tied, groping his way back to sanity. When he did speak his voice was gruff from the restraint in it.

"That's all right. I'm glad he was on his good behavior. . . . He's an odd sort."

He was staring down at the whisky bottle and the two glasses under the cot and he looked back quickly to her, not to seem to be staring at them.

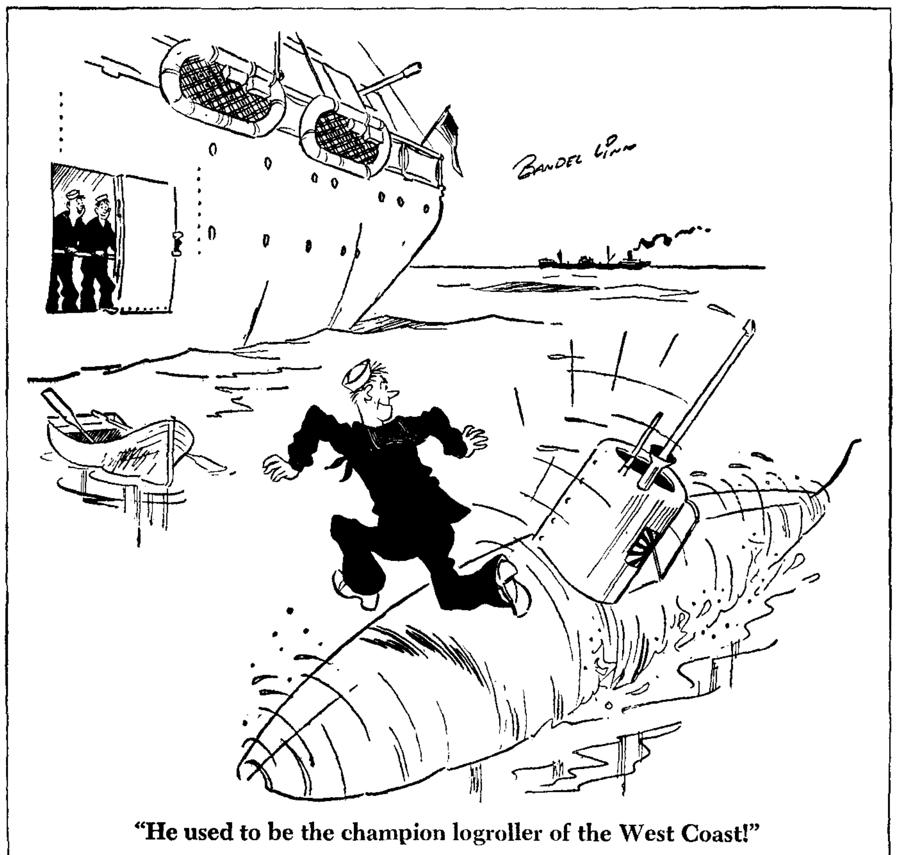
"Sorry you're so seedy," he said awkwardly. "If you don't feel up to going—"

Claire smiled up at him. "I'm not too bad," she reassured. "I'll make it."

She continued to smile to herself after he left the tent.

IT WAS a hard safari, by any standard. They started out in moonlight, took only the briefest pauses for rest and food and a short nap at midday, and it was dark before the line of tired porters straggled into the village where the cars had been left. Claire Winston made the trip in the carrying chair, in her role of invalid, which wasn't very sporting of her, she thought amusedly, and the Belgian shared his chair with the others, until he fell asleep in it, in the afternoon.

That carrying chair isolated her from



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conversation, which was a good thing, she felt, for although Bob McNare took pains to be pleasant the memory of that last night was rather a blight, and even the Belgian, impressed as he was by her appearance, seemed aware that something odd had taken place. So Claire played the languid lady.

The important thing was that Bob McNare believed her. She was sure of that. She wasn't so sure about Tommy Garrick, but it didn't matter about her, Claire thought indifferently; anything that Tommy said could be set down to feminine malice and jealousy.

Michael had really carried it off. She had been afraid for a moment that he might be glad of the discovery, glad of the hold over her, but no, he'd been quick and clever. Michael was sweet. Michael was fun. But she wasn't going to let herself enjoy Michael's fun; she couldn't afford to risk Bob's suspicion. She meant to bring matters to a head with Sir Robert McNare as soon as possible. This war would mean a speedy return to England, while travel was still safe. She thought, comfortably, about the fleet. It still seemed to her unreal to have to think about war and safety, but there was an excitement in it that she began to thrill to.

THE next day was hard, too. They were up early again, at the village; she seemed scarcely to have fallen asleep before she heard the men talking in the morning dark as they paid off the porters by lantern light and stacked the loads in the cars. She rode three on a seat with Bob McNare and the Belgian trader; his presence made the conversation impersonal. Tommy was driving the other car; Michael said he felt a bit seedy, and he did look worn, Claire thought, but she rather imagined that Mrs. Garrick was beginning to do sentry duty on her husband at last. Claire smiled wickedly. A bit late!

They bumped along the old bara-bara to the decent road that led to Lake Kivu, where they left the Belgian. The administrator at the post knew little more than they about the war and they pushed off, impatiently.

No stopping now, as they had planned, to enjoy Lake Kivu. They looked out at the blue waters, rippling like silk in the sunshine, stretching on toward the dim shapes of the volcanic mountains, and the men talked of the old German frontier, and how the Germans wanted the lake. Bob said, "If they've smuggled in arms—!" and Michael said, "Ha! The K.A.R. will make short work of that!"

Then Kivu was only a blue gleam in the distance, soon lost behind a fold of green. The sun glared; the country unrolled endlessly. The white crosses of the cemetery at Kibati flashed past—graves of soldiers, black and white, fallen in the last war—and the mountains loomed ahead, the active volcanoes to the left, Chaninagonga trailing lazy white clouds of steam, and Nyamlagira with a red glow in its black smoke, and to the right the extinct volcanoes, the gorilla mountains, where high above the bamboo the gorillas roamed the dead, forested craters.

Michael had talked about them on the way in; he had talked about a possible excursion to the strange heights that were a gorilla preserve, thanks to Carl Akeley, whose grave was there, high in the forest, but there was no turning aside for gorilla heights now, nor for a visit to the Mission of the White Fathers at the base of Mt. Mikeno. The cars and the truck hurried along the keeping close together.

huru. White houses in rose gardens. Belgian officials and their wives. More news here. The Nazis were in Poland. England had promised aid. France was mobilized on all frontiers. All Europe was mobilizing. The little post seethed with disquiet. Men and women gathered in the dusk, walked up and down their garden paths, arguing, conjecturing. Those who remembered the last war were listened to, at last. The bugle from the fort seemed a portent now of things to come.

A telegram for Mrs. Winston waited in the care of the *administrateur*—they had given this address for mail. "War declared. Return Kampala immediately. Cunningham."

Claire wired him back. She said thoughtfully, "I expect he's anxious to sail." Bob McNare looked at her, his face troubled, but made no comment. She murmured, "How soon do you think that you'll be going?"

"I don't know. My place may be here now."

"Surely not—when there's a war on."

MAIL
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"If you get any letters addressed to General Higgins, they'll be for me. You know how mothers are!"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

"There'll be a war on here, too."

She hadn't thought about that. She hadn't thought how his feeling for Africa might pull at him. She felt a furious impatience at having one thing more to overcome, but she was too tired to argue, and this was hardly the place, anyway, with that Belgian *administrateur* and Michael talking away in French. . . . There'd be time in the car, if ever she got rested enough to talk. . . . It might be that she and her uncle would have to wait over a boat, for Bob to settle his affairs, but wait she would; she'd take Bob back with her. She'd marry him as soon as possible. "Sir Robert and Lady McNare leaving the church." Pity he wouldn't be in uniform for the voyage home. But she'd have him in uniform before the wedding.

If only they could get out of this ghastly wilderness! She was fed up with it.

She had been mad to come on this safari. It had been amusing at first, with Michael to stir her pulses and the lion hunt to divert her, but she had bagged her lion and she had bagged Michael, and now she was bored with tiresome journeys and disheveled living. She wanted to be back in England with her own maid pulling back the curtains—"It's a lovely day, ma'am,"—drawing her bath, *bringing a cup of hot tea*—*no* more black, barefoot boys shuffling to her bedside with their tepid brews. Africa, indeed!

It would be a miracle if her skin ever got over this. She needed a good hairdresser right now. She needed a bath in a proper tub with scented water and a masseuse to soothe her aching muscles. She needed fresh clothes. These boys could wash and iron well enough—really amazingly—but there were things that required dry cleaning. She'd have to trust the place at Kampala. Nairobi would have been better but that was too far from Bob McNare. And the Imperial Hotel at Kampala was a comfortable place. Would they ever get there?

There was no end to this Africa. They called this "good transportation," this scurrying about in cars over interminable roads, with makeshift accommodations! She would scream, she thought, if she had to hear anything more about the "old days" and the foot safaris and the mail that came in by runners—the Africa that young Michael had wanted to bring her to. She was fed up with the sight of natives, with women hoeing in the fields, with peaked huts, with banana groves.

AFRICA might be all right if you lived in Government House, if you had a high position or an estate. She could see that Nairobi might be fun, with the racing and the dancing—fun for a time. She would have liked to stop longer in Nairobi, but she had had to concentrate on Bob McNare. Bob was exactly what she needed, a figurehead and a sweet-tempered man to live with. No inconvenient suspicions. Not all she wanted, but good material for advancement. He inspired confidence, he had a charm of which he seemed unconscious, and he would go far if he had her to push him.

They spent the night at Ruchuru, in the comparative comfort of a rest house, then started toward the border. At the customs, on the Congo side, the Belgian official stamped their exit visas and congratulated madame politely on the size of her lion skin, which, salted down and dripping, was spread in a shaded part of the truck. Claire glanced at it, indifferently now. Nobody would be excited about a lion skin with a war on, she thought.

On the British side of the frontier a black Sikh went unhurriedly about the business of admitting them. Then off they hurried, through papyrus swamps, feathery fronds above, and black roots and sluggish water below, then up, climbing steeply, higher and higher, the engines chugging and panting, up and up, to the rim of the great rift valley where they could look back and see what seemed the very floor of the world below.

It was studded with tiny volcanic cones, overgrown with green; at that distance they seemed a child's colored toys. It had been breath-taking, that view, when Claire had glimpsed it first, coming to the Congo, but now she was exhausted by breath-taking views, and looked down on it with secret boredom though her lips wore an appropriate smile of wonder.

She was riding constantly with Bob McNare, and a quiet ease had re-established itself between them. But as they came through the deep bamboos, and Bob stopped the car on the farther side, on a ledge where the mountainside fell in a steep drop, he spoke a little stiffly:

"That's Bunyoni down there. Lake Bunyoni."

HE WAS remembering that Michael had been the one to show her Bunyoni and had made up some verse about it. Michael had said, "She quite liked some little thing I did there." Bob did not enjoy recalling that flare-up of intimacy with Michael: they had little to say to each other now, and Bob had a feeling that Mrs. Winston was deliberately ignoring Michael out of regard for his feelings—flattering, in one way, but in another evocative of the uneasy thought that there was deliberate intent in her, a need to overcome an actual inclination for Michael's company.

"Oh, I remember!" said Claire easily. She peered over at the gleam of water, steel-gray in the mist that cloaked that side of the range, then smiled at him. "It doesn't look much from up here, does it? But Michael Garrick said it was a lovely lake."

She said "Michael" very friendlily now. She said "Tommy," too but Tommy never said "Claire." And Bob fought shy of saying "Claire" either in public or in private, though he cherished the way she called him "Robert."

"I've never seen it from below."

"He said it was so lovely that officials brought their brides here for the honeymoon to give them a good impression of Africa. . . . But I expect now they'll be taking their honeymoons on the boat, on the way back. No time out for Bunyoni, with a war on."

"Dare say not."

Michael could have made a better retort than that! Michael had known what to do with this pause on the ledge. The hard, quick pressure of his lips. . . .

She murmured, "I fancy there'll be a lot of hurried marriages now."

"Out here? Not many girls to marry," said Bob practically.

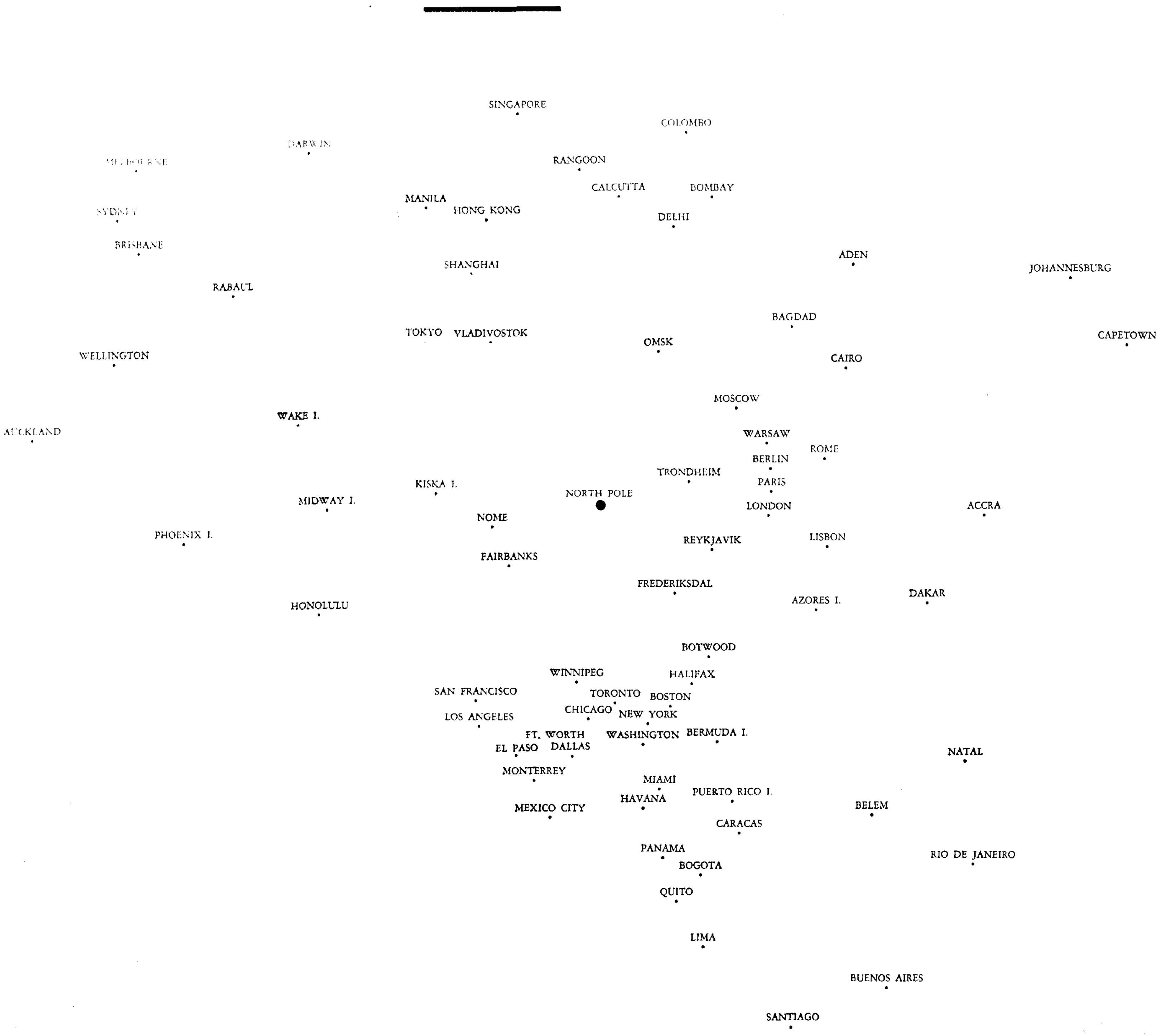
"Is that why you're single?" she teased.

She was unprepared for the dark tide of color that burned through his brown skin. She half expected him to say, "I never met the one I wanted—till I met you," but he said instead, "Shall we get on with it? There's a mist coming up."

"Wait till I light this cigarette."

(To be continued next week)

AIR MAP



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BUY WAR BONDS

THE WAR is forcing great changes in the lives of people all over the earth. Some are temporary; others will remain.

The greatest permanent change will result from the increasing use of air as a realm for transportation. Therefore unnumbered millions of persons are re-studying geography.

But there is no map of the invisible air.

* * *

The land and sea miles that separate places remain the same. But airplanes cancel the surface barriers and change the proximity of places. Inevitably, as all peoples continue to become closer neighbors, they will have a more direct influence upon each other. No phase of our lives will be immune to the effects of this new propinquity.

* * *

The air map above shows nothing but the names and locations of places. As our guide we use a polar projection map.

Next, we remove all surface "pictures" of lands and waters, in order to emphasize the essence of what aviation means. Air is not divided into many different parts as are continents and oceans. Air is one unit, boundaryless and universal.

* * *

Air is much larger than all waters and lands combined, and is available, alike to all inland and coastal places, everywhere. *Therefore we believe air is the dominant realm for transportation.* We know that there will always be need for ships, trains and motor vehicles, but we believe that the relative value and effectiveness of all surface methods will be determined according to how well we *use* what only air transportation makes possible.

Fortunately for our nation's war effort, the United States has the world's greatest system of Airlines. As one part of their war-work, they are operating numerous new routes to many foreign lands. Another part is the maintenance of an even better air transportation service on the home production front. Great as are these contributions to date, in order to win, Air Transportation must shoulder much more of the war burden.

* * *

But our air efforts must not relax with victory. Immediate development and expansion of America's aviation is necessary also in order to protect our nation at the Peace Conference. Then, either we will be *dominant* in the air—or we will be *dominated* in the post-war, air-world.

A. N. KEMP
President, American Airlines, Inc.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS UNITING CANADA, U. S. A. AND MEXICO **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.*

The terrific fire power of the tommy gun won this action for the Russians. Rushed into the battle on tanks, marksmen armed with these versatile weapons are shown swarming into the village from the rear. Germans who weren't killed fled in panic

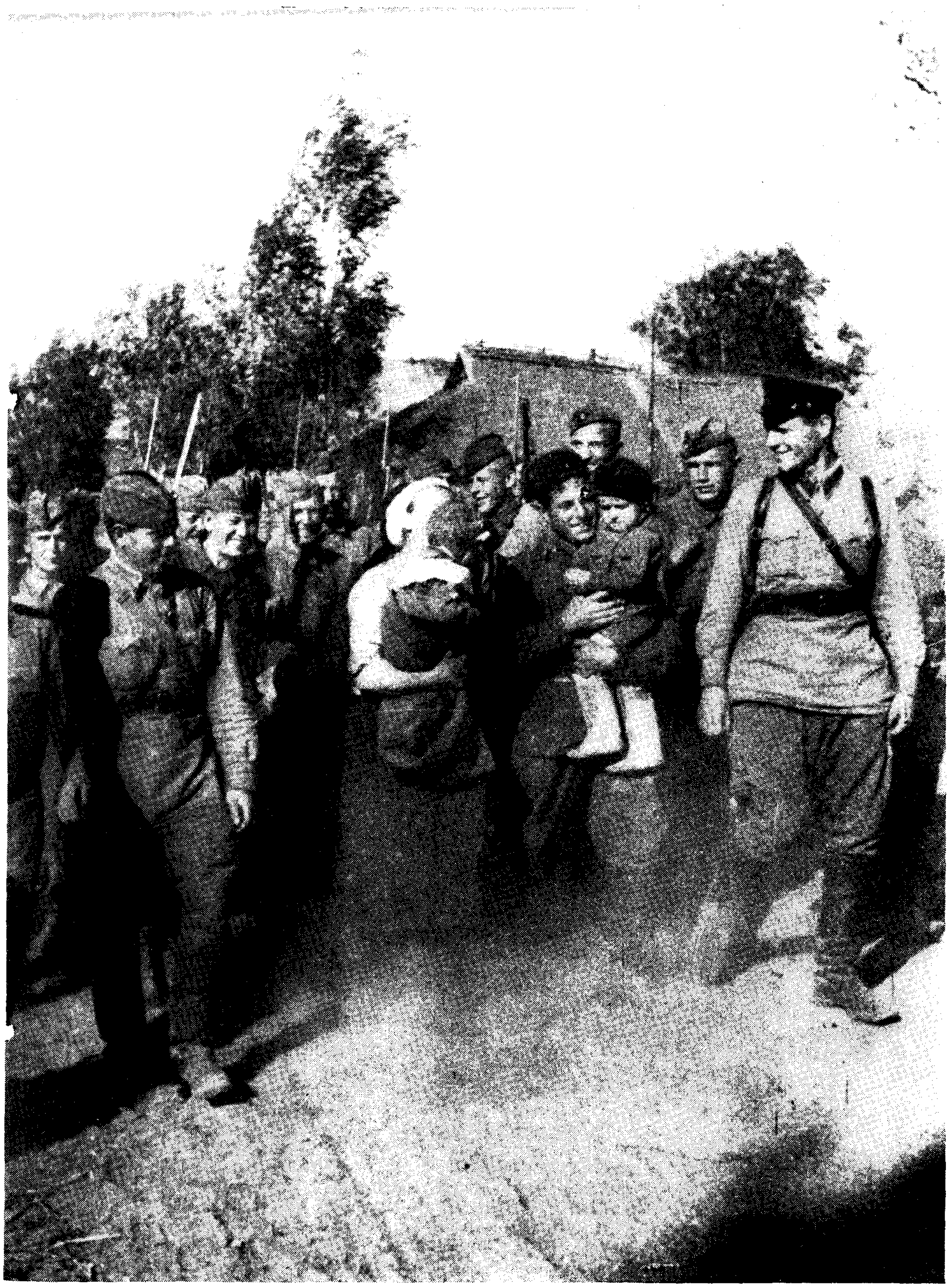
As Russian infantry units push the Germans back, a Tatar medical orderly, under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, crawls over the battlefield bandaging the wounds of his injured comrades

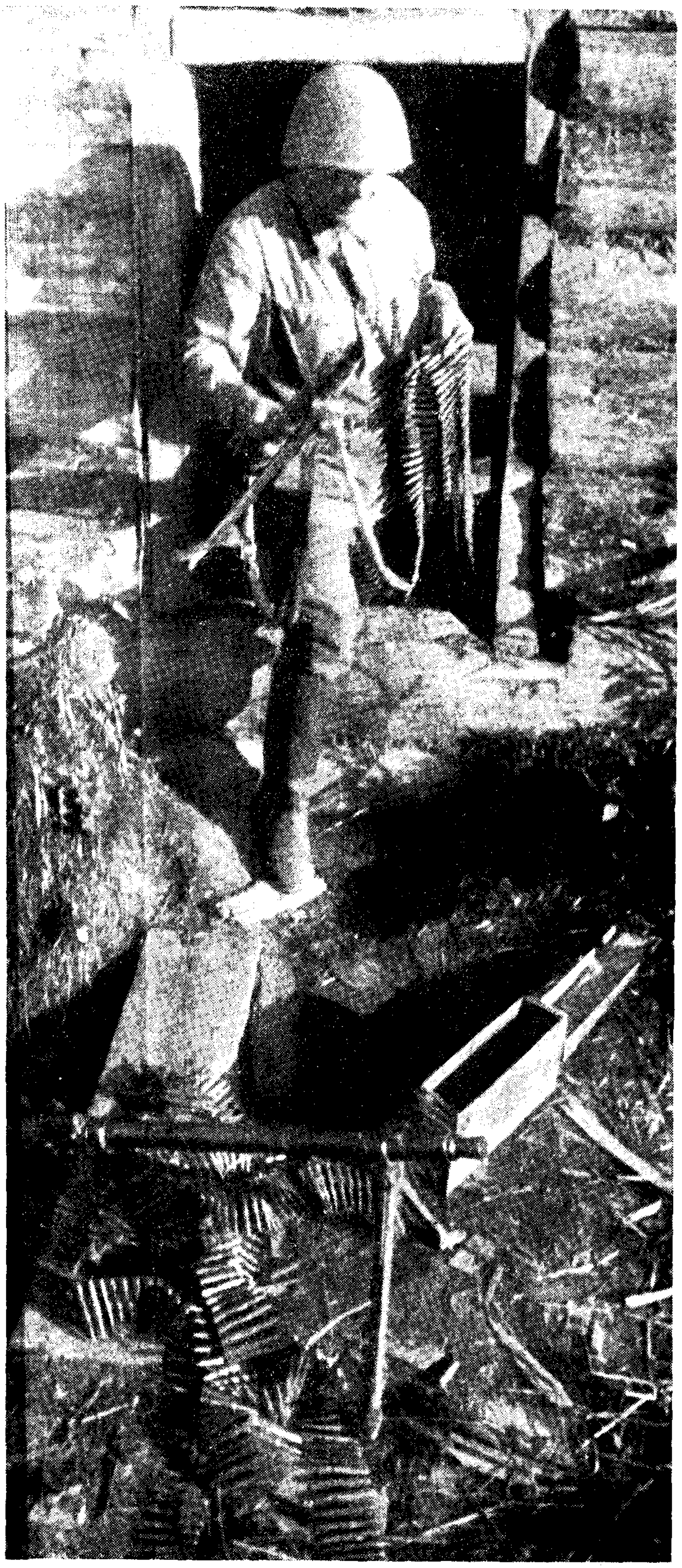
VICTORY AT RZHEV

These stirring pictures, taken by Red Army photographers during the Russian offensive at Rzhev, were brought to America by Irina Skariatina, Collier's correspondent in Moscow

Russian soldiers firing through the windows of a battered railway station recaptured from the Germans. This particular building was strongly but unsuccessfully defended by the Nazis

The surviving inhabitants of this desolate ash heap, once a thriving village, shower kisses and embraces upon the victorious Russian soldiers who have rescued them from Nazi bondage



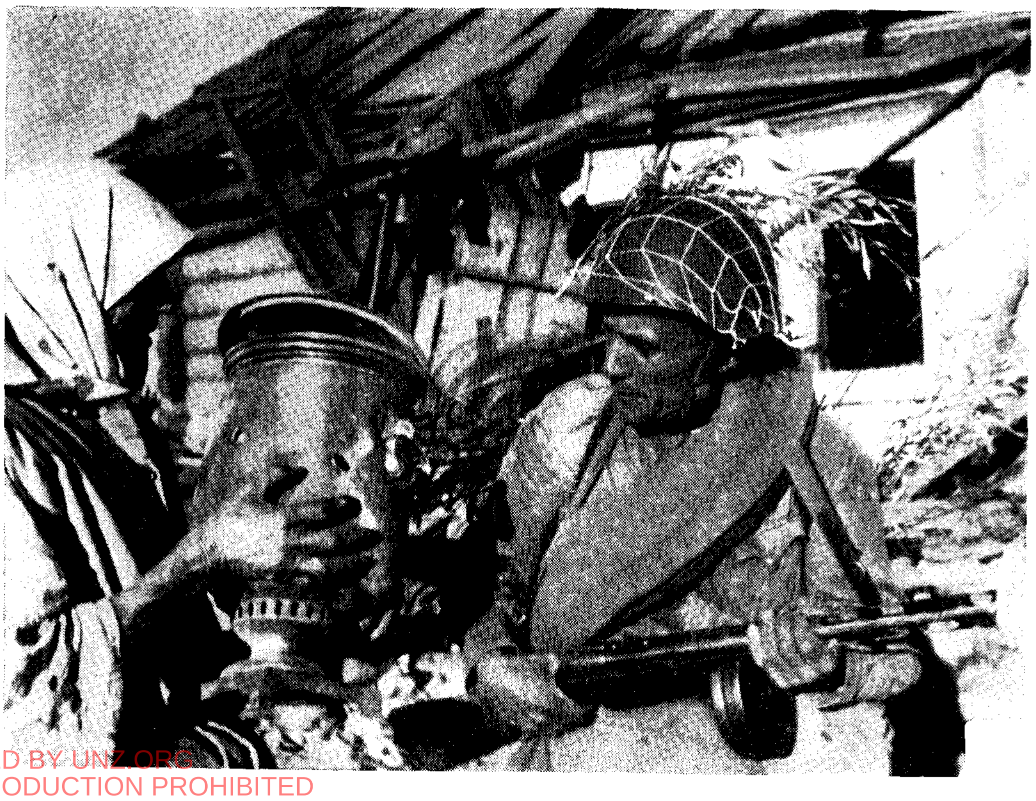


Above: The day of days for Red soldier Yegor Baikov! Entering his native village on the heels of the retreating Germans, he finds his wife and two children alive and well

Below: These women are smiling now, because the Russians have recaptured what's left of their village. Under Nazi rule they knew nothing but hunger and misery

This old woman, Ekaterina Ustinova, is showing a Red soldier the remains of her most cherished possession, a fine samovar. Because she failed to hide her joy at the approach of Russian troops, the retreating Germans riddled the samovar with bullets, destroyed her cottage

A grinning Russian infantryman removes the machine guns and ammunition from an abandoned German pillbox



Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 20

had been murdered on this ship during the night, that his body had been pushed into the sea, and that the most prominent civilians on board were responsible.

He encircled A deck, then went down to B. He was a little worried about Flack. Flack, in his sudden blossoming, was all at once unpredictable. There was no telling what he might be up to now. He went to Flack's room, but Flack was not there.

Jason was returning to A deck when his room steward overtook him. "I just wanted to know, Mr. Amboy, if everything is all right," Emil Roth said.

"So far as I know—yes," Jason said.

"I mean, sir, there's no longer any question of reporting it?"

"No, Roth."

His room steward seemed greatly relieved. "That's fine. I'm pleased to hear you say that, Mr. Amboy. But I don't trust that fellow Flack."

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, in the first place, his name isn't Flack. I checked over the passenger list."

"Don't let it worry you," Jason said. "He is quite all right."

"Is he?" the cynical room steward said. "I'm not so sure, sir. It's none of my business, Mr. Amboy, but I wouldn't trust him. He's sly."

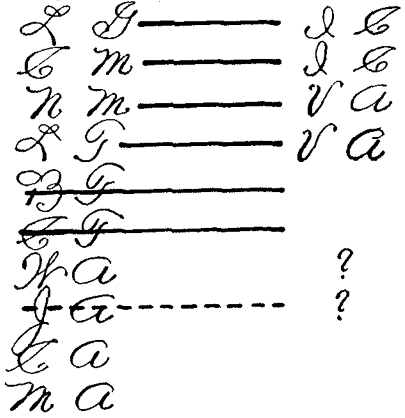
Jason said gravely, "Well, I'm grateful for your opinion, Roth."

"Don't mention it, sir. Just keep a weather eye on him, that's all I have to say. And by the way, Mr. Amboy, I found this while I was cleaning your room just now. It doesn't seem to mean anything, but I thought it might interest you. I found it under your bed. There's a little smear of blood on it, so I thought it might have belonged to—that fellow."

IT WAS a yellow slip of paper and Jason recognized it at once. It was the slip on which his stowaway had been writing when Jason had gone into the stateroom after dinner. He recalled the man's deliberation in folding it down the middle and then across and pushing it into his vest pocket. And he recalled that one of the man's fingers had been stained with green ink from his fountain pen. This paper had evidently fallen out of his pocket at the time of his murder.

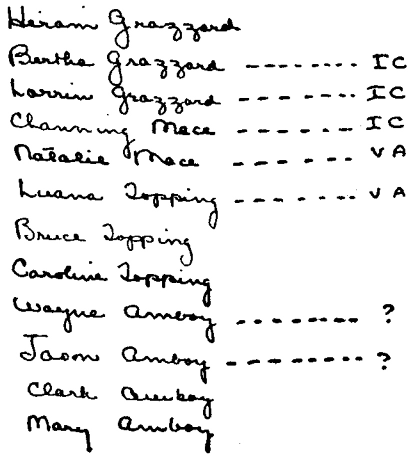
Jason thanked Roth and took the slip of yellow paper into his room. He sat down on the bed and spread out the yellow paper on his knee.

Down the left-hand side was a neat column of double capital letters. Several of the pairs were connected by a line to a pair of letters in another column. A precise pen line ran through three of the double letters, and a broken line ran through one pair:



~~H G~~ ————
B G ———— I C
L G ———— I C
C M ———— I C
N M ———— V A
L T ———— V A
~~B T~~ ————
~~C T~~ ————
W A ?
J A - - - - - - - - ?
C A
M A

The letters were drawn very ornamentally and there were meaningless scrolls in the margins. On a sheet of ship's notepaper, Jason made a column of names, based on the column of initials. The initials IC and VA meant nothing to him.



Hiram Grazzard
Bertha Grazzard - - - - - - - - IC
Lorrin Grazzard - - - - - - - IC
Channing Mace - - - - - - - IC
Natalie Mace - - - - - - - VA
Luana Topping - - - - - - - VA
Bruce Topping
Caroline Topping
Wayne Amboy - - - - - - - - ?
Jason Amboy - - - - - - - - ?
Clark Amboy
Mary Amboy

A line had been drawn through the initials of Hiram Grazzard, of Luana's father and mother, but not through the initials of his father and mother. The broken line through his own initials had, it seemed to Jason, unpleasant implications.

He realized that this slip of yellow paper was of immense value. Only that small smear of blood had saved it from Emil Roth's dustpan.

The longer he studied it, the more it told him. It gave him, if not a working blueprint of the enemy's plans, at least something to work on in his mental laboratory. It told him what he wanted to know about the stowaway. And he believed he knew what "IC" and "VA" stood for.

Jason Amboy folded up the two sheets and placed them in his billfold. Then he went on deck. He was more than ever anxious to find Flack, to warn him to be extremely careful, and he wanted to ask Luana some questions.

He did not see Flack. He found Luana on the after deck watching the other ships in the convoy. He stopped. Her dark color, her soft brown hair, her slim loveliness made him forget, as usual, everything else in his mind.

"I'd love to have a little talk with you, Cousin Luana," he said.

She turned her head quickly and looked up. She was smiling and her dark green eyes were aglow. Her smile vanished and the glow left her eyes. Her lips thinned a little.

"How sad!" she said. "I've received orders to have nothing more to do with you. Isn't that a pity, Cousin Jason?" There was deep distrust, or dislike, or both, in her expression.

"Really?" Jason drawled. "It is indeed a pity, Cousin Luana. I thought you weren't afraid of anything in the world."

She gazed at him a few seconds. She blushed. Her eyes remained narrow. "This isn't a good place to talk. Lorrin is coming. Where shall I meet you?"

"On B deck—as far forward as you can go. I'll be waiting. To get there—"

"I think I can find my way," she stopped him.

He went forward. He was trying to keep his thoughts on his problems, but they were distracted by Luana. It amazed him to realize that he had fallen in love with this lovely copper-skinned girl who was so independent and so untamed, because it was the last thing in the world he wanted to happen. It had been coming over him slowly, and here it was.

JASON crossed the forward well deck. The wind was blowing hard. He looked down at the bright blue wave with its snowy crest that was being sliced by the sharp cutwater. He supposed he had begun falling in love with Luana yesterday morning when he lay bound and gagged on his bed and she had bent over him and said in her low melodious voice, "Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to hurt you, Mr. Amboy." And each time he had seen her since, the effect she had on him had been progressively more serious. Something had to be done about it. Something, he decided, was going to be done about it.

Now and then he turned his head to look aft and he presently saw Luana approaching. The firm wind tossed her hair about and agitated the ends of the ribbon which bound it. The skirt of her red silk dress ballooned out and up and she held it down about her slim legs.

She pushed her hair back from her glowing face. She laughed and said, "That's a nice sailing breeze, Cousin Jason."

Still shaken by his discovery, he said heedlessly, "Luana, I wonder if we can't clear up an awful lot of things by trying to be perfectly frank."

Her green eyes were glowing. "Is this another truth game, Cousin Jason?"

"Call it that."

"All right," she said recklessly, "let's play it. I adore games. Where shall we start?"

Jason tried to put his thoughts in order, but they were being tossed about on the seas of his emotion. "Let's start with you," he said. "I saw you for the first time yesterday morning at approximately four forty-five, and I've been falling in love with you ever since."

The green-eyed girl gazed at him with alarm. "I don't think I'm going to like this game, after all, Cousin Jason. You see, I'm engaged to Lorrin."

"You aren't in love with him," Jason said.

She studied him thoughtfully, still with her head tilted. "All right," she said with decision. "You've asked for it, and here it is. I've been falling in love with you just as steadily as you've been falling in love with me. I didn't want it to happen because there's nothing—utterly nothing—we can or will do about it."

"Go on," Jason said.

"Even if I hadn't given my word to Lorrin, even if I hadn't taken the bit in my teeth and announced it to those reporters—and I'm awfully glad that I did—I wouldn't do anything about it."

Jason Amboy had started to move toward her. He stopped with his hand near hers on the rail. "Have I the right to ask why?"

"Because I don't trust you. I never could trust you. Keep away, Jason. I'm not sure, but I think I know what you are underneath all your kindness and this nice way you have with women."

"What am I?"

Luana smiled wisely. "You are so *akamai*, Jason. You are *akamai nui loa*."

"What does that mean?"

"Very, very clever."

JASON was growing angry. "Haven't we sent up enough trial balloons?" he snapped. "You suspect me of something. Let's talk about it."

Her lower lip was suddenly full with stubbornness. "You're too smart for me."

"Stop saying that!" Jason pleaded. "What is it?"

"Why don't you ask Queen Bertha?"

"So," Jason said bitterly, "it's Queen Bertha. Or is it Prince Lorrin? Or Prime Minister Channing? Or all three?"

Luana's eyes had grown large. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Isn't it true that you're suspicious of me because you've been told to be?"

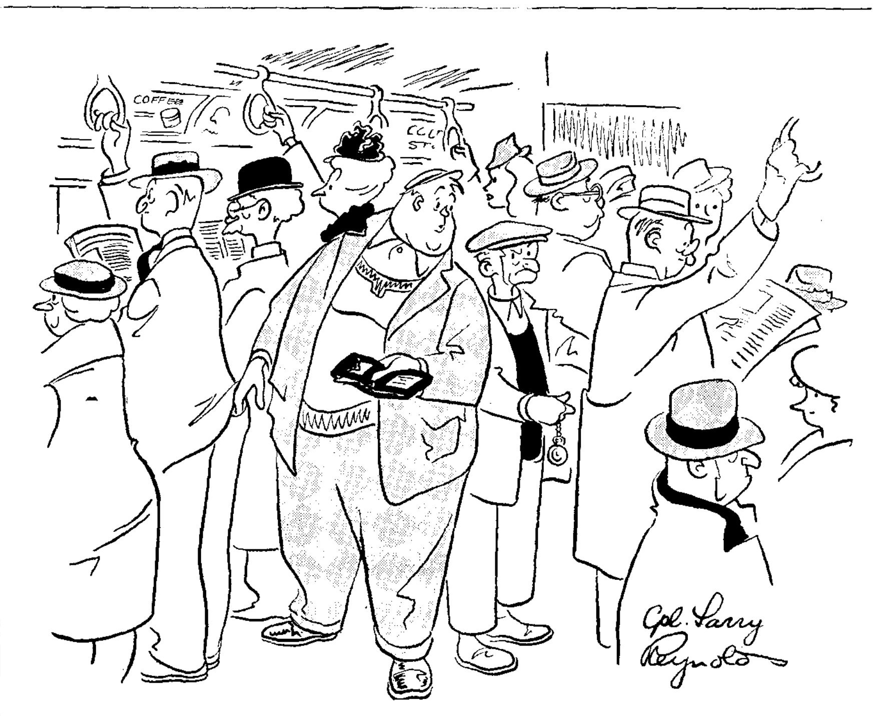
Her expression quickly became resentful. "Now I have no mind of my own."

"It isn't that," Jason said, and he tried to control his voice. "They're too *akamai* for you."

She smiled again. "But not for you, Cousin Jason."

He was growing desperate. "Luana, I love you. I've told you nothing but the

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Hadn't we oughta remind him he's supposed to have his draft card with him at all times?"

COLLIER'S

THE CASE OF THE UNCOMFORTABLE PASSENGER

by Raymond Clapper

I'VE typed out newspaper stories in a good many odd places. On the steps of Warren Harding's front porch at Marion, Ohio, in the corner of a White House ante-room, in the rain in front of the Capitol when Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated, in the court-house yard at the Scopes evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, and in trains and the back seats of automobiles riding over hair-pin mountain roads.

But I think the biggest story I ever covered was written on top of a crate of tommy-guns in the hold of a cargo plane 6,000 feet above an African jungle.

The ship was a "flying freighter" of the Air Transport Command, hauling 5,000 pounds of Army freight over trackless wilderness to a remote U. S. Army outpost. It was fighting equipment that couldn't wait...guns, ammunition and motor parts.

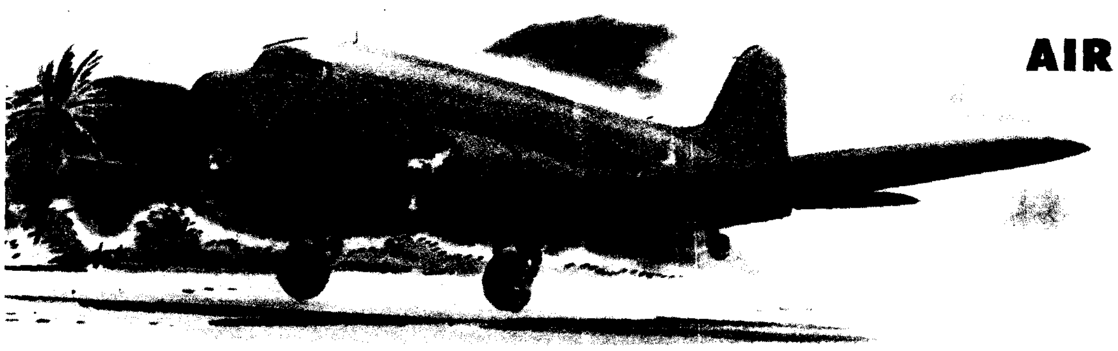
We made the trip that night in ten hours. By surface-ship, rail and motor truck, it would have taken ten weeks!

I say it was the biggest story I ever covered because on that flight, I saw all our concepts of transportation thrown into the scrap heap. I saw the military textbooks being rewritten. And I got a glimpse of what our peace-time world will be like when this war is over and won.

These transport planes, operated for the Army Air Transport Command by Airline personnel, are spanning oceans and continents with vast aerial bridges. They hurdle the Atlantic in 16 hours. They fly to Australia in four days. To Cairo in five. To Chungking or New Delhi in a week. They bring the farthest fighting fronts to the back doors of America's factories—just as today our domestic Airlines bring factories from California to Connecticut door-to-door.

Our pilot this trip was a big veteran from Ohio, who until a month before had been pushing an Airliner across the midwest. Over sandwiches and coffee he told me: "The Army and the Airlines make a terrific ball-team. We had the pilots, the ground crews and 20 years of experience and the Army had a job for us to do. Every day the job grows bigger . . . because we're getting set to make Hitler sorry he ever heard the word *blitzkrieg!*"

I'm inclined to string along with him on that.



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SHOULDER A GUN, OR THE COST OF ONE: BUY BONDS!

DRIVE SLOWLY—
at 25 miles you get 40% LONGER TIRE LIFE than at 35
SERVIC
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Owners

How to make your gas ration book go farther

Whether or not you go in for numerology, you'll agree that 4 is your all-important number these days—4 gas coupons must cover all your driving needs.

If you can make your gasoline go farther, it's just the same as having extra coupons in your book. So, today, the *P. S.* job is to help you get more miles out of each gallon of gas.

By comparing the gas you put in your tank with the mileage on your speedometer, you can find out if your car is getting the gas mileage it should. Now that you're driving only 28 or 30 miles an hour, your car should deliver almost 30% *more* miles per gallon than it did when your average speed was 50. If it doesn't, it's usually a sign that something's wrong—that some part needs *Preventive Service*—needs to be repaired or adjusted. Your service man, after a short examination, can tell you what it is that's making a gas glutton of your car. For example, he may find it's the distributor.

The Distributor Can Kill a Coupon

The distributor is the "allocation board" of your car's electric current—allotting the current on a definite and precise schedule to each of the cylinders. Inside it, directly under each of the "octopus tentacles" is a contact point. Circling over these contacts, like the sweep hand on a clock, is a rotor. As the rotor passes each contact, current goes out from the rotor, through the "tentacle" to the spark plug in the cylinder head.

Current to the rotor is supplied through a sort of automatic switch or "breaker," the points of which, in present-day driving, open and close 100 times a second. Naturally, each time this happens there is a small, hot electric arc that jumps the gap between the points and flashes off a microscopic part of the points' surfaces. In time, the points burn away to such an extent that it upsets the distributor's schedule and the plugs do not get enough current, or else get it too early or too late to fire the gasoline to get full power from each explosion.

Your service man has scientific testing equipment to tell whether the points are opening "on time," whether they are badly burned, if the condenser that steadies the current from the distributor is weak. Have him make a test regularly.

Remember, Too

The distributor is only one part of the electrical "department" of your car that needs to be watched. And don't forget *P. S.* for your car's other departments—the fuel system, the cooling system, the engine, the body, the running gear, and the exhaust system. They need regular *P. S.* attention, too.

This Collier's column has endeavored to call your attention to certain car facts that will help you make your ration book go farther. In review:—the first step is to check the mileage you're getting. Then check your service man for *P. S.*

There'll be more *Preventive Service* columns in later issues. In the meantime, *send for the FREE P.S. Check List.* This form will help your service man tell you what *Preventive Service* is needed on your car now—and what can be deferred. To get your free copy, merely write to Collier's *P. S.*, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

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truth. My brother disappeared from Kokala. I'm on my way there to try to find out what happened. That's the whole truth about me. You might explain just one thing. Last night when you passed me on the stairs—why were you so frightened?"

She seemed astonished. "When you were coming down—about midnight?"

"Yes, Luana."

"But I wasn't frightened! I was furious. I'd just had an awful quarrel with Lorrin—over you."

Jason was disappointed. He was sure she wasn't telling the truth. She was protecting Lorrin. It was hard to believe that that look he had seen in her face could have been caused by a lovers' quarrel.

Luana was shaking her head. "No, Cousin Jason; I don't like this game. It's intrigue, and I'm not any good at intrigue."

Before he could say anything, she was walking away. He wanted to call her back. But he didn't. He turned and looked down at the bright blue wave that was being carved out of the sea by the Tasmania's sharp prow.

When noon passed, and still his valet had not reported, Jason grew concerned. He began a systematic search of the ship, and found Flack in the after well deck, talking with a tall, red-haired man who wore a tight black sweater and dungarees. Both were smoking opulent black cigars.

The red-haired man, who had dazzling and wicked green eyes, was doing most of the talking. He was making large sweeping gestures and now and then he grew so excited that he thumped himself on the chest.

Flack, whose resemblance to a middle-aged bookkeeper was enhanced by his contrast with the rakish and raffish appearance of the red-haired man, was hardly less excited.

Jason was upwind from them, so that he heard only a few words of their conversation. But the words he heard were sufficient. They were "cat rig" and "cherry picker." He heard Flack say, "Well, sir, I raised and lowered that boom and got hep on gear ratios so I could hold on high boom or far boom."

And the red-haired man said, "Sure, sure! It's all in getting onto it. But it ain't always as easy as it looks. I've got a wisecracking brother who's a rigger who used to say to me, 'The way to make a rig runner is to catch a dumb truck driver and kick his brains out,' but I set down a load of steel right near him once and I sure cured him!"

Flack and the red-haired man laughed. For the time being, Flack appeared to be in safe hands, so Jason decided not to intrude.

He went to his room, wrote a note instructing Flack to meet him at the paddle-tennis court at seven and slid the sealed envelope under the door of his valet's stateroom.

At seven, Jason went to the boat deck. It was drizzling. He waited in the lee of a deckhouse until seven-thirty, but Flack did not appear. He returned to his stateroom and telephoned Flack's room, but Flack did not answer. He felt somewhat uneasy, but he reasoned that there was no cause for concern. Flack had obviously found a friend in the red-haired man and they were no doubt still talking about the operation of cranes.

Jason dressed for dinner, deciding on a white dinner jacket and a maroon tie. When he reached the table, everyone was there but Luana. He took his place between Mrs. Grazzard and Natalie Mace. Miss Cudlip, more militant than ever in a lettuce-green dinner dress, was vivaciously describing a match she had seen between Tilden and Budge.

Lorrin sent him a surly glance as he sat down, and Channing Mace's gemlike gray eyes were on him. Mrs. Grazzard said in a firm, friendly voice, "Good evening, Jason," and Natalie Mace said demurely, "Good evening, Mr. Amboy."

He had not seen her since their talk in the morning. She was pale and she seemed far away. He sensed tension in her and in Lorrin, and he wondered if there had been some new development.

When Miss Cudlip finished her point-by-point account of the Tilden-Budge match, Mrs. Grazzard and Channing Mace began a discussion of the effect of the war on the Hawaiian sugar industry, and this led to an analysis by Lorrin of the German beet-sugar industry and its present domination of the European market. Jason was surprised at the crispness and the intelligence with which Lorrin discussed it. He had never before seen this surly young man in his role of young sugar magnate.

Luana did not appear until dinner was half over. She was wearing her cerise satin dinner dress. She seemed excited. Her dark green eyes were electrically bright. She glanced at Jason, and it was a puzzled glance.

"I'm so sorry I'm late," she said, and her voice was higher than usual and, it seemed to Jason, tremulous with excitement. "I was talking with some people and the time just slipped by."

Lorrin was scowling, but he said nothing. Mrs. Grazzard had stopped eating. She was tapping on the edge of the table with her long gold pencil. She stared for several seconds at Luana and said heavily, "You know how I feel about punctuality."

Luana was blushing. "I'm terribly sorry, Aunt Bertha, it really was unavoidable."

"Unpunctuality," said the formidable woman with the dull amber eyes, "is never unavoidable."

Throughout the remainder of dinner, Luana was preoccupied. She occasionally sent Jason a bright, searching glance as if something in her mind concerning him puzzled or excited her. He had suspected, when he sat down, that there had been a new development in this dark intrigue, and he was now certain of it.

He had a few seconds alone with Natalie when they all arose from the table. She said softly, "Has he talked yet?"

Jason realized that she was referring to Winfield Grazzard, the stowaway.

"No."

Natalie was looking up at him expectantly. She made a little grimace of displeasure. "But, Jason, you have him completely at your mercy." Her blue eyes were surprised and puzzled. "You must be absolutely ruthless. There's an old Hawaiian proverb—*I kahiki ka ua, ako ka hale:* when the rain is far away, thatch your house. Get busy!"

She turned away to join her husband. Jason returned to his room. The phone was ringing.

A muffled voice said, "Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"It's Kitchener, sir. Will you meet me at once at the tennis court?"

"Yes," said Jason.

There had been a strange thickness in the voice, and Jason wondered if his valet had been drinking.

It was raining when Jason reached the boat deck, and it was almost dark.

The rain beat into his face as he mounted the steps and opened the iron-grilled door of the tennis court. As he opened the door, a dark figure came toward him from the center of the court.

Jason was never quite sure whether or

ot, as this dark figure came toward him, e gray afterglow in the west gleamed or a fugitive moment on wet red hair. Vhat confused him and at the same time alf prepared him for what followed vas his curious impression, aided perаps by the murky twilight, that Flack ad grown several inches taller. But he vasn't sufficiently prepared to defend imself.

THE dark figure moved toward him on sure and silent feet. Jason saw the and coming up, and he stepped quickly the right when he realized what its ntentions were. A fist or some heavy bject struck him on the left temple. If e hadn't been moving away from the low, and if his head hadn't been swinging away, the blow would have at least nocked him unconscious.

It was a glancing blow, but its impact vas sufficient to send him staggering ackward. The sudden hard pain seemed o burst in his brain in a glitter of fiery eedles.

The grilled door behind Jason was still pen. He stumbled backward and fell ackward down the steps to the wet deck. He fell on his left shoulder and hip and ay for several seconds unable to move vhile his head spun.

He rolled over on the wet deck and got o his knees, but he could not lift his ead. He shook it, to clear it. Then two nen in yellow cilskins were helping him o his feet.

He broke away from them and climbed lrunkenly up the steps to the paddleennis court. His assailant was gone. ason ran to the door on the opposite ide of the court and ran down the steps. He looked forward, then aft, but there vas no one in sight.

With his head throbbing, he went to is stateroom. There was a lump on his ft temple. The left sleeve of his white linner jacket was worn through at the lbow, where it had slid along the deck, nd he was wet from head to foot.

He telephoned Flack's room and, when there was no answer, he started to change to dry clothing. He had his choice, he realized, of two explanations of what had just happened. Either Flack was in trouble, or Flack had talked. He recalled the strange thickness of Flack's voice on the telephone—if it had been Flack's voice. Flack, intent on some wild scheme of his own, may have been outwitted. If he had been drinking, and if he had talked too freely, the mysterious attack might be explained.

Considering all the possibilities, Jason began to feel somewhat ill. He recalled his dim and possibly erroneous impression of the gleam of dying daylight on wet red hair. And he wondered if the lean and rakish person with whom he had seen Flack talking in the afternoon might fit somehow into this mystifying pattern. He had been worrying vaguely about Flack since last night, but only because Flack's audacious new personality had become a source of potential trouble. Now he was genuinely alarmed.

He was almost dressed when knuckles rapped sharply at his door. He called, "Come!" The door opened and a young man in a khaki naval uniform came in—a blond young man with alert blue eyes.

He said crisply, "Are you Mr. Jason Amboy?"

"Yes," said Jason.

"Captain Horngold wants to see you at once in his office."

Jason turned back to the dressing table mirror and finished tying his necktie. "What for?"

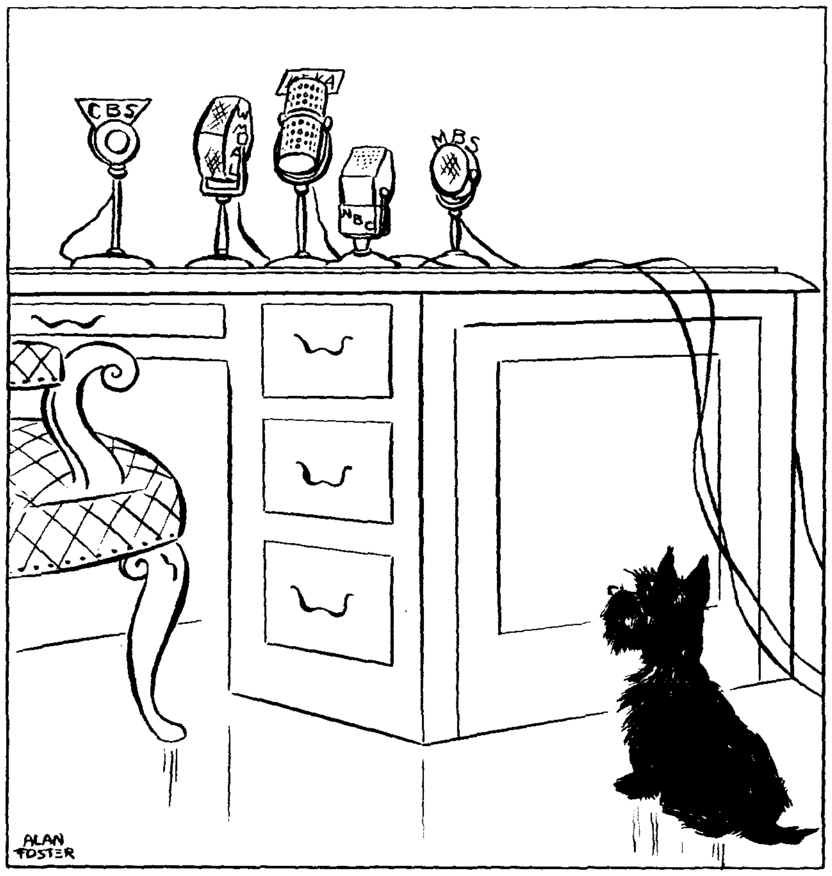
"I don't know, Mr. Amboy." The other's manner was officially cool. "He requested me to bring you to his office at once."

THERE were three men in the captain's office when Jason Amboy went in. Captain Horngold was a stocky, gray-haired man of about fifty who wore pince-nez glasses and resembled a prosperous broker. Jason had met him at a Bohemian Club dinner a year previously.

Captain Horngold now wore the khaki

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"I wonder why the President calls those things 'My Friends?'"

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THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

uniform of a naval officer with the epaulets of a commander. His face, with its fine lines, its tautness, betrayed the strain that the war had placed him under. Jason had not seen the captain since the Tasmania had sailed. He had heard that Captain Horngold spent all of his time on the bridge. This room was just off the bridge.

The captain was seated stiffly at one end of a long mahogany table. His right hand was cupped on the table. His left was on his knees.

A tall, wide-shouldered man of thirty-five with curly dark hair and steely gray eyes stood beside the captain with his knuckles on the table. He was bending over slightly and his eyes were staring at Jason the instant Jason opened the door. He, too, wore the khaki uniform of the Navy, but with a lieutenant commander's epaulets. Jason had seen him about the ship and had heard that he had been, in peacetime, the Tasmania's chief officer.

BEHIND Captain Horngold and the tall curly-haired man, and to their right, stood Emil Roth, the room steward. His face was gray and it looked damp and his eyes had the swimming quality of fear. His lips were apart and he seemed to be breathing rapidly.

The captain was gazing steadily at Jason through his pince-nez glasses. "Mr. Amboy," he said crisply, "this is Lieutenant Commander Matthewson."

Jason felt cold and shaky. Captain Horngold was looking at the discolored swelling on his left temple. All his resemblance to a prosperous broker seemed to vanish when he spoke. He suddenly revealed himself, in spite of his glasses and his comfortable double chin, as a man accustomed to dispensing authority with hard bluntness.

"A very serious thing has happened, Mr. Amboy," the captain said. "Do you recognize this?"

He lifted his cupped hand from the table to disclose a gray mustache. It lay on the table, with one end seeming to droop a little more than the other.

Jason moistened his lips. He said cautiously, "A false mustache, isn't it?"

The keen gray eyes of Lieutenant Commander Matthewson were very alert. Captain Horngold was gazing steadily at Jason. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. The man who wore it vanished from this ship some time this evening."

Jason felt a chill speed the length of his spine. He felt sickness start in his heart and spread outward. And he felt his mouth swiftly going dry. He placed his hands on the table, palms down, and stared at the gray mustache and supported himself on stiffened arms.

"It was found on the floor of your stateroom, Mr. Amboy," the captain went on in that hard, relentless way. "And this"—he took his hand from his knees and placed an envelope on the table beside the gray mustache—"was found on the floor of the stateroom of a man whose name, on the passenger list, is given as Rodney K. Kitchener."

Jason stared at the envelope. It was slightly soiled. He recognized his own handwriting. Across the upper edge of the envelope was a narrow smear of dried blood about an inch long.

He tried desperately to think. He thought of the telephone call he had received, presumably from Flack, about a half-hour ago. He thought of the savage blow that had been aimed at him by his unknown assailant on the paddle-tennis court. It was hard to come to grips with the most important fact of all. Flack had vanished, leaving the customary clue—a smear of blood. Jason's heartbeat settled to a slow, measured pain.

"This mustache," the captain said, "was found in your stateroom, Mr. Amboy, by your room steward while you were at dinner."

Jason recalled that Luana had not appeared until dinner was half over, and he recalled her excited expression and the impression he had had at the time—his suspicion that there was a new development. And he wondered if this was it.

He looked beyond the captain and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson at Emil Roth. The room steward's mouth was still open, as if he were having difficulty with his breathing. Staring at Jason, he winked. It was not an ordinary wink. It was a grotesque exaggeration on the part of eye muscles, intended to leave no doubt.

Jason stared at Emil Roth, who, unobserved by the captain and the chief officer, now swiftly placed the tip of his right forefinger to his lips and shook his head. The entire pantomime was as expressive as it was mystifying. It implied that the case was not nearly so clear-cut as the captain and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson might make it appear, and that Jason was to say nothing that might betray him—or either of them.

"We made extensive inquiries before sending for you," the captain went on. "Several of the crew have identified this mustache as having been worn by this man Rodney K. Kitchener. This note"—he dipped his head toward the envelope with its smear of blackened blood—"is signed by you."

The captain paused. He looked at Jason expectantly, but Jason was still too shocked to speak. "Roth brought me this mustache," the captain said. "And this note was found. Then I sent word that Kitchener was to report to me. He wasn't found. I've had this ship searched in the past two hours, Mr. Amboy, from trucks to keelson, and from cutwater to counter. Kitchener is not aboard this ship, Mr. Amboy."

JASON tried to moisten his lips with his tongue, but his mouth was dry. He felt his arms shaking, and his knees.

"A thorough search has been made of Kitchener's stateroom," the captain went on. "The bunk was taken apart, the bedding was inspected, the carpet was taken up, his effects were examined. Two facts of interest were discovered. One was that Kitchener's real name was Flack, the other, that Flack was in your employ."

Captain Horngold bent forward. "When he came aboard, he was wearing a disguise—a gray wig and this gray mustache. Who was this man, Mr. Amboy?"

"My valet," Jason answered in a husky voice.

Captain Horngold straightened up a little, with an air of surprise. "Why was he wearing a wig and a false mustache? Why was he traveling under an assumed name?"

Jason was trying to arrange his thoughts, but his brain was still numb with shock. "That," he answered, "takes a bit of explaining."

"We're ready to hear you, Mr. Amboy."

"Flack was, all his life, a very suppressed individual. I think he was what is known as a split-personality type. One side was meek and conventional, the other, extremely romantic and adventurous. In the five years he worked for me, he was the soul of meekness—the perfect servant. The instant I decided to go to the islands, the other side blossomed. He saw himself, at last, as an adventurer. The fact was, he was virtually out of control."

Jason stopped because he saw that

his explanation was falling on cold and unreceptive soil.

"Why was he traveling under an assumed name?" Lieutenant Commander Matthewson asked.

"It was the name he used on his union card. He was a crane operator. He told me he had a job waiting in Pearl Harbor or one of the outer islands."

There was another long silence while Captain Horngold and his chief officer stared at Jason.

"Do you know of any reason," the captain asked, with an air of measuring his words with the greatest care, "why this man should have vanished from this ship?"

"No," Jason answered. "I know of no reason."

"You must admit, Mr. Amboy," Captain Horngold said, "that it's very mystifying."

"Mystifying," Jason agreed, "and horrible. Flack was not only my valet. He was probably my best friend."

"Do you know if he had enemies aboard?"

Jason had an impulse to tell the truth. It might be, he realized, wisest to put his whole problem into official hands. Then he recalled Emil Roth's wink and his expressive pantomime.

"I don't think Flack had an enemy in the world," Jason replied.

Commander Horngold settled back in his chair.

"All right, Roth," he said curtly. "Now tell your story."

"Yes, sir," said the steward in a quavering voice.

"Step up here," snapped Lieutenant Commander Matthewson.

Emil Roth came forward. He was gray and perspiring. His manner was that of a man about to wring his hands with anguish, but they hung at his sides, with the fingers wriggling a little.

"Tell it to Mr. Amboy, just as you told it to me," the captain directed.

"Yes, sir. This evening, just about six o'clock it was, this man Kitchener—or Flack—stopped me in the hall as I was coming out of your stateroom, and he asked me if I knew where you were. When I said I thought you were on deck, he didn't go. He started to talk. He was very blue. He said he'd been thinking about his life and about his future. Then he asked me if I'd ever known of a passenger to commit suicide by jumping overboard."

"Did Flack say that?" Jason said incredulously.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. I said I'd sailed on many different ships and that four different times a passenger had ended it all by jumping overboard. Then he asked me if anybody who might know him—that is, anybody on board—would be in any way involved if he disappeared in that way. And I said I didn't think it was likely. That was about all. He seemed very blue, but I didn't really think he had any idea of jumping overboard."

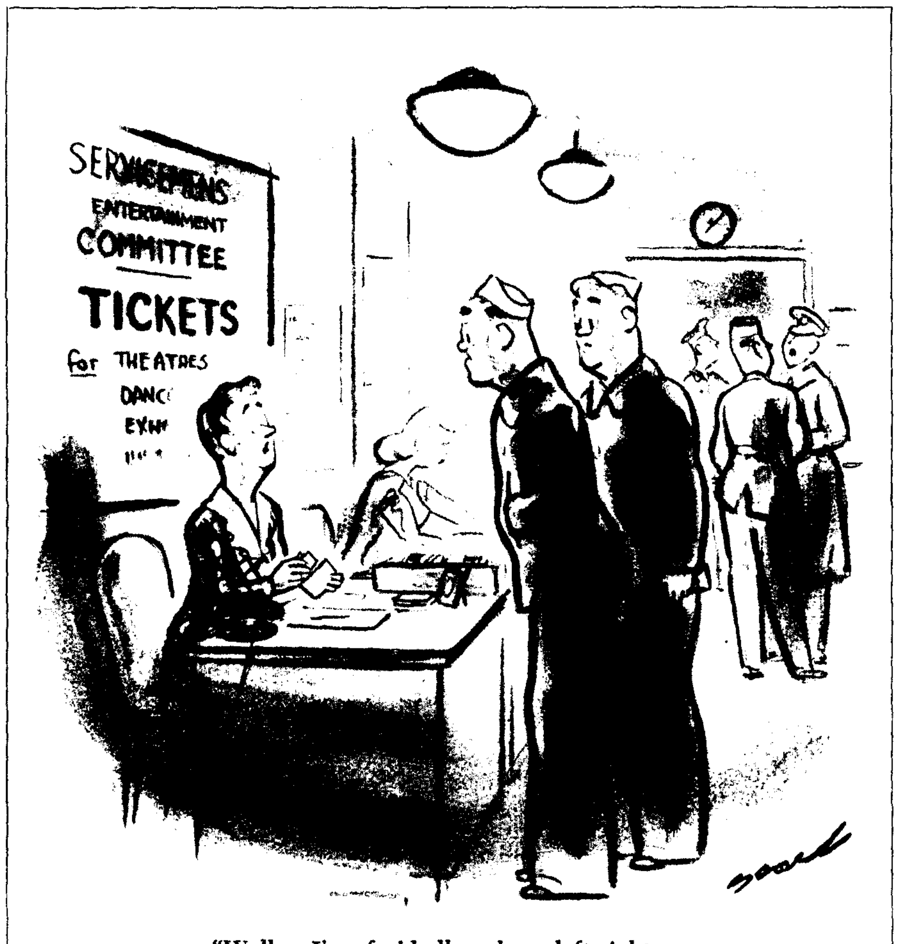
JASON had been very fond of Flack and he was sure that Flack, in spite of their recent differences of opinion, had been equally fond of him.

Someone had killed Flack and thrown his body overboard. The evidence—the familiar evidence of the smear of blood—indicated that Flack had met a fate identical with that of Winfield Grazzard. He had been killed in his stateroom, and his body had been pushed out the porthole.

Jason was sure that Roth was lying. If he wasn't lying, then Flack must have talked about suicide for some sly purpose of his own. And some plan he had cooked up had gone astray and he had been murdered.

"Well, you were wrong, Roth," the captain was saying vigorously. "You've been at sea years enough to know better. You see, Mr. Amboy, the trouble is, no one saw Flack go overboard. We assume, from his confidences to Roth, that he committed suicide, but we cannot be sure. And there are certain circumstances that I consider extremely suspicious. The fact that this mustache was found on the floor of your stateroom is one of them. How did it get there?"

(To be continued next week)



"Well-er I'm afraid all we have left right now is a couple of tickets to a poultry show"

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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Photo Robt. Keene N. Y.

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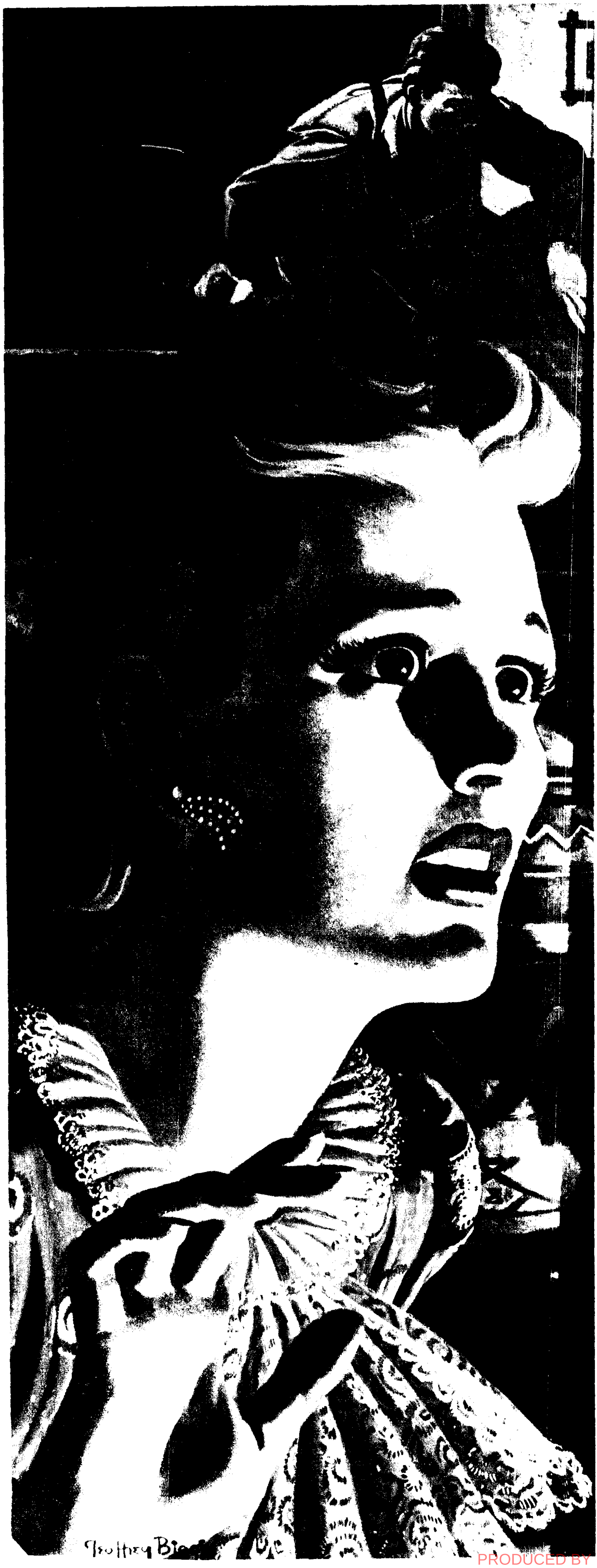


Lance was watching the slim little ghostlike figure that had just reached the head of the stairs. He started for the door but Joanna stopped him with a word: "Lancelot?"

THE FIRE IN THY LODGE

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

The land was friendless, and she learned to endure it only when she realized the true measure of her husband's love

STANDING in his stirrups, the rider stared with a puzzled frown away to the northeastward, at the transcontinental train which, miles away, stood motionless beside the dusty trees of Yellow Horse Creek.

The railroad was still so new through this early Montana country that often, when he had ridden this way during the day, he came out of his way to this high hill at evening to watch, with a sort of dubious wonder, the transcontinental crawling eastward into the distances, and to listen to its faraway lonely wail. He had never seen it stop before, and it gave him a queerly uneasy feeling to see it mysteriously halted beside that dry creek bed, where there wasn't even a shack within miles. It was so far away that he couldn't see if any people were moving around outside the cars.

A sliding, scrabbling sound of hoofs behind him, and Lance MacRae turned his head. His son, on his blue-eyed paint horse, was coming down the slope of loose shale from the higher cliff which he had circled away to climb. As the pony's unshod hoofs left the shale and entered the sagebrush, they became quiet, like the feet of a wild animal. Reining up beside his father, the boy lifted an arm, silently pointing.

To Lance, looking at the small dark elflike face, he was heartbreakingly like his mother, who had been quarter Indian—her grandmother had been the daughter of one of great war chiefs in these mountains. But in the boy, more of the Indian had come out than his mother had ever shown. In his silent Indian manners and in the quiet dignity of the wild and the free, perhaps, more than in his appearance. Lance nodded.

"It does look queer, Jeff. Stopped out there," he said. "May have a hotbox."

Jeff looked away without interest, and pulled his pony's head around. As he went off at a long canter across the hillside, Lance watched him, and then after one more doubtful, puckered stare at the train, whirled his big horse and followed.

The boy rode like an Indian, too, in spite of the high-cantled stock saddle—a loose, lithe but clinging way of riding in which the legs seemed somehow to merge into the pony. Without sadness, any more, because he had later and more searching sadnesses to dull his heart, Lance remembered the first time he had ever seen that brave-eyed and quiet girl who had ridden with him the long boundaries of this upland ranch—who had camped in the starlight and the sage with him and become the mother of the boy.

He had first seen her in the sun-drenched street of a raw, frontier cow town, when he was new and awkward to the wild range land. Still homesick for his dark, time-haunted hills of Tennessee, still grim and silent-lipped from the deadly border raids of his hell-riding, ragged column of Confederate cavalry, and sullen from the corrupt horrors—the carpetbaggers, the hunger and the ravaged fields, the looted houses—of the Reconstruction, he had ridden into town to drink alone and to wait for the weekly mail stage.

When the stagecoach came careening in, its wheels muffled by the deep dust, he stood a little apart from the others in front of the saloon-express office, watching the driver saw back on his reins and then climb stiffly down from his high seat to throw open the door. The second person he helped step down to the plank sidewalk was a slim, panther-lithe girl in a flounced white organdy dress. As she moved a little to one side, waiting for her baggage to be tossed down from the railed top of the stagecoach into the waiting hands of men below, she turned incuriously to glance around—and was looking up into the impassive face of the tall Southerner who was standing indifferently there.

For a long, strange minute their eyes held, widening a little with something like surprise, something almost like a queer, indefinable recognition. He would remember her forever as she was in that first instant: her parted lips, her vividly living, delicate face in the shadow of her bonnet against a sifting radiance of dust in the sun. . . .

They were married the next year, in the early spring. And as they left the wind-battered little frame church, with the words of the preacher still in their ears, she laid her finger tips very lightly upon his arm, and in a voice almost a whisper said something in the Shoshone tongue: a little fumblingly, with uncertain pauses, as if she had once known the words by heart and was trying to remember them now. Looking down at her bowed head, he asked, "What is it, my dear?"

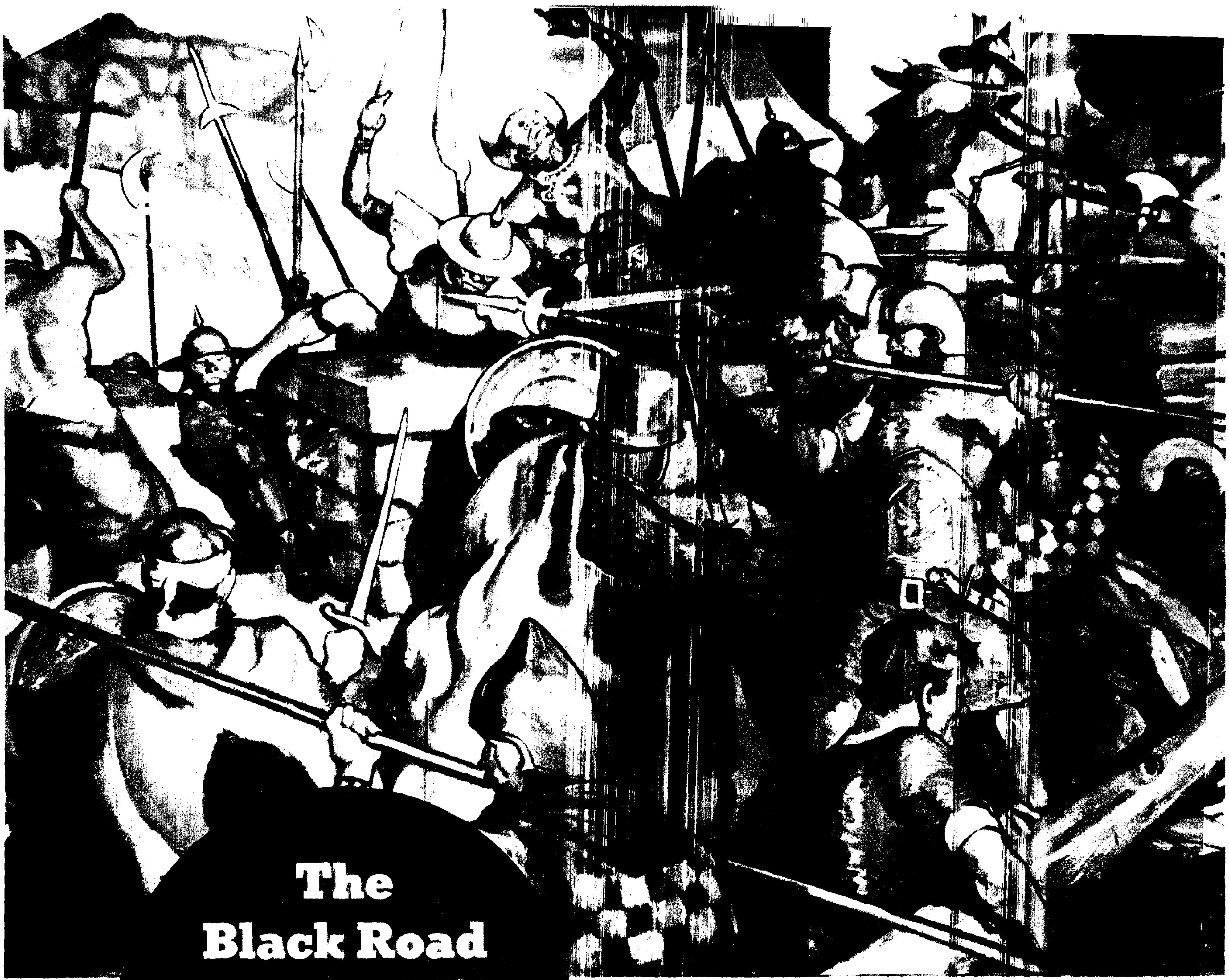
"It's something my grandmother said. She told it to me—her own grandmother had told it to her—so that I too could say it on the day I was married. It's something like: *'I will go with thee, and my feet will follow thy trail upon the mountains. And the fire in thy lodge will never go out, for I will carry a little of our lodge-fire with me wheresoever far we travel, and I will tend it with my love upon the trail, and blow it into light again with the breaths of my heart wheresoever a stopping place is our home.'* "

They rode in comradeship over the hills to the valley they had chosen for their home, and, when their son was born—on a night when the maniacal ghosts of blizzard howled and battered at the doors for her—she died. . . .

Toiling up the hill on his tired horse, Lance thought—with that puzzled heaviness of heart which is familiar, sooner or later, to every man who has been married to two women—about the tall red-haired girl he had brought home on the train from Boston last year.

She was the sister of his banker in Chicago, and he had met her in the big new

(Continued on page 51)



The wall came alive. Men rose between the crenels, and battle-axes smashed the climbers. Giant Poles swung flails as if threshing wheat

The Black Road

BY HAROLD LAMB

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A man and a woman of the Middle Ages take their stand and make their fight against the tide of Mongol conquest in Europe

WHEN he saw the first stars over the mountains, Mark pulled in his racing horse and laughed. It was dark and he was safe. "Faith," he said to the roan mare, "we are still alive in our skins." But he spoke between his teeth; he made little sound.

Even though he now felt himself to be safe from the danger that followed at his heels he kept moving along the path. Mark, late Sieur de Kerak, believed in taking no chances. He reined his horse to the side of the roadway where he could not be seen under the pines. His long body was covered with a fine steel mesh, darkened so that it did not gleam, and oiled so that it did not grate when he moved. Over this he [illegible] mantle that he had [illegible] he began his long ride, [illegible]. No ponderous helm of [illegible] the outline of his head; he wore only a round steel cap. No long two-edged sword clanked at his hip. Mark had left the family swords behind him. Instead he carried, loosely thrust into his belt, the most deadly and efficient of weapons, a morning star. This morning star had a two-foot shaft of wood, strengthened by iron, with three slender chains hanging from it and, at the ends of the chains, three spiked metal balls. A swinging blow from this morning star—as Mark's arm swung it—could crush in the armor or the head of a man.

Mark knew weapons as well as he knew war. His hard body had scars in it that ached when he felt the night's cold. Only a sure instinct had kept him alive, and Mark trusted his instinct more than any talisman or prayer.

Now, that instinct told him to keep on going. Behind him, witless people were dying each day by the thousand under the hoofs of that strange horde emerging from the steppes of Asia. It was like a whirlwind, that tide of horsemen.

Mark listened, as he rode, to the heaving breaths of his horse and the stir of the wind in the forest mesh. He put his hand into the small sack of barley tied carefully to the saddle horn. Beneath the barley, his fingers touched objects like sharp stones; only these were precious stones, carefully selected—pigeon-blood rubies, emeralds of Ind and glorious amethysts, a treasure of them, enough to ransom a king.

His father, the first lord of Kerak, had voyaged out of England with the heedless Richard the Lion Heart, and his father had left his bones in Kerak overlooking the barren ridges beyond the Dead Sea. Mark, born in that waste borderland, had wrested wealth from it and he meant to return to England with that wealth; to make the acquaintance of the homeland he had never seen. He had grown very tired of his castle above the greenish-blue of the Dead Sea, and its sour wine and olive trees.

"The crusades," he told himself, "are running out, like the sands of an hourglass. Ay, they are done!"

Suddenly he checked his horse. A gleam of light showed above the trees. So high up, it must come from a tower. A tower, by the same token, meant a good large seigniory, and that meant food. He ached with hunger, and the mare would be the better for an hour's rest.

Seeking along the edge of the trees he found the break that marked a road going up, and up this he made his way, alert for a challenge. It came when he saw the loom of a wall and the light overhead."

"Stoy!"

"Slava bohu!" he shouted. "Glory to God!"

A torch flickered in a doorway, and three bearded men looked him over,

(Continued on page 54)

Why the Japs Hate the Nazis

Continued from page 19

KAISER SHIPBUILDING C

"We got another hour before we knock off. Let's build another boat"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

"Japan really has no allies," he told me two years ago in Shanghai. "She can have none. In the first World War we ousted Germany from the Pacific. It would not only be folly for us to permit her to rebuild her empire out here, but it would be to forget our holy mission in the world. Under our pressure, America and Britain have been backing out of the Orient without a real struggle. It is Germany that will worry us most. We feel they are not only more determined to hold what they have, but they plan to overrun the world."

A year later, the Nazi menace suddenly loomed larger for Japan. France had collapsed. Japan was waiting for Germany to deliver to Britain the death blow which would topple Britain's Far Eastern possessions into Japan's lap, like ripe apples. But Hitler turned away from Britain to invade Soviet Russia.

As the Nazi legions swept eastward toward Moscow, the Japanese realized that this ambitious partner they hated and feared might soon be their neighbor in Siberia—within bombing distance of Tokyo.

American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka, Japan's jingoistic foreign minister of the time, with remarkable hindsight told his friends, "Here is our enemy. We can handle the Americans and British. They are predictable. Hitler is the greatest threat to our holy mission."

Matsuoka had reason to be bitter at the Nazis. He had just returned from a "triumphant" visit to Berlin where "Hitler promised me that Britain would be conquered in three months." At Hitler's suggestion, Matsuoka had negotiated a nonaggression pact with Josef Stalin while en route back to Tokyo.

The Bitter Lesson

"Hitler made a fool of me," Matsuoka confessed privately. "He was using me as a shield for his plans to attack Russia. But we will not let the Nazis use us again. We will not forget this lesson."

The army soon forgot Matsuoka, who went into retirement "to give my overworked brain a rest." But the lesson his blunders had taught was not forgotten.

When the Nazis bogged down for their first terrible winter in Russia, Tokyo suddenly awakened as if from a terrible nightmare.

Japanese newspapers carried huge headlines announcing, in great jubilation, the Nazi defeat. Japanese diplomats in Berlin were ordered to aid Japanese newspaper correspondents in evading Nazi censorship, so that all possible details of the German disaster could be enjoyed by the Japanese public. Here were the two most powerful nations of Europe obligingly blowing each other to pieces. The longer they fought, the easier would be Japan's path to world conquest.

The Japanese do not have the same hatred for the Italians they have for the Nazis. In Japan, the Italians have become the same standing joke they have become elsewhere in the world because they have permitted Hitler to dominate them.

Italian diplomats in Japan two years ago protested to the Japanese Foreign Office against "undignified" jokes which Japanese stage comedians were telling about Italy.

In one of these jokes, Mussolini, in great excitement, calls Hitler on the telephone.

"Adolf, this is going too far," Mussolini explodes. "The Gestapo has just arrested a hundred Italian policemen here in Rome."

"Don't get excited," Hitler reassures him. "I'm sending two hundred Berlin policemen to take their places. That's more than fair, isn't it?"

But the Italians are more than standing jokes to the Japs. Italy is the pitiful object lesson which all Japanese regard as an eternal warning against too close relations with Hitler.

The Japanese know, of course, that Hitler sent his agents pouring into Japan just as he sent them into Italy. But the Japs are determined that these Nazi agents shall wield no real influence.

More than 2,000 Tokyo police are assigned to shadow the staff of the German embassy, which alone numbers over three hundred persons. Many of these German diplomats call themselves "advisers" to the Japanese government, but they are nothing more than teachers. Their influence on the government of Japan has been greatly exaggerated.

"You Americans taught us to eat ice cream," Japan's foreign minister, Masayuki Tani, once told me. "We thank you for that. But you cannot tell us when or where to eat it. In the same way, the Germans taught us the art of blitz warfare. They have given us the blueprints for the Messerschmitt planes. But where and when we use them, is something Japan will decide for herself. We will tolerate no interference with the administration of our government which has the wisdom of the gods to guide it. I fear Mr. Hitler has yet to understand this."

The classic case which brought about the eventual arrest of the dozen Nazi agents in Japan last spring was the Nazi attempt in 1941 to assassinate elderly Baron Hiranuma, then Japanese Home Minister. Hiranuma, as head of all the country's police, had been conducting a cleanup of German-subsidized secret societies in Japan. He had not ordered the arrest of Nazi agents, but he had thrown into jail several hundred Japanese who had been accepting money from the Nazis.

Investigation of the attack on Hiranuma revealed that twenty-four hours before he was shot, the Tokyo correspondent for Stefani, the official Italian propaganda agency, had telephoned the Home Office to inquire about the baron's "condition." Home Office officials did not realize the significance of the call at the time, but they did twenty-four hours later, when Hiranuma was hovering between life and death with several Nazi bullets in his head and his tongue half shot away.

The Stefani correspondent, when questioned by the enraged police, could only say that a German diplomat had told him the previous day that Hiranuma had been shot. The German apparently had his dates wrong. The would-be assassin later confessed to being a member of one of the Nazi-subsidized secret societies which Hiranuma was attempting to liquidate.

Curbs on the Nazis

Japanese short-wave broadcasts are not mentioning the dozen Nazi prisoners who were taken in Tokyo while Ott was worshiping the Kyoto war dead. Perhaps their fate will remain unknown until after the war. But other Germans with whom I was able to establish occasional fairly direct contact after Pearl Harbor were complaining bitterly against new curbs on their freedom in Japan.

Germans frequently were confined to their homes for hours during air raids or regular army maneuvers. Germans no longer were being permitted inside Japanese factories where they formerly had acted as advisers. German homes frequently were raided by Japanese police who no longer even apologized. Germans were not permitted to travel between Japanese cities without specific permits for each trip. Few such permits were being issued. Germans were finding that many Jap shopkeepers refused to sell food to them—or anyone else of the white race.

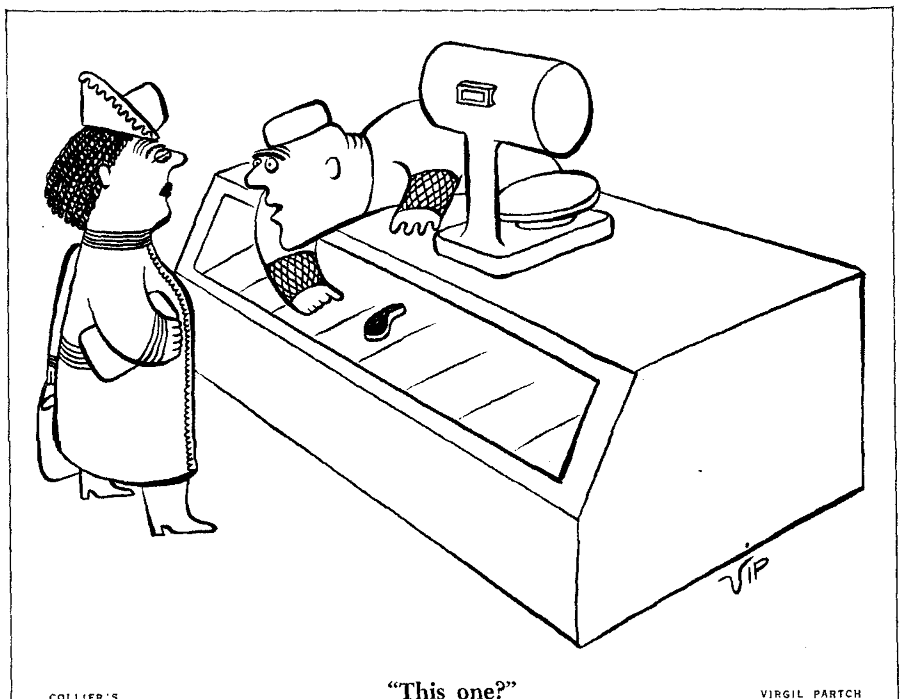
In addition, Japan recently announced her official policy toward all non-Japanese business interests, including German, in all newly occupied areas of the Pacific.

As one German commented, "This policy places us in exactly the same position as business interests of countries with which Japan is openly at war."

The Japanese announcement of policy said: "Business interests of non-Japanese ownership may operate freely in these areas, provided they accept complete Japanese direction as to policy and operations. Any non-Japanese interests which refuse to accept Japanese direction will be regarded as enemy property and confiscated. Persons responsible for such lack of co-operation will be regarded as enemies and punished accordingly."

Much of Japan's hatred for Germany obviously has come from Hitler's efforts to control Japan as he controls Italy, but most basic is Japan's consuming hatred and contempt for all the white race and for all of what Japan considers the human race. For theirs is the wrath of the gods.

THE END



"This one?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Some good news about Tin we think you should know

IT'S NO SECRET that the Japs are camped on 80% of the world's tin supply and that America is facing a critical tin shortage.

You have been asked to salvage every single tin can you use—to save every possible ounce of this vital war material. But, today, there is *good* news about the tin you salvage—and we believe you should know that news.

This is it: A new electrical process makes the tin used in tin cans go 3 times farther now than it did before.

Tin plate was formerly made by dipping thin steel sheets in molten tin. It produced a satisfactory coating, but used more tin than was really necessary.

American engineers devised a new method—*electroplating* the steel with pure tin—and the result was a coating that required only *one third as much tin.*

But the new tin plate had disadvantages. It was porous and did not provide complete protection against the acids in certain kinds of food.

Then Westinghouse stepped in.

Our research men and engineers, in co-operation with engineers of the steel industry, found a way of using *radio* waves to *heat* the dull, imperfect surface so that the tin fused almost instantly into a smooth protective coating.

And the process is *fast.* A single machine can turn out enough tin plate in 18 minutes to cover an area the size of a football field!

This new device is a typical example of *electronics at work*—a result of Westinghouse electrical research and "know-how". Already it is being installed in mills that turn out tin plate for a third of all the nation's food cans.

Naturally, this does not mean that there is less need for you to salvage your old tin cans. On the contrary—*more than ever, tin* is needed to protect the food supplied to our fighting men all over the world.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE

THIS SIGN
HAS A STRANGE
EFFECT
IN YOUR MOTOR

AR SPEED
35
M.P.H.

Today's restrictions make your choice of motor oil vitally important in the care of your car.

You make only short runs. You travel at low speed. Your motor doesn't warm up sufficiently, or stay warm long enough, to drive off the acids of combustion and other crankcase impurities. Your car stands idle longer; that means danger of corrosion.

These ration days, 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils are doubly dependable. They are least subject to change whether your motor is idle or in use. They are sludge-fighting oils which lubricate efficiently under the toughest conditions. They let your motor start easily at low temperature. They help to seal worn rings. They stay reliably on the job.

Safe lubrication has never been as vital as it is right now. Your car, your truck, must outlast Hitler and Hirohito. Use the proper winter grade oil and be sure it is Pennsylvania.

Huge quantities of Pennsylvania have gone to war, but enough Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil is being produced and refined to keep the home front well supplied. It is worth going to trouble to get Pennsylvania Motor Oils—*but you'll have no trouble getting them.*

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Member of Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
Permit Number
Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world

For your protection, fine oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality, and membership in our Association.

Care for Your Car for Your Country

Any Week

Continued from page 4

fear that hostilities will cease before, as Mrs. Henrietta Cotton Brown of Knoxville, Tennessee, has it, "all our enemies, active and otherwise, are exterminated for good and all." However, there are signs that the citizenry are preparing for postwar business problems. One of these signs was seen on a small but tightly closed lunchroom near Yakima, Washington. Mr. Fred Solice of Portland, Oregon, says that it read: "Closed for the rest of the duration. Owner at home thinking up plans for grand peace reopening." And from Fort Smith, Arkansas, Mr. Edward J. Minsterlein reports that a filling station he saw bears the notice: Proprietor in the Army. That's the tip-off. Stick around." And we have a letter from a young lady who works for the Office of War Information. Increasingly, she says, writers of letters to that enormous agency want to know when "whatever it is that's going on will stop going on." At least one letter of that sort started out thus: "Dear Sir: If you can tip me off within two or three weeks of the date when this war will be over, I will thank you by cutting you in on something nice in a business way. I can't move till I know." However, there are those among us who look forward to peace with a minimum of enthusiasm. Mr. Cathcart Willis of St. Paul, Minnesota, overheard a very young girl saying to another very young girl, both of them hurrying to work in the morning: "And then I said to him, 'It's fine for you when you get out of the Army and back to work again, but I hate to think of us girls going back to just being women again.' "

AMONG our casualties when the American Army landed in Africa was Colonel Demas T. Craw. He was killed by machine-gun fire while nearing shore, where he hoped to induce the French garrison to capitulate without fighting. He volunteered for the job. It was his one hundred and thirty-seventh time under fire. In Collier's for October 3, 1942, he wrote an article: How Anti-British Tales Start. In the assignment that brought him death, he was an expert. He was an experienced observer for the Army Air Forces, and Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons has called him "our most valuable foreign observer." He was a brave man, a wise man, a humorous gentleman, a grand soldier. And we know too many men we could better afford to lose.

DOUBTLESS you've heard a great deal of highfalutin talk about government, national and international, after the war. Anyway we have. But any shining glories propounded by the sweetness-and-light lads will lack the backing of Mr. Ed Mungertone of Dallas, Texas. "You quoted somebody recently," writes he, "to the effect that we are fighting for the right to continue to elect incompetents to Congress. That's what we want to preserve. I do not propose to stand for having visitors from some half-pint state like New York or Pennsylvania or California come touring through Texas, stop at a filling station and tell me that their states are worse run than mine or that they send funnier men to Congress. I have pride, I have. Also, I have enough trouble figuring out already what my representatives in Washington and Austin are doing. If we get some system where guys with ideals and do-good theories take over, I won't have any idea what they're talking about and won't know how bad I'm getting gypped." . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

and the odds are that Captain Sloppy Hat will have a winged insignia on his shoulder and lapels.

Army Air Forces officers, by custom, take the grommet or wire out of their caps when they buy them and never replace it.

Ostensibly, they do this to enable them to wear earphones when piloting a plane. But the nonflying officers of the AAF as well as pilots assigned to desk jobs follow suit.

The real reason, say Army airmen, is that they wanted a distinctive cap of their own, but were turned down by the War Department. Army bigwigs have always discouraged movements to distinguish between the air and ground forces. But the AAF officers weren't to be denied. They got around the brass hats with a logical custom. And besides, that sloppy cap can be worn with a certain air.

At some of the Navy bases, a somewhat similar stunt has been pulled. Either black or tan shoes can be worn with the Navy khaki uniform. So by informal agreement here, naval airmen wear black footgear, and the deep-sea sailors wear tan, or vice versa.

THE roving members of the Army Air Forces Transport Command are as full of stories as the old-time traveling salesman. Some of their tales are on themselves. There is the one about Major Marshall L. M. McCrea, former American Airlines executive who before the war was manager of the El Paso Airport.

A few months ago, McCrea was stopping off at a town in Brazil, en route to or from Africa. He got some food and something to drink at a little inn and called for the check. It read—28,000 milreis. He protested vigorously. This was a fine way to rob an officer of an Allied country. The waiter just shook his head and called the manager.

"But what is the matter?" the latter exclaimed. "The major's check, it is right. Twenty-eight thousand milreis—eighty-three cents in North American money. That is correct."

REMEMBER when the big B-19 Army bomber was first unveiled? Douglas officials scratched their heads trying to think of a suitable name for the 80-odd-ton monster. Gargantua was considered and dropped. Ditto Mastodon and dozens of others that were in some way symbolic of gigantic size or of ruling the skies.

Finally they decided on Hemisphere Defender. It never went over like Flying Fortress, Airacobra, Spitfire, etc. But now the Army pilots at Wright Field have another name for the B-19—which is doing much valuable work as a flying laboratory for tomorrow's huge bombers.

The biggest airplane ever built in the United States is called Junior! . . . J. G. N.

The Fire in Thy Lodge

Continued from page 46

brownstone home on State Street, but they were married from the ancient narrow family house in Boston. She was wide-eyed with wonder, carefully restrained, all the way out west on the train, and for her first few weeks as new mistress of the great ranch house. The lovely pale mask of her face had never shown her feelings very much, her clear cool voice only rarely betrayed her most passionate self, but he had thought she was quietly happy in her own rigidly repressed way—until the night she suddenly burst out sobbing in his arms, in the darkness.

She wouldn't tell him why, only shaking her head and pressing her wet face closer into the hollow of his shoulder, and he had to guess: that she was lost in the alternate empty loneliness and raw, loose, lusty turmoil that marked off the seasons of frontier ranch life; that she was frightened by the wild new land, and hated its enormous primitive distances in contrast with the dim drawing rooms, the narrow streets, the little lamplit hills of Boston.

But she never let him know in words. She just went on, into the next day and the next week and the next month, with her tight self-discipline regained; being even more tender to him, as if she were making herself be tender; being even kinder to the half-wild little boy, until the dutifulness began showing through—although once or twice Lance had seen her watching the boy with a sort of mute pain, almost fear.

WHEN he looked back and tried to analyze, Lance had an idea that Joanna's actual mute rebellion dated from the sad business of the flower garden. She had marked out a plot against the south wing of the big log-and-timber house, had it fenced and laid with paths of mountain river gravel, and planted in prim designs a New England garden—lemon verbena and phlox and morning-glories. In the evening the cow hands carried pails of water, wobbling back and forth between the corral tank and the flower beds in their high-heeled boots.

The garden was very beautiful in a feminine and delicately formal sort of way which awed them and made them awkward on the paths. And then came the hot winds and the fierce afternoons of the Montana summer, and in a week the garden was a neat design of dried stalks and yellow leaves on baked powdery earth. In a windy sunset, Joanna stood looking at the ruin for a long time, and then she walked away and never went back to that side of the house. . . .

Topping the ridge, Lance looked down into the valley of the ranch house under the mountains. It was all in blue shadow, now, but patterned by corrals and pastures and fields, so that the one great shadow of the range of peaks was, from this height, many broken shadows of varying values of tone and of distance upon the flat floor of the valley. And the silver ribbon of the home river holding the last of the sky's light. With a weary gesture, Lance tossed away his dead cigarette and put his horse on the downward trail.

At the corral, the slouching figure of his foreman materialized out of the dusk and his slow voice asked, "Find everything nicely on the north ridges, boss?"

"Yes. The bunches are pretty well scattered in the draws and the feeding's good," Lance said. "Some Indian sign. But lots of travois marks traveling west, so all the women and young ones were along. Probably old Limping Bear's bunch going into the mountains for the berry month."

"Yeah, I saw that trail out in the open."

"How is the east range, Cal?"

"Nicely, boss. One yearling wolf killed about eight miles this side of Yellow Horse Creek. Summer pair of wolves, but I couldn't find the den, and no sign of the pups. So I left poison."

Lance walked on. The rambling roof of the ranch house loomed before him against the first stars, and unconsciously he made a long, troubled breath, almost a sigh. Pushing open the massive door, he went into the living room.

JOANNA had not come downstairs yet and it was dark and beginning to be cold because no one had lit the fireplace for the evening. His boot heels echoed emptily in space as he went to the far end of the room. Kneeling, he struck a match to the dry grass and mountain pine-knot kindling under the logs; and sitting back for a moment on his heels, watched the enormous high-ceilinged room emerge waveringly from the darkness as the licking flames took hold and climbed.

The uncertain light was kind to the massive furniture, hand-hewn from native wood, and it was silky on the skins of cougar and bear and mule deer, and it was a primitive and smoky light upon the colors of the Indian rugs and, high above, upon the railing of lodgepole pine which ran along the mezzanine gallery where the bedroom doors stood in a shadowed row. Only in the far corner, under a lofty window, did it find a darkly suave high light—upon the rounded corner of the concert grand piano which he had had shipped out for Joanna and which they had carted across the miles of range from town in the slowly lurching chuck wagon.

He arose suddenly as the door of Joanna's room opened above him, and going to the foot of the stairway, watched her white face, her dim gown, float along the shadow-haunted gallery and down the stairs. He held out his hand.

"How are you, darling?" he said softly.

"Good evening, Lancelot." She kissed him coolly.

"Have you had a pleasant day?" he asked.

She started to nod listlessly—and then suddenly, so suddenly he gasped, she was looking at him with a shaken, a frightening intensity.

"I must talk to you." Her voice shocked him; strained, hoarse, hardly more than a whisper, as if her throat had constricted spasmodically. "I have reached . . . I must . . ."

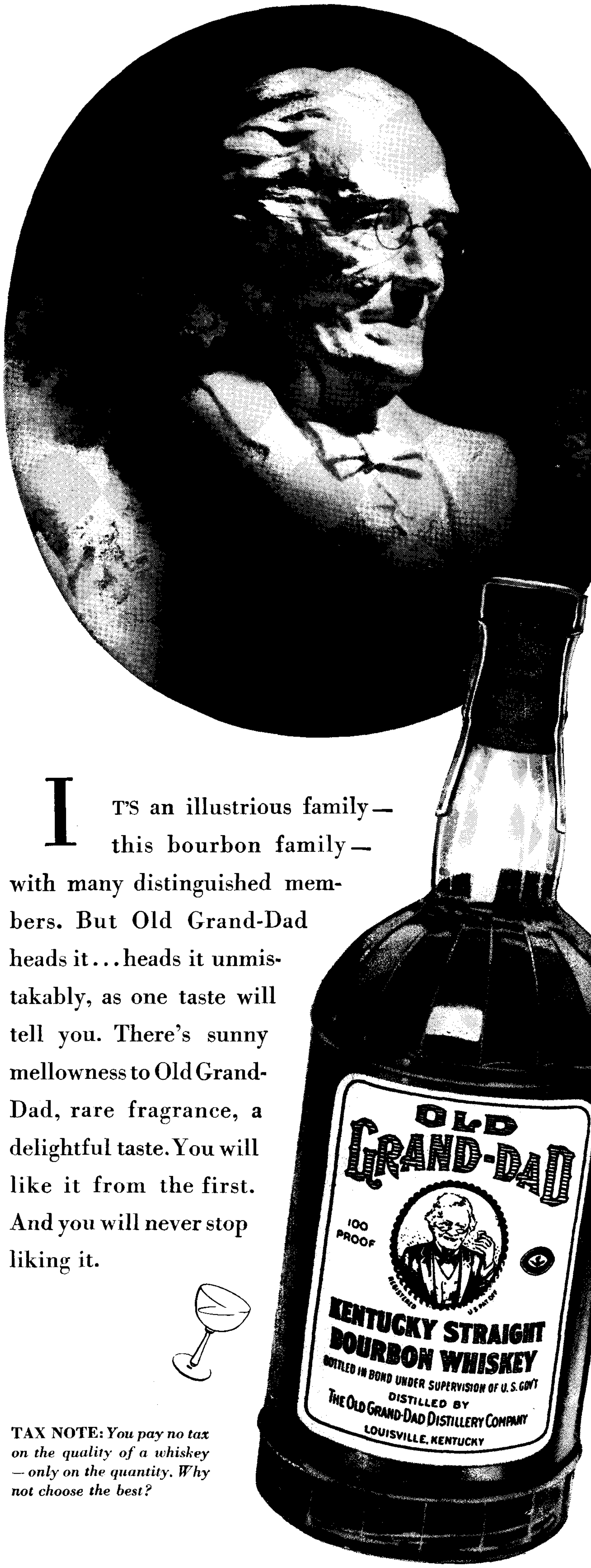
"W-why, of course," he said.

With a visible effort, she seemed to recover control of her voice. "Has Jefferson come in?" she asked quietly.

"I guess so," Lance said. "He rode ahead of me."

"He is always so quiet. I never know when he is here. . . . I will talk to you after dinner, then," she said. "What I have to say is nothing that a child should hear. . . ." He saw that she was shaking.

IT WAS a silent dinner table. Jeff ate silently, and quickly with hunger, but being careful about the formal manners his father had taught him in the years when they had dined alone. Joanna and Lance, at opposite ends of the long table, with the massive old silver candelabra


OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

IT'S an illustrious family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it... heads it unmistakably, as one taste will tell you. There's sunny mellowness to Old Grand-Dad, rare fragrance, a delightful taste. You will like it from the first. And you will never stop liking it.

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey — only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

from Tennessee between them, abandoned dinner-table conversation after a few halfhearted attempts. Even in the haze of candlelight, her face was paler than he had ever seen it, and it looked drawn, with shadows under the cheekbones.

After dinner, Jeff climbed the stairs to his room and closed the door softly. For a long, careful minute, Lance busied himself lighting a cigar at the fireplace. Joanna was wandering up and down the room, at first almost casually, letting her fingers trail absent-mindedly over furs and the backs of books, adjusting a silver vase of mountain wild flowers. But almost at once her stride lengthened, and Lance saw that her hands were beginning to clench and unclench at her sides.

"I can't stand it any more," she said in a dreadful, suppressed voice.

Lance pitched the new cigar into the fireplace and closed his eyes. Joanna said, from the other side of the room, "You know I love you." But she did not come nearer to him, nor even turn toward him.

"Yes," Lance said quietly, "we love each other."

"But this land—this horrible, raw land. Ugly, and empty, and brutal. The people are brutal, their lives are brutal. And empty—I don't suppose you would leave it, and take me home, to the East, where people can live as . . . ?"

"No," Lance said.

He thought: Brutality? Perhaps, a little. As in any new country. It takes tough men to tame wild land. But he had tried to keep her from knowing that phase—that, after all, rather minor phase—of life here. As for ugliness and emptiness, he had tried to make her days here beautiful, and he had thought her life would be as full as his.

"Well, I have to go," she said. "You must understand me. I have to go. Have you ever been afraid of insanity? I think I am partly insane, now. Sometimes. Another winter here—another endless, endless, terrible winter and I . . . I am afraid of the winter. . . . I—"

She broke off on a strangled, dry sob, turned sharply and stood staring out through the black panes of a window, at nothing. From the set of her shoulders he could see that she was fighting for control. After a while she said without looking around, "I suppose you think I am weak."

"No. Not weak," Lance said wearily.

"I don't belong here," she said. "Perhaps you do—you think you do—but I don't. I am not meant for this way of living. I can't cope with it. I've tried, but I can't. I'm not a pioneer. I'm not!"

Looking sadly at her, Lance thought that perhaps she was right. Perhaps she did belong in a dim New England parlor, with a background of family portraits, and curios and jewels and crystal and silks her ancestors had brought in ships from the far seas; perhaps she did need the richness and the quietness and the peace of old traditions and old ways of life. But her New England ancestors had been pioneers on a bleak coast, facing the snows, the winter forests of a new world. They had built their homes in a wilderness, and they had fought and killed for their homes.

"This country, this frontier life," Joanna said, "has nothing to give me. I am not alive here. I am a stranger in this incredible house. I am an intruder in—in—" For a second he was terrified that she was going to say *"in this house that a frontier woman helped you build,"* but she finished: "—in your way of living. And in Jeff's."

HE COULD have said, in sudden anger, that this new country, and this frontier life, and this house had nothing to give her because she had given them nothing. He could have told her that no corner of earth can give you anything of its beauty and its richness until you give yourself to it, a little, at least; that to be a stranger, one must choose to be. But he only bit his lip, and finally said hesitantly:

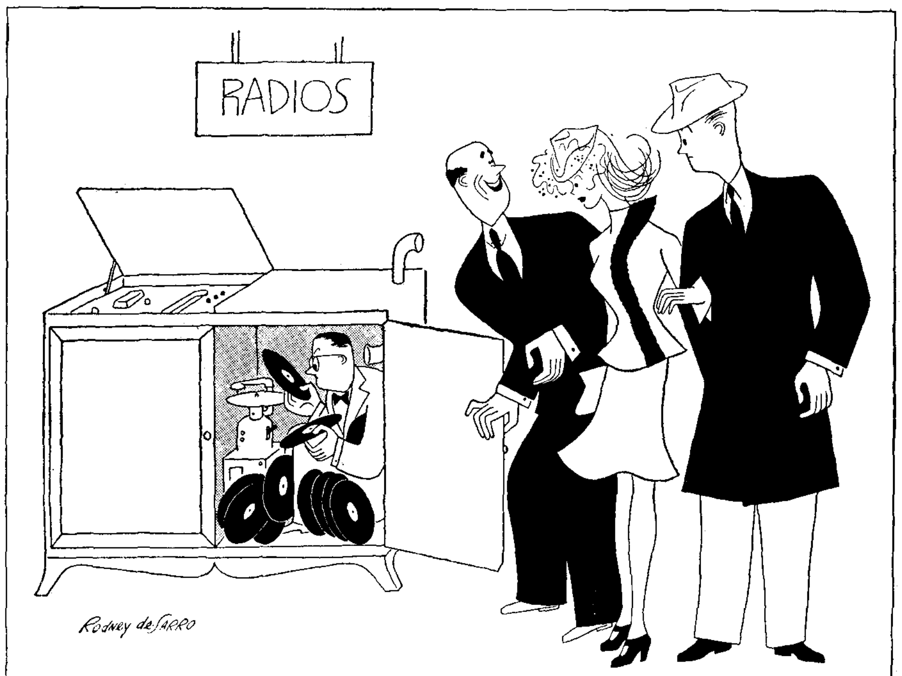
"You know, I—I wish you would ride with me tomorrow. You never have, you know, not really, not all day. I'm going along the south ridges tomorrow, and it's very beautiful along there. At this time of year. We could . . . could talk this over as we—"

"Lancelot," she said quietly, almost gently.

"Yes?"

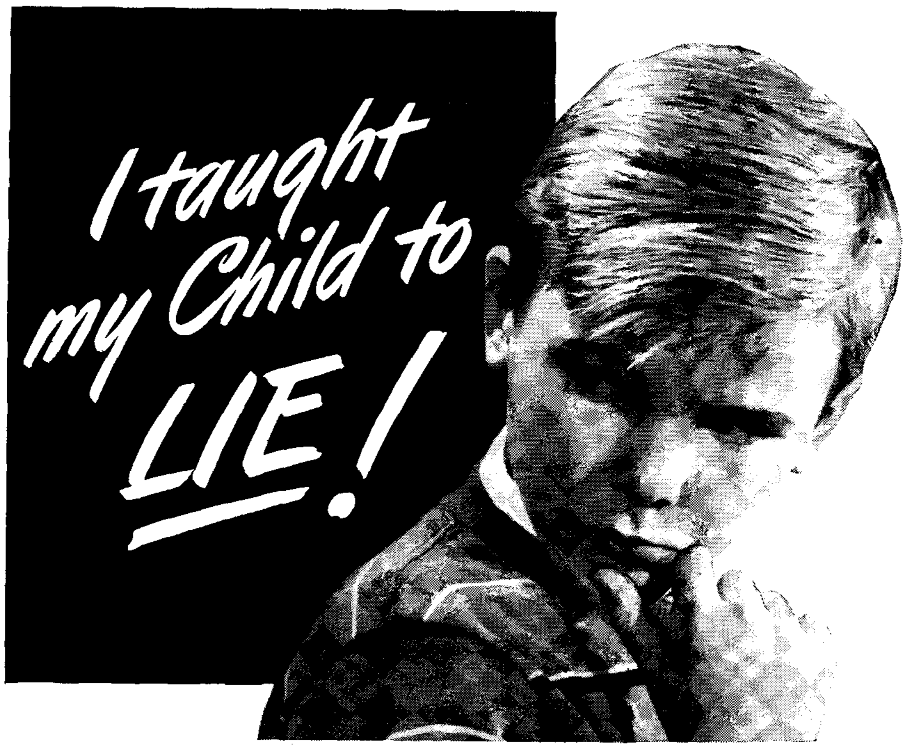
"I must go," she said. "I must. Perhaps I will come back. I *will* if I can, if I can learn to see our life together, here. Because I love you. But I need to—to gather myself. Please understand."

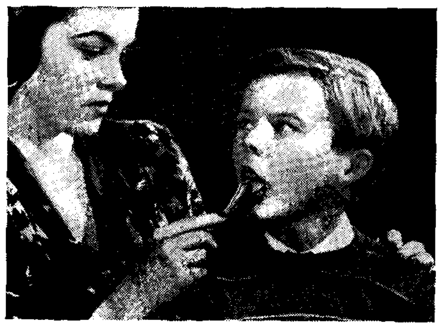
"Yes," he said. "I guess I do. When will you—" He paused, listening. A hurried arriving trample of hoofs on the river gravel outside the big front door; deep drawling voices growling curt words, questioning, back and forth; a pony, spent with running, blowing with a long wet breath. "It's settled, then,"



"This model is equipped with FM, and also plays request numbers"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO


I taught my Child to LIE!



I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I used to give him, he would actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong!*

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative — with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, the medicine only stirred him up inside and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild!*

IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild... it's *just right!*

Treat the children to the "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset the youngsters. It won't make them feel bad afterwards.

—it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be given to children with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes like fine chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

—it's just right!

•

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

EX-LAX IS AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING LAXATIVE!

FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN U.S.P. YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN NOT U.S.P.

10¢ & 25¢ at all drug stores

he said. "Do as you like, my dear. Let me know when you want to go and I will—pardon me a minute."

He went toward the front door, to answer the banging knocks. It sounded like somebody banging with a pistol butt. He scowled, and hesitated, thinking, *Drunks, maybe Harvey and his foreman on the way home from town, or maybe people from one of the big new Eastern outfits on the Warbonnet River.* With an apologetic glance at Joanna, he went on and unbolted the door. Joanna was turning in fastidious disdain toward the stairs.

AS THE heavy bolt slid back through its home-forged iron brackets, the door barged open abruptly and slammed around against the wall and he jumped back—but not quickly enough. The rim of a gun muzzle was making a steady round silver O at his belt buckle, and the burly dust-and-sweat-streaked front of the man behind the steady, hairy hand was coming into the light, into the room. Lance raised his eyes slowly, feeling the old familiar crawling and knotting of a vein in his forehead.

The man had pale, piggy eyes, and a dust-gray black handkerchief tied around his face, over the bridge of his nose. The black handkerchief bulged in front, from a mustache, and it bulged at the side around the jowls.

"Easy, boy," the man said, in a deep, curiously musical and friendly voice.

"Yeah," Lance whispered. His eyes shifted swiftly under slit lids to left and to right. Two other men were coming in behind the man, one at each shoulder. Ordinary, dusty men, with black handkerchiefs over their faces. They had their guns out, too. On second, swift look, one seemed to be only a punk kid, with scare-widened blue eyes and a wet, blond, dusty curl of hair sticking out over his forehead from under the sweatband of his hat. That was the one to be afraid of, Lance knew; that pistol muzzle was making little, jerky circles with nervous tension. The other one was a lean, murderous cadaver of an old-timer, deadly but stupid. Lance turned and started running toward the closet under the stairs where he had hung his gun belt.

A gunshot, empty as the slamming of a door in the vast, high room, and a haze of splinters fanned out from the peeled-log stair rail in front of him. The .45 slug left a shattered gash in the oiled wood. Lance stopped, the soles of his shoes skating a little on the floor. Grudgingly, he raised his hands a bit, not quite shoulder high, and turned.

"That's it, boy," the big man said. "You have real handsome hands. Hold 'em where I can admire 'em."

Joanna, shrinking against the wall, was staring at Lance, too, with eyes like pools of green ink in her white face. As he looked at her, she felt the wall and started walking toward him, and toward the stairs, like a sleepwalker.

"Good idea, ma'am," the big man said. "You stand right with him. Makes it simpler, for us and you, too."

With stiff jaws, frozen lips, Lance said, "What do you want?"

THE three men were coming toward them, walking with tired, wobbling deadliness on the high heels of their boots. The boy was behind Joanna, his nervous gun wavering at her back. The other two guns were steadily on Lance, as they came.

"We don't want nothing but horses, boy," the big man said. "We had a little accident. The kid's horse, here, he got unfortunately shot. Him and the old guy been riding double."

"Ah," Lance said. He knew now why the transcontinental train had been stopped beside the trees of Yellow Horse Creek. These men were train robbers....

"So," the big man said, "the kid, here, will stay with your wife while me and the old-timer goes with you out to your corral. And we will look over your remuda and get us some horses. It won't take long."

"M'mp," Lance said.

"The morning string is in the corral a'ready, ain't they?" the big man said.

"Yeah," Lance said. With agony, he had noticed, in a quick upward glance, that Jeff's door—the last door on the mezzanine gallery, the one above the fireplace, was gaping widely open. Another swift upward flick of his eyes, and he saw a small dim ghost stealing this way along the gallery. "Yeah," he said loudly. "It's all right. Let's go."

"You understand, boy," the big man said, "that if the kid, here, hears any shots or any noise out by the corral, his trigger finger is liable to jerk, even if he is staying here with your lady."

"Yeah," Lance said. "Let's go. Come on."

Joanna was staring at him, almost with disbelief. But Lance, under his lowered brows, was watching the slim little ghostlike figure that had just reached the head of the stairs.

He started toward the door, his hands still half raised unwillingly, but Joanna stopped him with a word:

"Lancelot?"

THE three masked men, moving with him, had slipped around in a moving arc, to keep their guns on them both. So now they stood at the foot of the stairs, a fan of guns. The kid was in the middle.

"Yes, my dear?" Lance said. Silently, silently, the little ghost figure of Jeff was coming down the stairs.

"I—" Joanna said. "P-please, can't we—"

"Come on, you," Lance snarled harshly, but his voice cracked with fear as he saw Jeff, halfway down the stairs, crouch against the wall to size up the strangers, his small intent face, almost thoughtful, turning from one to the other. "Come on, come on, let's get it over. It's all right. It's *all right!*" Lance said. "We won't have any fight over it. *Do you hear?*"

"Well, boy," the big man said, "that's right handsome of you. We didn't expect you'd be quite so—"

But with a quick, sliding, descending patter of bare feet, Jeff had made his choice and was the rest of the way down the stairs—and had leaped. Like a mountain rattler in a leaping strike from his coil, like an arrow from an Indian bow.

He was on the kid's back, clinging as a cougar clings; killing silently with skinny little hands knotting, digging in and knotting, around a scrawny windpipe. Jeff had picked the dangerous one.

Lance jumped, throwing himself in front of Joanna as the kid's gun made a dirty orange stab of flame, but the stab was knocked downward, toward the floor, and the gun went clattering as Jeff silently twisted his knotted hands, and Lance's right arm felt cracked to the shoulder as his fist slogged into the jowls of the big man. His knuckles felt the black cloth of the handkerchief and the flesh of the jowls and the cutting edge of the jawbone. The big man spraddled grotesquely as he fell and the whole shapeless askew black mask had an expression of extreme surprise.

And then as Lance turned and started for the old-timer, before him and under

"First off, I'm going to ask you where you got that shirt."

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him darted the figure of Joanna, reaching—no, diving—for the gun the kid had dropped on the floor, and then the old-timer's gun stabbed once with the same dirty orange flame, and a large, lazy blow caught Lance on the left shoulder and spun him around, quite painlessly, a half turn around, and his legs were suddenly pleasantly tired and he had to stagger to make the turn complete so he would still be facing the old-timer.

And as he fell in slow motion, he saw something queer. It was as if an invisible hand were slapping the murderous old-timer on the chest in jovial greeting. Every time the invisible hand slapped, the old-timer's shirt jumped a little and a little dust fanned out. And just as Lance hit the floor, he got his head around and saw Joanna, backed against the stairs, the kid's .45 spitting steadily from her calm, white hand.

And pitching forward from his knees to bump his head on the floor, Lance had two fading notions:

"The Puritans aren't dead."

And—

"Any place you defend is, a little, at least, home. Joanna has put in a stake here, now. She belongs. . . ."

Toward midnight—long after the uproar was over, long after Jeff had gone upstairs to bed, to dream whatever strange, silent dreams he might have under the mountains of his people—Lance, lying on the long hand-hewn sofa, strained the bandages of his shoulder to push the sheet and blankets away from his face, and look at Joanna.

She sat, holding out her hands to the fire on the hearth as if they were cold, as if to warm them; and her face was very beautiful, and very abiding, in the firelight.

THE END

The Black Road

Continued from page 47

jabbering a speech he did not know. The one with the torch took him by the hand and led him into the hall where logs blazed in a huge fire hearth. Mark took in the place with a glance—the heads of stag and buffalo fastened to the walls, the flax hanging from the rafters, the crude swords and huge embroidered coats of the score of armed men who filled the benches by a long table, the yellow-haired maids carrying wine jugs, the spinning wheels stowed away in the corners. "The hall of a small nobleman," he thought, "who likes hunting. But where is he and what is he?"

THERE was a high seat, empty, at the table near the fire. There were gold dishes and a white cloth at that place; behind it, a shield of arms bearing something like a dragon, obscured by smoke.

It surprised him that these people seemed to be getting ready to dine, rather than flee the place. One of the men bowed to Mark and pointed behind him. Mark did not turn around. He preferred to face these strangers and he chose to keep the sack of barley slung over his arm.

"Panna Marya!" growled the bearded man.

"I hear you, brother," said Mark to himself, "but the devil himself couldn't make me turn my back to twenty swords."

Then he heard a woman laugh softly behind him and he swung around quickly enough.

She had not meant to pose there. Only she looked like a painting, like the stiff dragon on the shield. For pearl strings lay heavy on her young shoulders, and silver tissue made a crown on her dark hair. Such things did not fit her because her lips were quivering with laughter, and her eyes merry and knowing. She was holding a silver tray and on that tray, a dish of salt and a piece of broken bread.

"Chlieb sol," she said, curtsying. She chattered at him, the words meaning nothing to Mark. He had not seen a maid like this in his life's time, because he was newly come out of the East. *"Eheu, hospes,"* she cried at him. "Oh, guest, speak, can't you?"

She was speaking Latin then, and Mark had once been taught that language by a wandering friar. Only this youthful Marya rattled it out like a bird singing: "I greet you, sir. And the bread and salt of my house I offer you."

A side of mutton was what Mark craved. Swearing silently, he took a morsel of bread, dipped it in the salt and chewed it. Then the girl Marya in her queenly garb fetched him a gold cup of spiced wine.

It felt heavy in his hand, and he guessed the gold to be solid and old. As he drank, he thought that this cup, slipped into his bag, would pay his way to Venice. "A kiss with the cup is good," he grinned, remembering a verse that the friar had not taught him.

For a second, Panna Marya's eyes searched his. Then they widened, fastening upon something on his shoulder. "A kiss, truly," she whispered, slipping up to him, taking his hand. She still looked into his eyes when his lips touched hers and his arm pressed hard against her slim back.

"Nay, you will spill the wine." She smiled. "I did not know that you were *crucifer*. An honor it is, so to greet a cross-bearer."

No more had Mark known that he was a crusader. The black mantle he wore had a cross sewn on the shoulder because it had belonged to his father.

But Panna Marya acted as if Michael the Archangel had dismounted in her hall. She clapped her hands, she cried out, the towheaded maids scurried around like hens when grain is scattered, old men climbed into the gallery among the stag heads and began to make music. The men-at-arms clanked around Mark, jabbering, and Marya skipped back to interpret.

The giant Kmita, captain of the men-at-arms, pulled off his iron cap and swept his beard below his belt in a bow.

"My people say it is a good omen that you should come at this hour," cried the girl. "And I say so, too."

She led him to the high seat by the fire and made him sit where the gold service gleamed on the boards, while a flustered maid offered him a silver basin of water to rinse his hands before eating.

Kmita drove the maids back to the hearth and brought the platters of smoking pigeon and pork and venison to Mark himself, bowing each time. It was the custom of her people, Marya explained—the Polish people. Didn't he know? He shook his head, eating fast.

When he got up, taking his bag on his arm, Marya looked at him, dismayed.

"But it is night. You must sleep and rest and break your fast with us, Mark!"

He did not think he had heard aright. "You mean to *stay?"*

"I? Yes."

"Here, in this castle?"

The girl Marya seemed to be troubled because he did not understand. She had been visiting Kracow, she said, for the Easter festival when she had heard the country was invaded. So she had hurried back to the Dragon—as she called the castle.

"You think you can defend this place?" Mark asked. "With what?"

Hesitating, she pointed at Kmita and the henchmen, chewing tranquilly at their meat.

Mark shook his head impatiently. "Lady, the horsemen who follow after me have laid Cathay in waste. Men say that they cracked open Kiev like a melon, and now they may be venturing into these mountains of yours—"

"True—we know. But I had hope"—her gray eyes appealed to him—"that you, a war wager, might abide with us."

How her eyes held him! He could feel the touch of her lips and he did not want to leave her behind.

"Listen"—he was glad the henchmen could not understand him—"it is too late now to evacuate the folks here. But we can drive our horses tonight and with luck get others at Kracow. Change your dress." He glanced at the old-fashioned strings of pearls. "Take your jewels in a bag. Have a fast horse saddled, but hurry!"

The girl Marya gripped tight the carved arms of her chair. "To go away, with you? Only we two?"

"It's a chance, a good chance. What did you say about an omen?" Mark was thinking of the road ahead, full of refugees. "In a month we can be in Venice. And if Venice is not safe, then there is the sea and England."

"Eng-land?" She did not seem to understand. She said something about her father the castellan, and her grandfather, and the way they had built the castle, and something else about a dragon that watched over it, protecting it.

"Dragons are not what they were," Mark laughed. It was so like the girl to think of a legend at a time like this. "Not in these days."

"But this one is!" She brushed the mass of dark hair from her cheeks and smiled at him. "Come! I want you to see!"

Slinging the bag on his arm, he followed her out of the hall through the massive doorway of the donjon. "Now, look," she said, holding to the door.

BEDLAM resounded outside. Torches flared in the courtyard where wild figures pushed through the outer gate—huntsmen with game on their shoulders, peasants pushing long wagons creaking under loads of kegs and sacks of food. Women with babies lashed in shawls behind their backs, and older children herding in steers and sheep.

Mark recognized these people as refugees he had passed on the road.

"My father said the castle was ours in time of peace and it is for them in time of war. They have no other place to go."

"By the eyes of God," Mark muttered, "are you coming?"

"I—they would not know what to do without me."

Her fingers caught at his and then let go. Why had he sat here gossiping like a midwife for two hours?

He jumped down the steps, pushing toward his horse. "Close the gate and knock out those torches!" he shouted,

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his skin cold with the feel of danger here. Swinging into the saddle of the roan mare he rode through the gate without looking back.

At the main road he stopped, listening. Evidently the Poles were all inside the castle, because he could hear nothing. But down the road the way he had come, a gray patch blacked out and then reappeared. Something was moving there without making any noise.

Wheeling the roan mare he trotted up the road. Drawing the morning star from his belt he held it where the chains would not jangle. He did not see the riders ahead of him until he was close to them.

There were three of them, waiting, silent. Mark dug in his spurs, bent his head and swung up the battle mace. A bow snapped and something jarred against the steel mail above his belt.

He took the middle rider on his right hand and lashed out with the morning star. The spiked balls smashed into metal and flesh, and that man fell from the saddle. Mark spurred through between the others.

He did not see the rope that caught him over the head and shoulder. Since he was bending forward, it tore him from the saddle when it tightened. Hours later he saw that one of the Mongols had a pole tipped with a long rope ending in a noose. If Mark had seen it cast—

But he felt the dirt of the road in his fingers and the soft run of blood in his mouth, and in a moment he felt the sharp wrench of a twisted arm. The rope held him tight, helpless as a trussed pig, with his horse vanished into the night. Leather creaked above him—he caught the stench of wet hides. A figure picked up something from the road, and he heard the clank of the morning-star chains.

The man standing over him groped for Mark's head. *"Adam tzee!"* this one demanded. "What—man?"

"Farang," Mark said. A Frank of the West, he was.

The Mongols seemed amazed that he could speak a language some of them knew. One said, "This one truly has a voice. It will be of use to us."

They pulled him to his feet by the rope, to see if he could stand. For a moment, curious as children, they examined the morning star they had taken from him, passing the weapon from hand to hand. Then one of them noticed the light in the tower above the pine trees. At once they covered the blue, painted lantern, and a low command was repeated back through the ranks of the pagan riders.

Turning off the road into the pines they began to climb toward the castle, taking Mark with them . . .

AT SUNRISE, Arslan Khan, the Mongol officer, called Mark up to him. "Our bows are strong, our horses swift, our hearts hard as the mountain rock," he said, smiling. "Do you understand my words, *Farang?"*

Mark nodded. It was easy enough to understand the words of Arslan Khan, but not so easy to guess what his meaning might be.

With an effort Mark drew closer, dragging the leg on his injured side and holding his wrenched arm carefully.

"Then tell me," demanded Arslan Khan, "why the white-faced men in that stone house do not come out?"

They had climbed to a knoll opposite the massive, iron-studded gate of the castle, over which floated a banner bearing a white eagle. The gate was closed. The round towers, nicely spaced for cross fire, appeared stronger than the Englishman had thought in the night. But along the battlements no heads showed. This silence puzzled the Mongol.

"How would I know?" Mark said thoughtfully. "Ask them?"

Instead, Arslan Khan sat down on his leopard skin tranquilly. He leaned back against a stone slab on which the outline of a dragon showed. This slab, Mark thought, was the entrance to a tomb overgrown with ivy, set into the knoll. At least, it bore Marya's family crest.

"Nay, you will ask them, *Farang,* with these words."

Carefully Arslan Khan placed Mark's morning star by his knee. Two other gnomelike horsemen sat impassively behind the prisoner, apparently paying him no attention. Down by the road, a half-dozen Mongol troopers let their horses graze. No others were visible, although Mark felt certain that three or four hundred had come up the road that night. They want those Poles to sally out, Mark reasoned. So far, the Poles were lying low.

"Tell them," the Mongol went on, "we are servants of the great Khan who holds the world between his hands. We have no bad hearts toward the Christians. Tell them to throw their weapons over that wall and open that gate. Then if they give up to us what treasure they have hidden away we will take it with the weapons and go. The living people and their cattle we will not take." His eyes shifted to the silent Englishman. "Make your voice clear. We have no mind to kill those Christians."

"And if I will not?"

"I myself will kill you."

Mark shrugged. "I will do as you wish. Only give me a horse. I am too lame to move."

The Mongol glanced at him impatiently. "A wounded bird has no need of wings," he grunted.

That, Mark reflected, was true enough. Arslan Khan was much too experienced to give his prisoner a chance to ride for it. So Mark began dragging himself painfully down the rise toward the silent gate, a long bowshot away. Close behind him the two guards followed, not troubling to draw their swords.

Midway to the wall he stopped, noticing a movement within the embrasures over the gate. "Panna Marya!" he called.

After a moment her voice answered.

"Listen," he said clearly. "These Mongols who hold me offer you a fair surrender if you open that gate."

"Yes, Sir Mark." Her voice came down to him, muffled.

"Don't do it. Don't hear to their promise. Belike, they will try other tricks. Keep lights going at night and *watch,* or you are all dead."

"We hear, O Knight of the Cross," the voice quavered as if laughing, "and we bow to thy wisdom! It must have served thee well." Then the voice changed: "Only, listen to me now. Kmita hath a plan to reach thee. Ay, to go out—"

"Devil take Kmita! Keep him behind the gate."

"But he will not—"

"If he follows his feet a spearcast outside, he will be dead before you can say orisons for him. Let be!"

For a moment the Polish girl kept silent. "What will you do?" she asked.

Mark hesitated. "What can I do? Nay, I go with these pagans and I will keep my hide whole."

Her foolish valor angered him. At least, he thought, now these Poles would trouble no more about him. Being angry, he almost forgot to drag his leg as he turned away with the two Mongols.

Painfully he dragged himself up to Arslan Khan's observation point. "Those Christians," he said bluntly, "will surrender. They ask only for the time until the sun is highest in the sky, to consult together and dig up their treasures."

Arslan Khan's eyes narrowed. *"Kai—* the voice that spoke for them was a woman's voice."

"Aya tak. Ay, so. Their commander is a woman, a princess."

STILL the Mongol pondered. "What precious things have they? What treasure?"

"Cups of gold and strings of pearls. Enough to fill the arms of one man." For an instant, Mark remembered his own lost jewels.

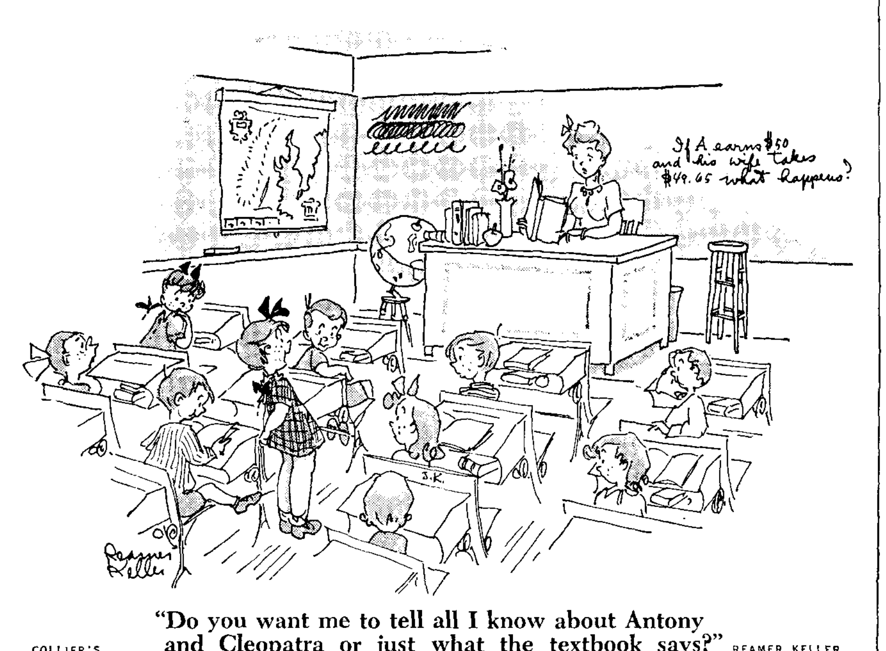
The Mongol's eyes glowed green and he struck his hands together. "Now I will go over those walls and rip those Christians open like melons."

He shouted an order.

Mark heard, at first, only a stirring and trampling along the ground. Then he knew it to be a rush of hundreds of horses.

The charge came headlong out of the pines, along the road. Lashing their horses, the riders spread to each side. Sharply the speeding mass divided, half of it reining in almost under the shadow of the wall, the riders snatching arrows out of the sheaths at their hips and sending a flight of shafts upward at the summit of the wall. They kept their horses in motion, yelling, *"Kiari-ghar!"*

The first half of the riders did not rein in until their horses wheeled against the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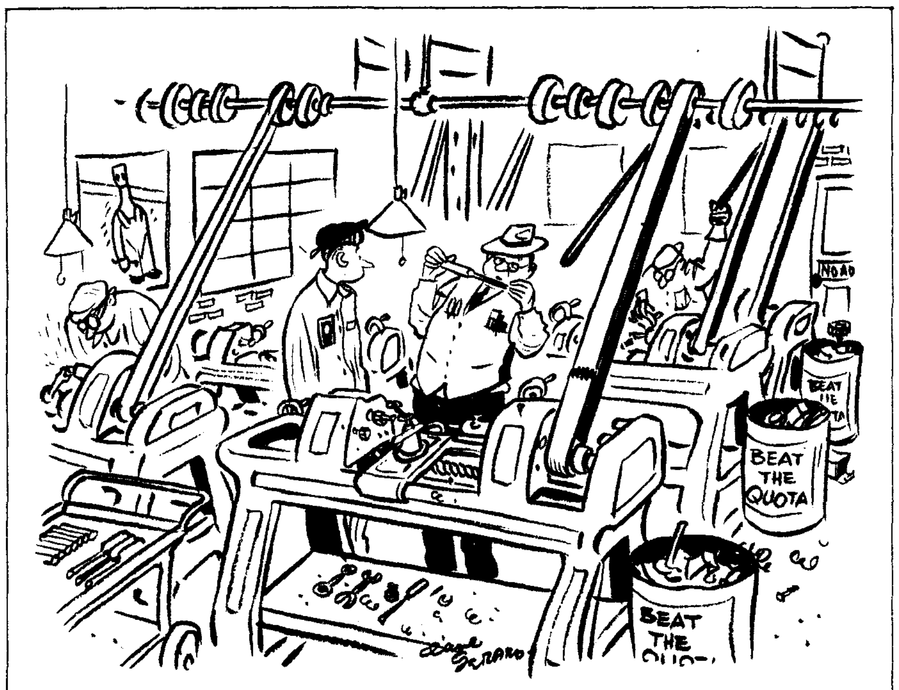
COLLIER'S "Do you want me to tell all I know about Antony and Cleopatra or just what the textbook says?" REAMER KELLER



COLLIER'S "By rule of thumb, I'd say it was off about 3/10,000" DAVE GERARD

stones of the curtain wall between the gate and a tower. Those pressed against the wall stood up in their saddles, grasping at one another and the rough surface of the stones. Above them lances were thrust up against the wall, and men scrambled up on the shoulders of the first rank, hauling themselves higher on the locked lances, clutching at the crenels of the top.

In less than a minute they were at the parapet, climbing like monkeys, screaming their, *"Ghar-ghar!"* Somewhere kettledrums pounded in cadence with the voices.

Mark knew the attack had been blinding in speed, the racket meant to confuse the garrison until the first Mongols could get their footing on the wall itself.

That wall, however, came alive. Men rose between the crenels, and battle-axes smashed down on the climbers. Giant Poles swung flails down as if threshing wheat. Two of them heaved a heavy beam over the parapet. Kmita's swordsmen, running up from the gate, began to slash with their blades, and the leather-clad Mongols were smashed down like fruit from a shaken tree.

FOR the moment, Arslan Khan was paying no attention to his prisoner. Swaying on his haunches, he was staring at the wall but not at the spot where his riders still struggled to climb on the bloodstained lances. He was watching another face of the wall, in deep shadow.

Here a half company of his men had slipped up to the foot of the wall. They had no horses and they wore gray felt capes that made them look like giant moles crawling up. And the first of them carried pole lariats that they cast up at the parapet. Metal hooks on the ends of the ropes caught over the stones. Men hauled themselves up the ropes bracing their feet against the stones.

Mark swore silently. The racket by the gate drowned out the noise made by the climbers.

Then he saw figures running on the summit of the wall—figures of Polish women. They began to chop at the ropes with axes and to throw blankets over the heads of the climbers, while they worked at the ropes. Panna Marya was among them. In a minute the ropes were cut. The Mongols below, enraged, could only loose arrows at the women.

Arslan Khan shouted an order, and the surviving Mongols began to run back clumsily toward the knoll.

From the wall, crossbow bolts flickered. The archers covering them circled desperately to avoid the iron bolts that smashed among them. They will not try that again, Mark thought.

Moving his head slowly, he saw that the two men behind him were intent on the road below. Arslan Khan sat rigid as a statue before the tomb, his breath hissing from his body. For the moment he was not thinking of the prisoner who had deceived him.

Without hurrying, Mark got to his feet, crouching. The leg that had seemed helpless was firm beneath him as he jumped at the Mongol. And Arslan Khan moved with the swiftness of an animal. One hand snatched the long knife from his girdle, stabbing at Mark's throat.

Mark swung down his head, feeling his shoulder strike under the Mongol's arm. They rolled over on the ground. But Mark gripped hard the shaft of the morning star for which he had made his leap. He rolled over in the dust, gathering his feet under him, knowing that the Mongol was quicker than he. *"Ghar!"* he heard at his back.

He gave himself no second to stand. Crouching, he whirled, lashing behind him. One of the spiked balls of the morning star caught the Mongol's leg and he staggered, off balance. Swinging up the steel flail, Mark brought it down on the Mongol's light helmet; and Arslan Khan whirled to the ground, his skull crushed—even as his dagger arm struck at Mark.

Reaching down to pick up the dead man's shield, Mark thrust his injured arm into it and stepped forward to meet the rush of the two guards, who had drawn their swords.

He took a blow on the shield and struck with the morning star. But the agile Mongols sprang back, having seen how death flashed from the flying spikes.

Facing them Mark backed toward the stone slab of the tomb. Other Mongols were running up from the road with bows. He could not reach a horse now and he tried to put the tomb at his back, to face them, as an arrow whirred by him.

He heard a grinding and a crash beside him. He saw the stone slab fall into the dust, and a giant figure raced from the tomb. *"Slava bohu!"* it roared. And with flailing sword, it crushed into the nearest Mongol.

It was Kmita, mad with excitement. Behind him the dragon tomb spewed forth clumsy men in mail, racing one another toward the leading Mongols. They struck with heavy battle-axes and they threw long spears.

Those Mongols, startled by the apparition of men pouring out of the hilltop, turned and ran down the hill, dodging among the pines for their horses. Behind them labored the Polish men-at-arms, calling to them to halt and fight.

Mark looked once into the tomb, seeing no grave, but an open passage leading down, crowded with the garrison of the castle pushing out after Kmita. He went with them.

To the Mongols it seemed as if an army, hidden in the ground, had been lying in wait until now. They hurried away with their horses and wounded, down to the road through the mountains. . . .

"It was," said Panna Marya, "a thought of my father, who was castellan of these mountains. He said we should have two gates here—one seen and one unseen. We called it the dragon's lair."

Reflectively, Mark rubbed his lame arm, sitting on the doorstep of the hall beside this girl.

"Now it is clear to me, lady," he said, "that you have met pagan fighters before."

"We have so," she nodded, "for a hundred years." She looked at him, pleased.

Sitting there in her gleaming gown, she thrust the dark hair back from her slender throat. The scent of the hair was in his nostrils, and the light of her in his eyes. She will never be afraid, he thought.

"They come over the road because it is the road through these mountains," she said. "The black road, we call it." And she hesitated, turning her face from him. "You will not be taking to the road now, Sir Mark?" she asked.

HE THOUGHT about that. Through the courtyard he saw Kmita pushing by the cattle and carts, past the peasant women who were milking cows and piling hay for the wounded to lie on. Through all this bedlam of a farmyard with its folk, Kmita was carrying a cloak which Mark recognized as his own.

When Kmita reached the steps he held it out in his great paw. Bowing to the belt he shouted angrily, his eyes gleaming.

"He is saying," Panna Marya explained, "how he wanted to go out and rescue you when the pagans made their surprise attack. He is saying that if harm had come to a knight of the Cross at our gate, it would have been a shame to us forever."

Mark took back the cloak which the Polish captain of men-at-arms had found along the road and he thanked Kmita. He smiled and Kmita grinned.

Here he was, with the Cross again, with his wealth gone galloping off. Here he was, not in a palazzo of Venice but shut up in a frontier castle with hordes of pagans roving the countryside.

Panna Marya looked up at him, troubled, trying to read his mind. "Last night," she whispered, "when you rode away, I was frightened."

"You?"

"Yes—of the night and being left alone. I—I wanted so to go away with you to Venice and to live."

Mark, late lord of Kerak, swore silently at himself, understanding now for the first time how frightened this girl was and how she had made a feast of supper the evening before, thinking it might be her last. He shoved away a bawling calf, put his good arm around her, and laughed.

"Panna Marya, the devil take Venice! This is where we belong, both of us!"

THE END

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FINE ARTS

5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 90 PROOF
THE BLEND OF

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Oran Overture

Continued from page 13

"Look, doctor," he said to the American surgeon, "if they get me in both legs, shoot me—no, don't." He was grinning and pretty casual about it. He might have been joking. "But if they get me in both eyes, for God's sake put me away—but give me a drink first."

Mike drank a glass of water and wandered out.

When the doctor began laying out his instruments on the mess table I went out, too. The cutter rammed through the blackness of the Mediterranean. The phosphorescent water seemed to hiss against her plates. Somewhere just ahead were the curving black hills of the African coast. Behind us came our sister cutter and the two launches.

My battle station was the bridge. I hobbled over to the ladder, crossing the deck beneath which our men, packed in tense silence, awaited the signal that meant the boom had been broken, that their job was beginning. There were six hundred of us, just as the kid from Kentucky had said. I climbed to the bridge.

The Black Cliffs of Africa

The skipper was waiting for word that the main invasion forces had begun landing on each side of Oran while we headed for the harbor.

"This is my meat," the captain said. "This is what I've been waiting for. You know, it's only when I get a whiff of battle smoke that I really begin to live."

We stood quietly in the darkness. Then we saw lights—little pin points of light to our right. Abruptly there were the black cliffs of Africa. There was Oran.

A wireless message from headquarters told us the invasion had started elsewhere. An order came: "There has been no shooting so far. Do not start a fight." Metallically the loud-speaker system carried the order to the men packed below decks, lying on their bellies as close together as sardines. There was a nervous little chuckle in response. Then we waited. The Walney surged toward the harbor entrance. The chief engineer had kept his word. We were there.

Something was happening down the coast. A sizzle of brilliance crept across the sky; exploded lazily. A lookout's voice came clearly, "Star shells off starboard, sir." A British warship was creating a fireworks diversion on schedule. Still the shore was black. Then from somewhere a searchlight blinked. It turned idly for a moment, then swung upon us. It snapped off, there was darkness again, and then the angry crash of gunfire.

We turned out to sea; turned again, and headed back toward our goal. We had crossed a thousand miles of the Atlantic from Britain and pitched through two hundred and fifty miles of the Mediterranean, and here, at last, was our goal—a little boom made of chains stretching across the entrance of Oran harbor. We had to break it. We had to get inside the harbor and seize ships and shore batteries. An order was passed to the men below, "Lie flat for crash. We are approaching boom." We braced ourselves against the devilish symphony of machine-gun and artillery fire. Our tommy guns began talking back.

Shells and bullets crashed into us, and almost as the Walney shuddered with the impact, she snapped the boom. We were through. It had been as easy as that.

But in another moment there was a second grinding crash. We'd struck and splintered one of our launches. And then shore gunners really got our range. Up in the forward turret Mike died in a quick flash of high explosives. The next shell crashed into our engine room. Our power was gone and we were drifting. For a minute we drifted unmolested in sudden quiet. It was the turn of our sister cutter. She was in a deluge of fire.

Later I learned that at the critical moment of passing the boom her skipper was struck in the eye by shrapnel. The cutter crashed into the breakwater, but most of the personnel got ashore before she blew up.

We drifted slowly past a floating drydock. For a second I saw part of the breakwater wall and in the glare could read three painted words, "La Belle France." We dropped our Commando troops. Then came the most incredible moment of the whole attack. Our chief of staff was as British as Yorkshire pudding. But he came to the bridge in American coveralls, wearing an American helmet. Amazingly he had two six-shooters strapped to his belt in high Western cowboy holsters, and a tommy gun under his arm. He was almost a caricature—a musical comedy Englishman's idea of an American. Or perhaps, a Frenchman's idea. And that was his real purpose—to make things look as American as possible at first glance.

"FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM"

On November 22d the author, United Press Correspondent Leo S. Disher, was awarded the Purple Heart by Major General Lloyd R. Fredendall of the A.E.F. in Africa. The citation stated, in part, that Disher "distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism and meritorious performance of duty against an armed enemy . . . although several times wounded . . . and displayed great devotion to duty and rendered meritorious public service by recording the details of the attack on Oran."

The Skipper Makes a Plea

The skipper turned and said, "All right, let them have it." The guns on shore began to fire again, but our chief of staff took his hands off the butts of his six-shooters, gripped the loud-speaker microphone and began talking to the French on shore in their own language. He even spoke French with an American accent. "Cease firing," he said. "We are your friends. We are Americans. Cease firing." It seemed to me then that hell exploded all around us. We were hit time and again. The chief of staff was a brave man. His voice went on amid the awful noise of battle until he fell against the microphone with his six-shooters still unfired in their holsters.

Everything was happening at once. The officers below decks began directing American assault troops under the command of Lieutenant Colonel George Marshall of Jacksonville, Florida, to midships, where they were partially screened by the superstructure as they went over the side. A shell hit one of our fuel drums, spreading liquid fire along the deck. A destroyer loomed in front of us. We tried to ram but missed, and there was a savage burst of fire from its guns at almost muzzle-end range. The bridge was raked and raked again.

A French cruiser began firing too, and then a submarine on our portside opened up. My crutches were knocked away in the first crush of falling men. I fell and crawled to the outside wing bridge in an attempt to see. Shell bursts wounded me in both legs. The Walney caught fire below deck. Pimms, the navigator, died on the bridge. I could see only a dull red glare and one man moving on the bridge. It was the skipper. "Who is it?" he shouted. I told him and he shouted something but I never heard, because we got another direct hit. I don't think the captain moved after that, but behind me, dimly, sketchily, I could hear another voice shouting. It was Lieutenant Cole, who had been worried about his wife. He was swaying like a tall, slim wraith on the smoky rear of the bridge.

"Okay!" he was shouting. "Everybody get off! Get ashore!" Somewhere below, our depth charges began exploding. "Everybody ashore!" Our ammunition began blowing up. I never realized until many hours later that he was shouting all the time directly against a blank wall. He has been reported missing in action.

A shell exploded inside the sick bay directly below, killing, among others, an American doctor who was operating on the wounded. The British doctor was dying from a shellburst in the wardroom. He was also hit while operating. I suddenly wondered in a brief flash what had happened to the soldier we had fished from the water and put in the hospital section. Out of the frying pan was right! I began crawling again. I had to crawl over men who had been standing beside me a few minutes earlier. My hands were wet and sticky.

The task-force commander, meanwhile, had been hit in the shoulder by a bullet and knocked from the bridge ladder by a shellburst. He swam ashore. The Walney was lurching and heaving. Remembering the "Get ashore" order I stumbled past the ship's railing which had been torn away by shell fire and fell into the water. The inflated life preserver around my chest had been punctured by shrapnel. The life preserver on my broken ankle held my leg up, but my head was under water until I could rip the preserver off. I swam to a merchant ship's hawser, to which five men were clinging in an apparent trap, with a high wall on one side and French fire behind. They showed wet and ghastly in the glare of the burning cutter, while the water around hissed with the impact of bullets and metal fragments. I looked back at the Walney, expecting to hear the final explosion any moment. She was dying, fearfully, shuddering with explosions. I thought that in one red flash I could see the Stars and Stripes still flying from her stern. She went down that way. She never struck her colors.

With infinite weariness I swam into the blackness between a lurching merchant ship and the pier. My eyes closed. My fingers clawed water. I touched a rope and discovered I was again determined to live. I hauled myself up until I got my elbows over the pier rim. Then the full weight of the cast on my leg caught me and I knew I couldn't make it. Slowly and painfully I began losing my grip. Then a single hand groped down and braced me. I swung my good leg up and it caught. Then the hand from above began to pull, and I rolled over the edge with open, gasping mouth pressed against the stone surface of the pier. I could see the man who had pulled me up as a hazy, unreal figure swaying near me. But I saw enough. He had used only one hand because the other had been shot away. I never knew his name, never even knew his nationality, because just then a bullet struck my injured foot. Another bullet later hit the wall and bounced into my temple. I was crawling, sprawling into the dirt, crawling again.

A Tunnel of Agony

An American soldier and I eventually called out to a French patrol and were taken prisoner to a hospital tunnel, dug deep into a cliff and choked with wounded men.

At dawn I was shifted to an open lorry ambulance. Natives gathered around us, staring curiously, shaking their heads as they saw the gaping wounds, blood and tatters. A British seaman with his leg almost shot off cursed them in a fine Yorkshire accent. Later, in a long hospital ward, a French nurse stuck a cigarette between my lips and a doctor found a total of twenty-six assorted holes in me. I tried to sleep but the hospital shuddered to the roar of big guns.

In the next bed the American soldier who had helped carry me woke up and grinned. "Ain't it," he asked, "a helluva day?"

Our first meal came in buckets carried by an orderly who left hunks of dark brown bread at each table. Soup and mashed beans were served in tin plates. Black wine came in tin cups. Sometime next day, a man across the aisle died, shouting deliriously. A retired French naval officer came into the ward, listened to the sound of guns coming nearer. He said, "Very soon we will be your prisoners."

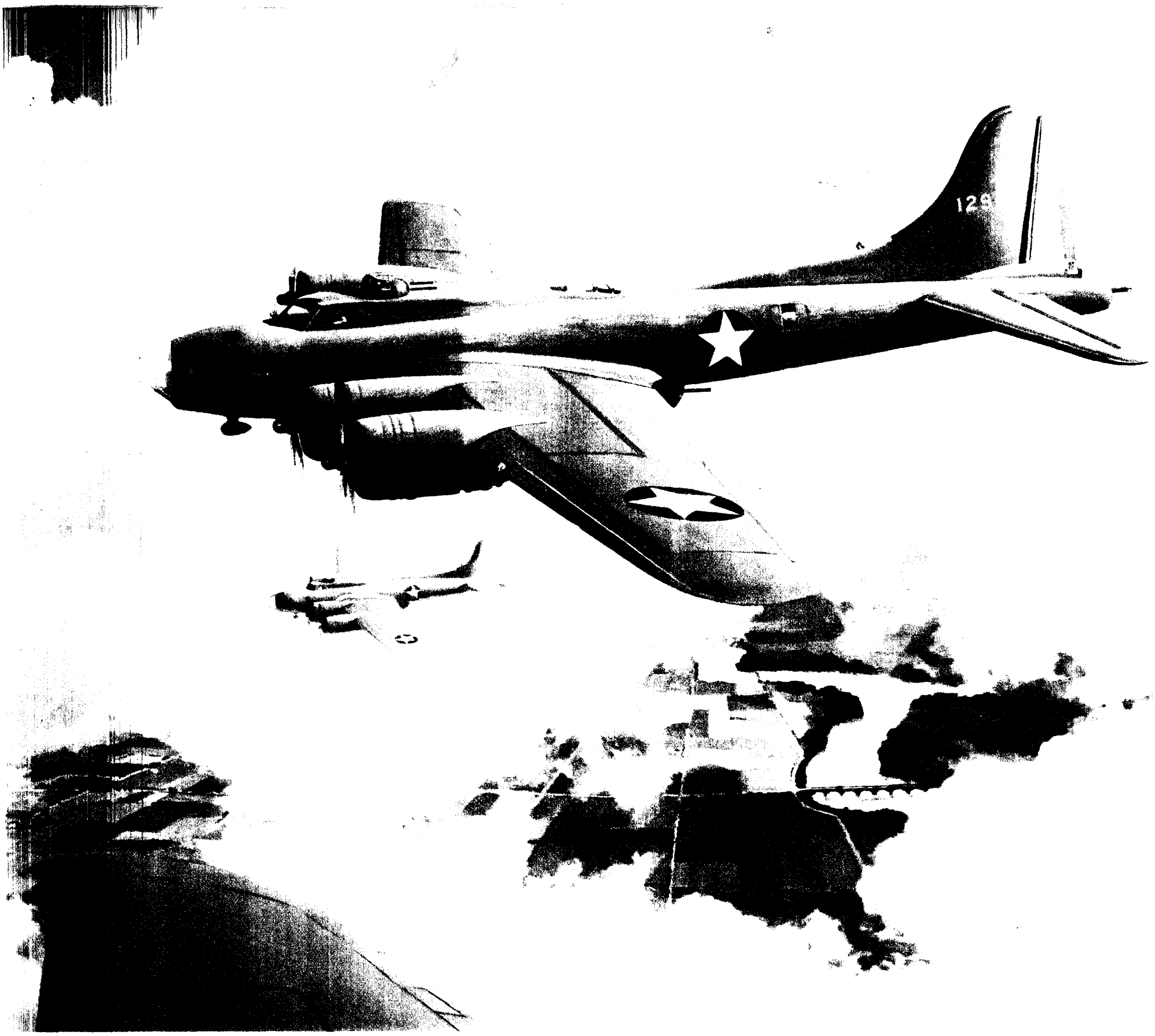
Sometime in that interval doctors came, leading the soldier who had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. He didn't have a scratch on him, but wouldn't or couldn't talk. Word of the number of casualties was passing around, and survivors learned that the young lieutenant who had worried about his wife was lost, and that the kid from Kentucky had been machine-gunned to death in the water.

Later we could hear machine guns firing beneath the window and tanks rumbling into the streets. Then there was a sudden flurry among the French in the ward.

An American Army sergeant came through the doorway and paused. His head was bandaged, his battle dress covered with mud. He walked unsteadily, but his ugly mug was sweetened by a smile of triumph. All over the ward Americans began sitting up excitedly, but one fellow with a busted shoulder was the first to realize what had happened—that it was all over at Oran.

"Hey, Sarge!" he shouted. "Great God, Sarge! Come here!"

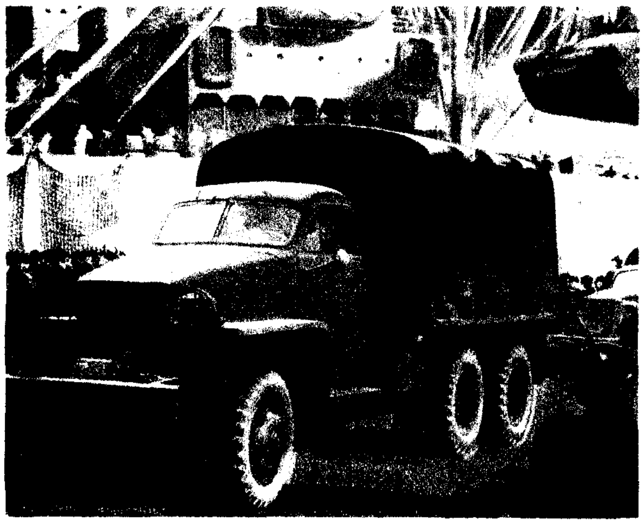
THE END



Studebaker craftsmen again give "more than they promise"

he devastating bombing power and matchless ghting power of the Boeing Flying Fortress ake comforting daily items in the war news. uch of the flying power for this invincible readnaught of the skies comes from Studebaker, ng regarded as one of the foremost builders f motor car engines in the world. Studebaker, merica's oldest manufacturer of highway transortation, is privileged to collaborate with right, America's oldest producer of airplane engines, in this vital assignment. And Studebaker is also building much other war matériel including tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks for the United Nations. Today, as for generations past, Studebaker craftsmen make their watchword the time-honored Studebaker maxim—*"always give more than you promise."* Every Studebaker employee is justly proud of his organization's achievements in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



War Trucks for the United Nations! Studebaker, famed for years for dependable transportation, has now become one of the largest producers of big, multiple-drive military trucks for the fighting forces of the United Nations.

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE Flying Fortress

Miracle Bean

Continued from page 14

contain about twenty-five per cent soy flour, which adds a substantial quantity of high-quality protein to the children's diets. And how do the kids like it? They love it.

If at this point you are ready to grab your hat and dash for the nearest grocery to stock up on this paragon of the kitchen, don't be in a rush. You probably won't find soy flour on your favorite grocer's shelves — not just yet — even though he may have a few new cereal or bakery products that contain it. Before soy flour can become generally available, there is a lot to be done in the way of setting up processing and distribution machinery. You may not get much of it until after the war.

Health-food stores have been carrying soy products in bulk for some time, but not at a nickel a pound. They also have soya in a host of special foods such as meat products, macaroni, cereals, bread and crackers, and they sell the tender vegetable beans in cans. These health-store stocks merely indicate what is going to be seen later in the general groceries.

Until recently, we haven't thought much about soybeans as a food, despite the wholehearted endorsement of the Chinese and certain other less worthy Oriental peoples.

Proteins at Bargain Prices

We've been eating soybean oil in shortening, salad dressing and margarine for years, but the strong beany flavor of the soybean itself hasn't appealed to our Occidental palates. Our modern food chemists, however, have taken care of that. They have discovered that, through simple curing processes, the bean loses its objectionable taste and acquires a pleasant, nutty flavor.

With this taste barrier out of the way and with American soybean production now second only to China's, the soybean in one form or another is headed for a permanent corner in our kitchen cupboards. It can't replace eggs, meat or milk in our diet. Even the soybean's most ardent enthusiasts still demand eggs for breakfast, drink their milk conscientiously, and dig as regularly as possible into a T-bone. But the soybean can serve as a supplement to these other highly important foods, and a very valuable one at that. Ready to benefit most, perhaps, will be the six million low-income families who can't afford all the proteins they need in the form of the higher-priced animal products.

Although new to the American kitchen, the soybean is hardly a novelty in American agriculture and industry. The main purpose for growing the soybean in this country up to now has been for its valuable oil. After crushing the bean for the oil, we have fed the meal that is left to our livestock and poultry. Researchers in the Department of Agriculture, state colleges and private industry, however, have looked deeper into the little bean and found countless other important uses. In it, they discovered a highly desirable source of adhesives especially valuable in the big plywood industry, sizing for cloth, paints, soap and plastics. They have even found that the soybean is a fair source of synthetic rubber. Subsequent tests may show it to be better than fair.

Henry Ford, who misses no bets, originally was interested in the soybean from the plastics angle. Now his laboratories are doing all sorts of things with it. Recently he turned up with a suit spun from the wool-like material his scientists had made from soybeans. He thinks it has great possibilities for upholstering his favorite flivvers. A firm in St. Louis is now making a leatherlike pair of ladies' pumps out of soybeans. And so it goes, as our scientists find more and more magic in the soybean.

When America was plunged into this war, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard called on farmers to increase soybean production by about 50 per cent to provide the much-needed oil for our war program. To say that farmers responded is hardly adequate. Soy raisers in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and the other producing states answered with an increase of nearly 100 per cent, or double 1941 production, to give us a bonanza crop of about 200 million bushels.

All of which inevitably brings us to Doctor William J. Morse, who two decades ago called the cards that the soybean industry is turning up today. Doctor Morse's office in the Department of Agriculture in Washington for years has been the center of gravity for soybean enthusiasts. Since 1907 when he was graduated from Cornell, Morse has been a champion of the soybean, taking the torch from the hands of the late Doctor C. V. Pier, who likened the soybean to "gold from the soil."

For more than thirty-five years now, Doctor Morse has been preaching the soybean gospel, writing bulletins, making speeches, advising with growers, studying soybeans from all angles. In 1923, he co-authored a textbook, The Soybean, as complete a lexicon on the subject as has ever been published.

Spurred by the work of Morse and a handful of plant scientists, processors and farmers who have persisted in pushing the soybean into the limelight in this country, soybean production has shot up until its graph line resembles the trail of a climbing P-38. In 1924, U. S. production totaled about 5 million bushels, in 1930 it passed 13 million, and in 1941, leaped to 107 million. Now at 200 million bushels, the potential is not yet in sight.

The Department of Agriculture has its eye on the soybean, contemplating it with intense interest these war days, from the marketing as well as the production angle. The department is working with the soybean industry to make this low-cost food available to people throughout the nation as soon as possible.

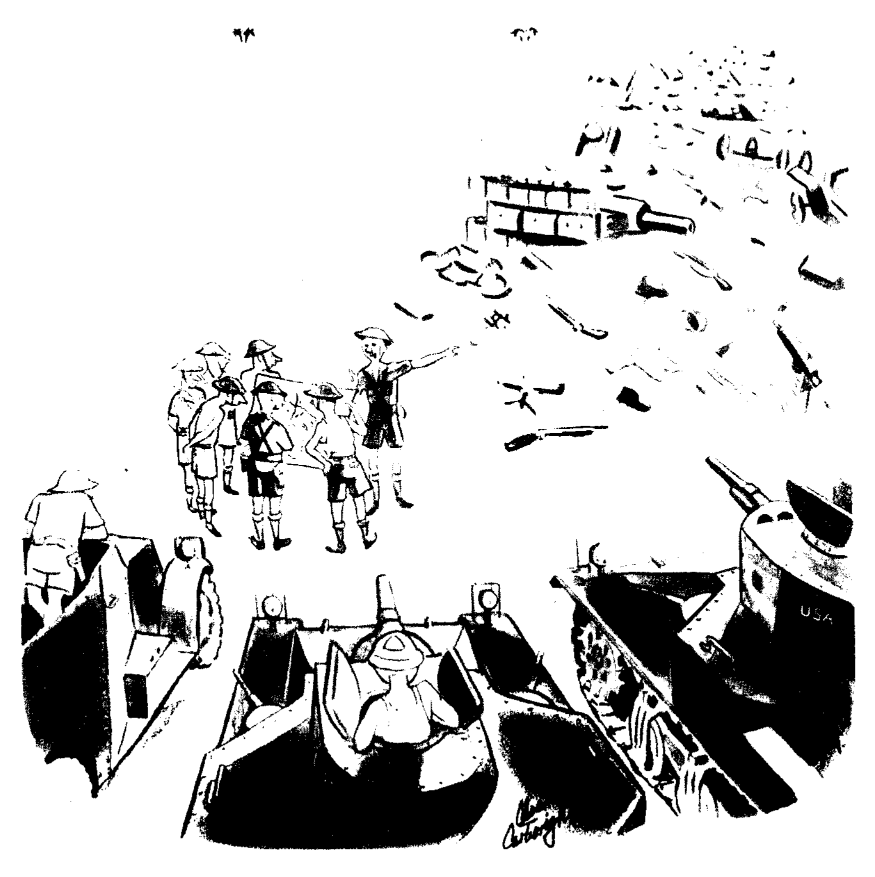
Food of the Future

Heading this ambitious campaign for the department is a stalwart, blond young soybean devotee named Don Payne, who is thoroughly sold on his job of finding new food uses for soybeans and letting the public in on the secret. One of Payne's biggest worries is that interest in soy products may develop so fast that the industry won't have time to put the products in retail stores, causing the interest to die rapidly.

"Soy products are definitely out of the food fad class," he says. "They are destined for a significant role in our everyday diet."

Payne is on the staff of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, which has as one of its big jobs the purchasing of tremendous quantities of American food products to send to our Allies. Of the billions of pounds of food being sent, a significant portion is soy flour and grits to be used in meat and bakery products, soups and other foods to help our war partners stretch their diminished food supplies. The use of these soya products by the United Nations is furnishing clues as to the best ways to introduce them here at home.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I believe they went that way" CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

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How WAAC OFFICERS ARE SELECTED

★ ★

The task of directing the work and personnel of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps as it takes over more and more noncombatant duties for the Army is the responsibility of a select group of women. Much of the success of this pioneering women's organization naturally depends upon the wisdom, tact and ability of its leaders.

The WAAC is growing rapidly. From its nucleus of a few hundred candidates a few months ago, it is expanding to the 150,000 authorized by Executive Order. This presents many new opportunities for women who might qualify as officers.

If you have been thinking of joining the WAAC and believe you have the makings of an able officer, here's the way to proceed.

First, enroll as an auxiliary to take your four weeks basic training. Women qualified for Officer Candidate School then receive eight weeks further training and at the successful completion of the course are commissioned Third Officers (equivalent to Second Lieutenant).

The system of commissioning from the ranks has been set up to give every woman equal opportunity to compete, and to assure the Corps that its leadership will maintain the high caliber necessary to fulfilling the WAAC mission of making it possible for more soldiers to reach the front.

More and more WAAC officers are needed now. This may be a splendid opportunity for you. WAAC pay is equal to Army pay. And valuable experience and training may be useful later. To join you must be 21 to 44, inclusive, a citizen of good repute — regardless of race, color or creed. For further information on WAAC pay, promotion and opportunities, go to your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

WAAC PAY SCALE

Officers	*Equiv. Rank*	*Base Monthly Pay*
Director	Colonel	$333.33
Asst. Director	Lt. Colonel	291.67
Field Director	Major	250.00
1st Officer	Captain	200.00
2nd Officer	1st Lieutenant	166.67
3rd Officer	2nd Lieutenant	150.00
Enrolled Members		
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	$138.00
First Leader	First Sergeant	138.00
Technical Leader	Technical Sergeant	114.00
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	96.00
Technician, 3rd Grade	Technician, 3rd Grade	96.00
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Technician, 5th Grade	Technician, 5th Grade	66.00
Aux., 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
Auxiliary	Private	50.00

U. S. ARMY

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

Visit the nearest recruiting station, or write:

Appointment and Induction Branch, D-1, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

HATS ARE BACK

By Ruth Carson

HAT sales have jumped off the toboggan and taken to the ski lift. From a 10 per cent drop last spring, after seasons of downhill figures, to a 25 per cent rise in the fall, to a third up and better now. Girls who for years have considered a bow or a wisp of veil or nothing at all ample adornment for their lovely locks, are now buying hats. Genuine fit-the-head, frame-the-face hats. The jubilant manufacturers are variously thanking the boys in uniform who frown, they hear, on hatless girls; the times, in which the girls want to look feminine and pretty, to beguile the boys while here; and the designers, beginning with Lilly, Sally, and John.

In the spring, when it looked like the end of the hat business, a committee representing a large group of manufacturers made a final move to stave off their demise. They went to a few top designers and said: Will you design us some hats to copy? That's what Paris used to do. So John-Frederics, Sally Victor and Lilly Daché, whose talents to that time had been frittered away in their own exclusive and therefore small establishments, chiefly on $25.00-and-up items, agreed. Other high-priced designers have since followed suit, ensuring the best design in the country to all of us, at our own price. The first three formed a combine, called Millinery Fashion Inspiration, and now, in addition to their own custom businesses, design for the wholesale market.

Not that these colorful, temperamental competitors actually sit down together to design hats. They meet to discuss general ideas, and colors. They go into the market together to pick out materials, thereby causing blockmakers, dealers in flowers, ribbons, felts and whatnots, to swoon at the sight of the three rivals selecting identical stuff, together. Then they return to their separate salons, and design. The results show up in their own individual custom collections.

Also twenty hats each, without labels, go into a common kitty, ruled by the manufacturers' committee, and only one young lady in charge knows which is a John-Frederics, a Sally Victor or a Lilly Daché creation. The committee puts on a fashion show which the designers do not attend, pretending to a complete lack of human curiosity. Invited buyers attend the show, paying admission. The admission fee entitles them to manhandle the hats right there, photographing on their minds the details of construction. They also purchase models to copy. Some of their favorites for spring we show you herewith.

From the look of the future, there'll be nothing to stop them, now they've got their public back. Women, no matter how much WPB may simplify their clothes, can always get a lift with a hat—even Harry Hopkins admits there will be no shortage. Because you can make a hat out of anything. ★★★

After years of nosegays and ribbons and veils in place of hats, the big-brimmed hat, that is a hat, is back and popular once again. This one is made of soft green felt, frames the face becomingly, fits snugly on the head. It is secured besides with a hatpin which is topped with a bouquet of green leaves and war stamps edged with matching delicate pink felt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

Natural rough straw sailor for girl with long bob and pert face. It isn't going to slide all the way back on the head because it's secured with adjustable clip similar to that on a telephone operator's headgear

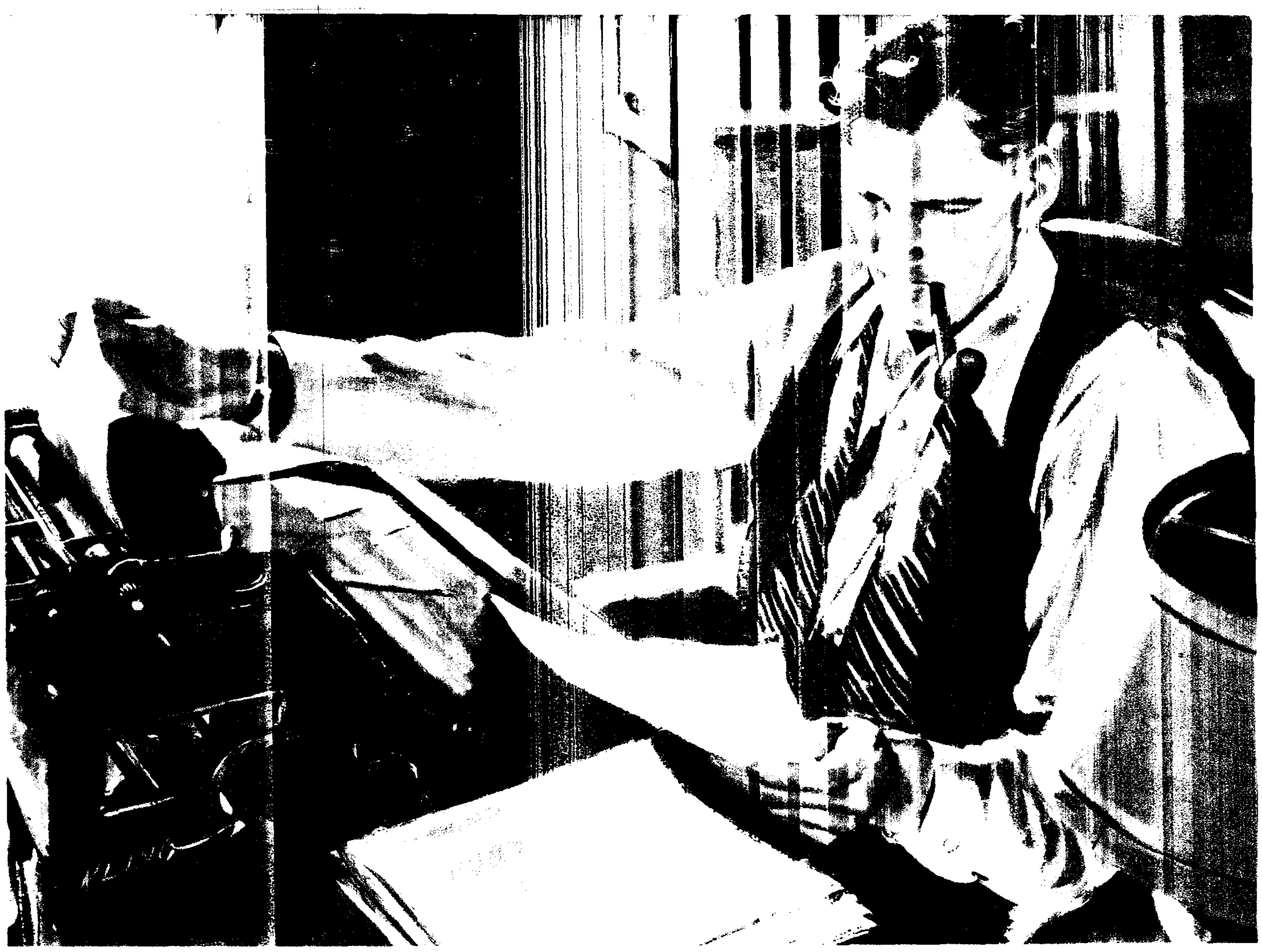
Picture hat of lavendar blue straw, Watteau style, romantic but practical; anchored with velvet-covered clips that hold better than elastic, and also pinned prettily at the back. Can be worn with hair up or down

The girl with upswept hair can wear this hat without mussing a hair. An adjustable tab of the straw extends down the back for anchorage. She can bend it out while donning the hat, smooth it to the head, and pin

ASSIGNED THEME

BY ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



It was an hour later when Barrett became aware of family noises in the house around him. He drew the last page out of his machine and carefully placed it in order with the others

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THEODORE BARRETT, instructor in English composition and tutor in the Division of Modern Languages, pushed his bicycle slowly through the mass of students pouring from the great dining hall of the university. He was a thin, almost haggard man with handsome irregular features, and he was famous among the undergraduates for indolence and a rather cynical wit. But those who learned that he had hopelessly impeded his academic career by marrying too early and having more children than he could afford could see behind his mask of pride.

Now he felt poignantly the youth and freshness of the boys flowing past him. In a few more weeks for them, as for him, all normal academic life would be ended. And yet it was the past he was thinking of, recalled to him by the letter that had come that morning.

"Dear Mr. Barrett," it began in a woman's slanting hand. "By the time you read this you will probably have learned that our only son, Richard Farwell, was lost at sea, October 25th, just five months after he received his commission in the United States Navy."

Theodore Barrett had already seen the name in the newspapers; young Farwell was the first of his former students to be listed as a casualty. It took him a little while to separate his memory of the boy from a group impression of several who resembled him.

But then he remembered a conference with Farwell, late in the preceding fall. The boy, who rowed second in the freshman crew, wanted to make his first long theme a history of American crew racing.

"I'm afraid that might be on the dullish side," Barrett protested. "The winners in 1886, the winners in 1887, the winners in 1888. Let's get at this some other way." The boy looked as polite and passive as ever. "What *about* crew?" Barrett asked almost angrily. "Why go out for it? What does it mean to you? Granted I'm no sportsman, but tennis or hockey I can understand. They're fast, there's room for intiative. But crew! It's the Roman galleys all over again."

And then suddenly, Farwell really seemed to want to explain.

"It's a feeling you get, Sir. It's not easy to say, but it comes when the crew's rowing right, the rhythm right, and then a kind of strength comes into you—I don't mean just physically—but you're all eight men and yet you're yourself too, trying to make your own part perfect. It may sound funny but I thought of it when you were talking about the Greek plays, you know, the idea of tragedy purging you because you could feel with the heroes and get your own littleness out of you. You're freed of yourself. I suppose in love it's the same."

AT THIS he stopped, embarrassed and a little breathless. He never talked as freely again, but from then on, Barrett thought there was understanding between them. When Farwell's theme came in, it turned out to be a technical discussion of the different types of racing shell, a thoroughly dull and impersonal paper. But Barrett was still pleased. Despite the theme, he knew that he had brought together crew and Greek drama in the mind of a boy and so his teaching had not entirely failed. He knew now that the mother had noticed, too, but he was disturbed by what she asked.

"What we hope you have," she wrote, "are some samples of Richard's writing. When you have a boy with you, words are not important, but now, when he is gone, his words become very precious. His father and I both felt that in your class Richard's intellectual development came more rapidly, that he was learning to express himself with new freedom. Although we supposed his themes had been returned to him, we did not find them among his things. If we could have some samples of his work they would be invaluable remembrances."

When Barrett reached his home, he went directly up to his rather disorderly study and began going through the mass of papers on the bottom shelf of the big bookcase. Most of them were themes—themes that should have been returned weeks, months, even years before. Barrett was pretty sure there were two of Farwell's there, and in a little while he found them. He drew them out doubtfully, his thoughts with the mother who had written him so bravely.

The first of the two manuscripts was an assigned exercise in exposition, to be based on summer experience.

Farwell had worked in the stockroom of his uncle's factory, and entitled his theme, The Organization and Sale of Contract Builders' Hardware. For two pages and a half there were red-inked corrections against nearly every line; then apparently Barrett had given up marking it, out of sheer boredom. Now he sampled a few sentences at the point where the corrections ceased. Again he could read no more.

The second theme—trite, clumsily written—was more personal, but no more interesting.

Neither of these papers could Barrett possibly send. He drew out a sheet of correspondence paper and began a note to the parents, but what he said sounded stilted and empty. And yet he had a sense of death and youth and courage that filled him with emotion. He remembered how Farwell had talked to him, and now, thinking of the boy's self-dedication and the way the parents had risen to it, he felt lifted above the monotony of his own life.

He sat looking out of his window toward the distant campus and the river beyond. He thought of peacetime and the crews in the late fall afternoons sweeping back toward Holderness as the sunset faded and the lights went on along the esplanade. He thought of the students coming back to college in the fall of 1941, the political groupings that had enlivened the campus in previous years, lost in the closed, determined ranks.

Months before Pearl Harbor they had known what job they had to do. And yet there was none of the self-glorification, the rhetoric and flag-waving of the themes that Barrett's own class had been writing in 1917. Beneath their calm was great strength, and in their certitude, great wisdom. It was the same spirit that Farwell had felt when he talked of crew and the Greeks, but carried now into the struggle for civilization itself. Tears came to Barrett's eyes as he felt anew the preciousness of what these boys were dying for. He put a sheet of paper in his typewriter.

IT WAS an hour later when he became aware of family noises in the house around him. He drew the last page out of his machine and carefully placed it in order with the others that had grown into a pile beside his typewriter. He walked down the stairs slowly, bending the fresh sheets regularly back and forth in his hands until they were a little dog-eared and worn. Caroline came quickly into the hall.

"I haven't heard you writing like that for years," she said. "What is it?"

"I think it's very good," he said. He began to put it in the envelope he had prepared, but he noticed something was missing. Resting it on the newel post he jotted a brief comment in pencil on the outside of the manuscript and then, after hesitating and smiling a little, he marked a "B – " in the upper corner.

She had been watching, and when he lifted his head he saw her disappointment. "But it's only a theme!" she said.

He reached out and took her hand. "Yes, I was transcribing it."

"But couldn't Miss Burroughs have done that?" She saw the name on it, Richard Farwell, and the date, January 7, 1942.

"No," he said gently. "It was the theme of a boy who is dead."

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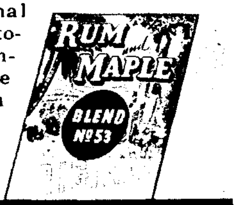

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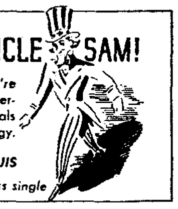

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The Little Victory

Continued from page 15

hanging over the path, he would make his way up the hill to find Clota. She would be at the American artist's, for he was painting her. And every evening when Juaquo was through at Meyer's, he would go up to the little white house near the top of the hill and watch Clota sitting very patient and very beautiful while the American artist looked and made a little mark and looked again. It was wonderful to see, the girl so beautiful and the artist with such a talent to repeat what he saw, in paint.

And presently, when he had the things, Juaquo would make a house for Clota and it would be all over—but the happiness.

Outside in the store there was no sign that the excitement would stop.

"The fever," said the German, "is like a hand at the throat. I know, Otto the son here, he had it. And I as well. We were on the edge of dying. And that in a hospital with doctors to care for us."

Someone said, "Can a doctor be sent for?"

Otto nodded. "I have sent word to the capital," he told them, with no encouragement in his voice. "But who can tell when they will act in the capital?"

"What would you do?" someone asked Meyer.

Meyer faced them squarely. "If I had not had the fever, I would get out. I would leave the town to its miseries."

The people were surprised, hesitant.

They looked at one another. Then someone said, "I have a launch that would make the trip to the capital . . ."

"And I . . ." said another.

"There are the fishing boats. Those too . . ."

A voice from the crowd said loudly, the words registered strong and clear on Juaquo's mind, "When the news of the fever reaches the capital the cargo boat will not be allowed here . . ." Assent came. "And even the navy's patrol boats will not be allowed in. . . ."

And then the people were agreeing, planning to leave together. And the German was pleased by their decision.

IT ALL began to disturb Juaquo a little. He felt complications might be connected with this. He dreaded anything that might come between him and the things he worked for. True, Meyer had said he was not going but . . .

And Meyer was beckoning to him, "Come here," he ordered.

Juaquo stood in front of him.

"There is fever. You know it?" the German asked.

Juaquo nodded.

"The whole town is leaving tomorrow—for the capital," the German continued. "I'll let you go early if you go up the hill and tell the American about the fever. Do you understand?"

Juaquo nodded again. But there was something he had to find out. "With the people gone, patron, I was wondering if you will keep me working. . . ."

"Don't worry," the German said. "I'll keep you busy in the warehouse. You and another man who is coming in tomorrow."

And for a moment Juaquo was glad; he believed there would be no complications.

As he walked slowly up the path he dangled his sandals in his hand, pushed his hat back on his head; he breathed deep, looked out to the familiar brilliance of the sea. Yet somehow he was not at ease. He wondered why. He had been dismissed early. The day was fine. He was on his way to the artist's. The German had been decent. . . .

That was where his uneasiness lay. He knew the German to be a smart man and a hard one. The German served himself and his son, his store and his interests. If eggs were aging or pork were bad, the German was the more anxious to sell them.

The German was like that. And he was not likely to change.

Yet suddenly it seemed he wanted people out of the town. And that would leave no one to buy. And Meyer would suffer—which Juaquo could not think was right when you considered the character of the German.

Usually when Juaquo came into the artist's garden and found him working, he would say nothing. He would take off his hat and sit politely until the artist asked, "What's new in the town?"

And all the while Clota would be sitting very patiently with her hands in her lap. When she heard Juaquo her eyes would flicker for a minute and her mouth would curve a little more fully. Juaquo knew she had to be still for the artist.

But this afternoon it was different. Juaquo went toward the artist and said abruptly, "There's fever in the town."

The artist made a gesture as if he were being annoyed by a fly.

"Señor Meyer sent me to tell you," Juaquo said. "The others in the town are going."

The artist dropped his brush as if something had struck inside him. And he looked intently at Juaquo. "Fever?" he repeated.

"From down the valley," Juaquo confirmed.

"And people are really going?" persisted the artist. And before Juaquo could answer, Clota had dropped her pose.

"Does the German go?" she breathed.

"No, he and his son have had the fever."

"Oh . . ." She was relieved. "Then you stay until you have the things." He nodded and her eyes held his. And suddenly working for the German, breaking his back in the heat, stacking bags in the warehouse was as nothing. For presently he would have a house by the way, a patch about it—and Clota. And Juaquo was warmed and immensely cheered.

The American artist did not say anything more. Slowly he put his paints down, picked up his canvas and moved it toward the house. When he came back for his paints, Juaquo asked him, "Will you be going too, patron?"

"No," said the artist. "I will stay, as you people on the hill will stay."

And Juaquo could not be sure why he was glad.

Then the artist went into the house and brought out envelopes and a bottle of white pills. He put the pills into envelopes and handed them to Clota. "Take them along the hill with you. Give them to the neighbors and to Leon your father. Tell them to take one each day. And tell them to boil water before they drink it."

AFTER Clota had gone, Juaquo lingered.

The American eyed him questioningly for this was not the usual procedure.

"The German is your enemy, is that not so?" Juaquo asked him. And this was a new subject that had not been talked of, or thought of among the people on the hill.

The American was surprised. "My country is at war with the German's country," he said.

"And my country is a friend of America?"

"But not at war," reminded the American.

Juaquo nodded his head slowly. He was not quite sure why he had asked. But somehow he was still uncertain about the German.

He lingered, looking from the artist to the house, before he asked, "Have I permission?"

The artist smiled assent.

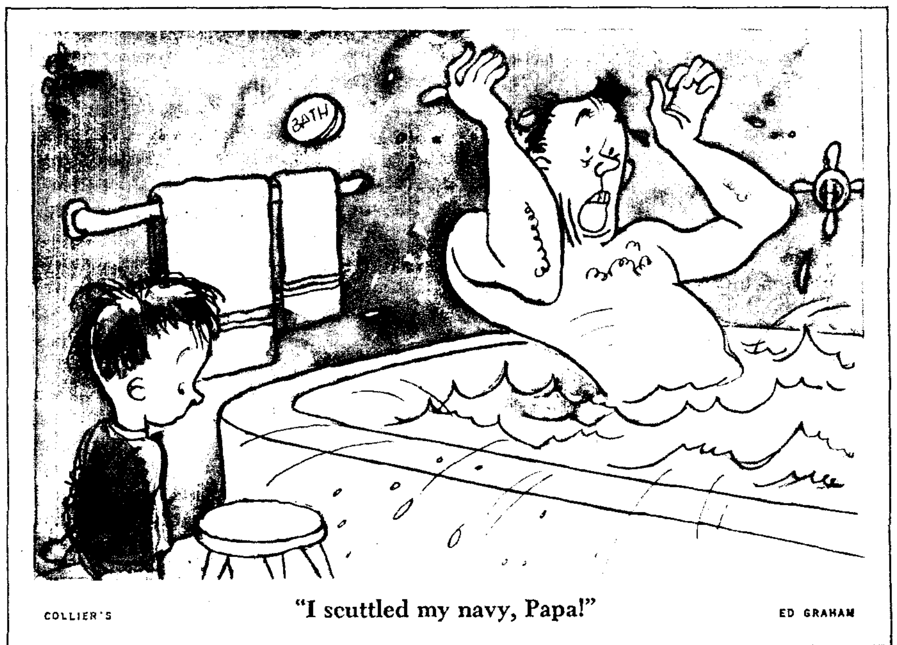
Juaquo went into the house, turned the canvas back from the wall and looked at it a minute. Inexplicably his eyes dimmed. "She is beautiful," he said throatily.

The artist agreed.

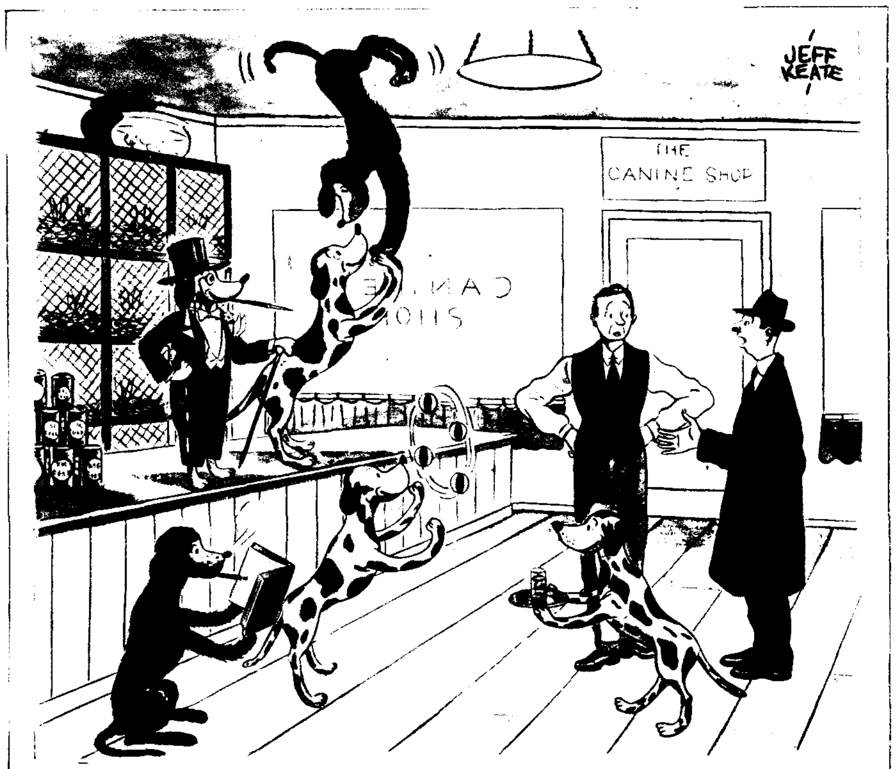
"And you," said Juaquo, hating to ignore the creator of the masterpiece, "are a very formidable artist." And the American was pleased at his politeness.

The next morning the people in the town left. As Juaquo came down the path he saw the little fleet going round the point, leaving the vibrant blue of the harbor silent and very empty without them. Only the artist's launch and the barges which the German used to load cargoes remained.

As he approached, Juaquo could hear Meyer's son working the telegraph on the inside of the store. Old man Meyer



COLLIER'S "I scuttled my navy, Papa!" ED GRAHAM



"Don't you have a dog that will just lie by the hearth and perhaps wag his tail when he sees me?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

was listening to the radio, not to music, but to the monotonous drone of a commentator's voice.

When Meyer heard Juaquo he came to the door. "I want you in the warehouse," he said.

Juaquo followed him without much enthusiasm. Coffee was stored in the warehouse, bags of it were piled high to the roof. And Juaquo swore at the thought of moving it.

"You can begin here," said the German, "from this end. Carry them out and stack them outside. You won't be alone. I told Leon to come down from the hill to help you."

Leon was Clota's father. And that was the only remarkable thing about him. He was a wizened fellow, given to contemplating the money he would make in the loading when a boat came in. But when hands were needed, Leon would be busy or lame or sick. He had not worked for years.

And Juaquo was not a little surprised when Leon shambled into the warehouse. Without explanation he took his place on the pile, hoisted the first sack onto Juaquo's back.

"Easily . . ." he kept breathing, "easily . . ."

And so the hours went. The pile outside growing slowly.

THEY stopped when the sun was high and went around to the front where there was shade. And Juaquo was surprised to see the American coming down the path. The German saw him too, and was out to greet him.

"You do not go because of the fever?" the German asked.

"No," said the American, "I think I'll stay."

"Everyone else has thought it wiser to go," the German reminded him.

"My neighbors on the hill are all staying."

"Oh, them . . ." The German dismissed the people of the hillside with a shrug. "They are too ignorant to know the meaning of a word like fever. They work for me, these people of yours . . . their only talent is for siesta . . ." And the German looked to Leon and Juaquo as if they could not hear.

"My neighbors suit me," said the American.

And the German looked impatiently after him as the artist turned to leave.

Juaquo slipped from the shade. "Patron . . ." He followed the American. "Perhaps now you are here you would care to see something . . ." The American turned, his face curious.

"It is around the back," said Juaquo.

Without a word the American followed him.

"This is it," said Juaquo not without excitement. This was the bed—the brass bed from a factory, its shining bars protected by paper and straw. Juaquo fondled it lovingly. This came foremost among the things he was working for. "Is it not elegant?" he demanded.

The American smiled a little, nodded. "It's fine," he said. And he went quickly as if he did not want the German to see him there.

Juaquo stayed to look at the treasure which was already a little his. Had he not worked for two weeks? And when he had finished examining it, he went back to the sheds where he had been working to see how much of the coffee remained to be moved. As he stood on top of the stack he realized they were not as deep as they seemed. Behind were drums. He was surprised. He tapped them and they were full. They were numerous too, more than would be used in the town in a long while.

He went back to the front of the store where Leon was already asleep. Juaquo lay down, closed his eyes and tried to think. The German was moving the coffee to get at the drums . . . the son was bringing the barge around . . . and no ship could come because of the fever.

From the store he could hear the German's radio. Meyer was listening to the voice again. With his eyes closed, Juaquo found himself reaching out to hear. The voice was saying something about submarines . . . Juaquo had seen a picture once in the American's newspapers of a submarine, a boat that went under the waves like a shark . . . because of its strange machinery. Submarines, the voice said, were being illegally refueled in secret places along the coast of the Southern Atlantic. Atlantic . . . it was the name of the ocean Juaquo and his people could see from their hillside. But they simply called it the sea . . . because for them there was no other.

And sharply the click echoed inside Juaquo. Suddenly he knew something, something that left him cold inside, colder than anything he had ever felt.

The German came out. Juaquo got to his feet.

"I have been thinking," said the German, "it's hot work with those bags while the sun is up."

Leon was agreeing emphatically.

"I think you would work better at night. There's a moon. If you start at seven you should have the load finished by daylight. And I want the job finished as soon as possible."

"The load?"

"Yes, you are going to load the barge. A boat may come in tomorrow or the next day. My son got the word. I want the drums in the shed in the center of the barge. I want the coffee piled around the outside. That will keep the drums balancing the load." But his mind, Juaquo knew, was not really concerned with weighting the load in the center. He wanted the drums inside for secrecy—in case there was suspicion among the handful of people who remained in the town—in case a patrol boat happened in, despite the fever.

But Juaquo's expression did not change.

"You had better get your sleep now," said the German. And Juaquo knew better than to ask for permission to go up the hill.

"I think I'll sleep in the warehouse," he said. "It's difficult to rest completely with the sky so bright."

"As you like," Meyer said.

JUAQUO shambled around the building. He banged the door of the warehouse for authenticity, then he made for the hillside, running swiftly. When he came to the American's, Clota and the American were sitting in the garden.

The American looked at him curiously, listened intently as Juaquo illustrated his breathless voice with emphatic gestures. "The German's putting oil on a barge, covering it around with coffee for secrecy. He thinks to convince me a boat will come in. But with the talk of the fever, that is impossible."

"Then you know, too," the American said.

Juaquo nodded. The American's hand tightened on his arm. And he knew they were together in this and was glad.

The American told Clota to go. She left hesitantly, curious to know what they spoke of, hurt that she was not included. When she was gone, Juaquo said, "What will we do?"

"I have been thinking of that," said the American. "I was suspicious when you told me about the fever. This morning I scouted around the harbor. I believe they are going to use the little beach behind the point for the refueling. They will take the supplies out across the harbor in the German's barge—I saw it ready . . ."

That was it . . . that was it . . . Juaquo's heart beat excitedly . . . but what would they do?

"We can't send out a message," said the American. "The German works the telegraph. I have another idea," he said. He went into the house and came out with his revolver. "How many men can we get together from the hillside and from the town?"

Juaquo shook his head. "They are not soldiers . . . patron . . . and you are an artist, not a general. Although," he amended quickly, "you are a formidable artist."

"No, we have to make a stand," argued the artist. "Don't you see that? This is a threat to us. And if we ignore it we have no right to live here any more, we

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have no right to the peace and plenty of the hillside . . ."

"The patron talks well," Juaquo said. "But it is not practical to take old revolvers and knives and machetes against men like the Germans. And besides," he went on, "I do not think the señor has any cartridges for his gun. You will remember that Leon borrowed your revolver last week to shoot a snake. Leon used a lot of shots on that snake. And then afterward he had to shoot some at a can to prove it was not because he was a poor shot that he missed the snake."

"Yes," said the American. "And he never gave me back my cartridges."

"There were none to return," Juaquo said. "We are no match for Germans." He pronounced slowly. "It would be better if the patrol boat were here. And you must go to fetch it."

"Perhaps there isn't time," the American said.

"It is the only way. The German will think you go because of your fear for the fever. You will make the trip fast. And perhaps, God willing, something here will occur to delay Meyer."

The American artist agreed. He shook Juaquo's hand and told him he would go immediately. He gave Juaquo the revolver and suggested he might steal some cartridges from the German.

But Juaquo knew that even the roaches hardly had the chance to steal from Meyer.

So Juaquo hid the gun by the path as he returned to the store. And he went back to the warehouse and pretended he had slept all afternoon.

When the sun and the shadows indicated it was considerably past six, Juaquo came out to the light. Stretching and yawning he made his way to the front of the store to look for Meyer.

The German was so happy he did not notice that Juaquo had seemingly overslept. He was full of news concerning the American, for the artist had gone—panic had finally taken hold, he had refueled his launch and made his way out of the harbor an hour back.

And Juaquo yawned as if he knew nothing of such news and cared less. But he counted the hours, a day and a night and a few hours added . . . the American would be in the capital by dark on the next night, if all went well. And then they must count more time before help could reach them . . . how many hours was only known in heaven.

"Well," said the German, "has your sleep only given you a taste for more? Or will you work tonight?"

Juaquo nodded. "The patron knows I am not a lazy man," he said.

But the German only blew rudely through his nose.

THE work was hard. But by the time the moon was out, they had all the bags stacked outside. Leon was exhausted long since. The "easily, easily . . ." had been abandoned; the only sound he emitted now was a tired grunt. Juaquo was amazed he stuck to it. For Juaquo could never remember having seen the old man bend his back before.

When the drums were on the barge, Otto, the son, began to carry crates of provisions from the store itself.

"With everyone gone, we have too much stock," he said tersely.

Then Meyer himself came out and gave careful instructions as to how the bags must be piled around the drums and provisions. Tired, his back aching, Juaquo began the task.

When they saw he was well started Meyer and his son made their way slowly toward the store. Lights went out behind them. Juaquo waited for the light to show in the rooms above the store. But there was darkness. The Germans had gone—into the night, to the beach perhaps . . . to the waiting submarine.

Meyer came out at daybreak to see how the work was progressing. The drums were covered on three sides with bags, and Leon and Juaquo were asleep in the warehouse.

With a voice like thunder the German called them out. He told them thickly they were dogs, savages and worse. He stood over them in the thin light as they piled the remaining bags on the barge.

When the job was finished Juaquo could see Meyer was as sleepy as he was. The German lost no time getting to his bed—and the son was sleeping too.

And Juaquo, as he saw how things were, guessed that Meyer planned to take the barge out that night.

THE course of the day ran out quickly. When the sun reached the horizon Juaquo went to the place he had hidden the American's revolver. He took it out and stuck it in his belt. Then he began the long hike around the back of the town, behind the point that guarded the harbor, to the little beach beyond.

When he came to the beach it was very dark. Only the stars relieved the blackness of the sky and the inky satin of the sea. He could hear the water—its sound became the regular breathing of a giant. There was the cool current of the wind from the sea—and nothing else.

Then as the moon rose, something stirred in the sea along the path of light that stretched toward the coast. It came up, black, shining and frightening to a man unaccustomed to such sights. It was the submarine.

The minutes passed, identical, monotonous. Everything in Juaquo resisted sleep, struggled to listen, to hear, to see. At last—with relief he detected the sound of the barge. And he was startled at its nearness. Then he thought it out. The German must have drifted the craft out with the tide, not daring to sound up the engine until it was out of earshot of the port.

The long, low silhouette came around the point. And Juaquo recognized Otto's voice calling to the others.

Juaquo wondered if old man Meyer had stayed behind—just in case anyone saw the silent barge cross the harbor. He could claim then that it was adrift and send after it. Juaquo was pleased to have guessed at that. He was getting as clever as the German as he tried to fathom the storekeeper's ways.

The loading had begun.

Juaquo wondered about the time. It must be already two or three—they had had to wait some time for the moon. Two or three—and Juaquo realized helplessly that everything was going as Meyer had planned it. The loading was progressing to the sound of low commands and quiet, efficient movement.

Still, unless he had met with some mishaps, the artist would be in the capital. Things might not happen immediately. It would take time, a little more time than there was, perhaps—

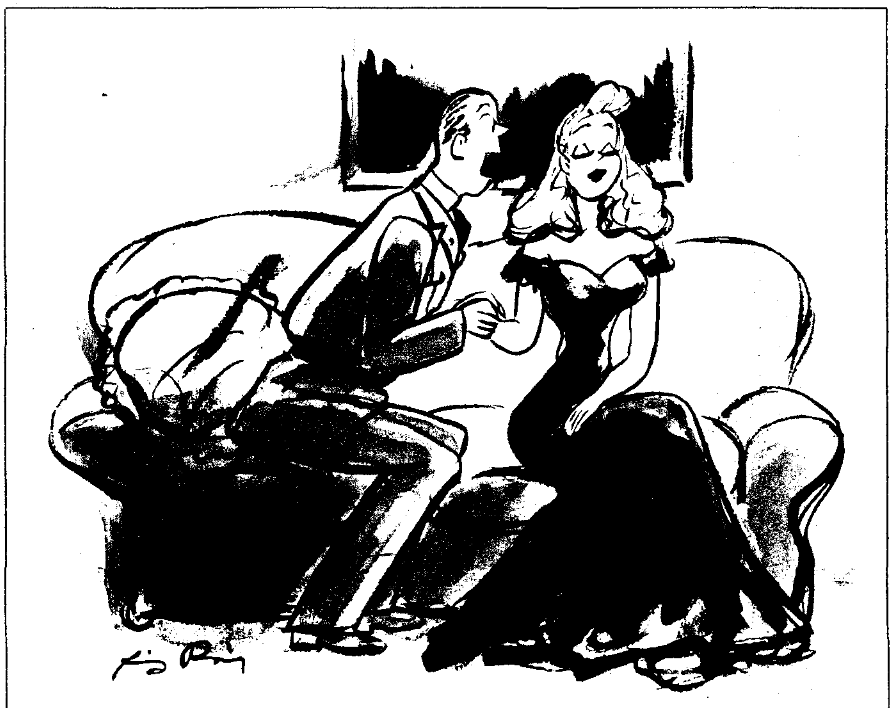
Then a loud command disrupted the order, broke into angry violent sentences. The loading stopped as men hesitated, mumbled among themselves. Otto's voice rose loudly and defensively. The commander's voice interrupted, silenced him with indignation. There was a minute of uncertain silence—then a command. Breathless, Juaquo followed the confusion and, as the motor on the barge sounded up and began to move away, back toward the harbor, like the steady ticking of a clock, Juaquo wondered if he had succeeded. If it had worked—Juaquo thought, a little amazed at what he had accomplished—it might prove enough to provide a few hours' delay. He began to hope desperately that those few hours would be enough.

He lay there, waiting still, listening to the work going on aboard the submarine, listening for the sound of the barge returning with its second load. He knew it would take time. The barge had to be reloaded; perhaps men had gone ashore from the submarine to help.

It was unbearable to have to wait so long. As light broke he heard the sound of the barge. Automatically he rose from the beach and settled himself behind a large rock. It was a strange sight the day showed him. But the need of sleep he had resisted so long deadened him to amazement and fear. All night he had awaited the outcome and, now that it was imminent, determination held him there, still waiting.

The barge emerged slowly from behind the point; the men on the submarine stood by waiting for it. And the sun, as it rose, began to catch something on the water—oil, great stains of it, which explained the activity aboard the submarine as it awaited the second load.

Meyer was standing on the barge and the son was at the controls. Juaquo



"Will you please tell me when my regiment's going to sail?"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

thought wryly that the old man had better be full of explanation.

Then Juaquo saw something—a mere speck in the sky. His eyes fastened on it. This might be what he was waiting for—flashing silver in the glare of the sun, an airplane.

The Germans had seen it too. A command held the men for a few tense moments. Then, as a man with glasses uttered a terse phrase, a command echoed. The men took to the sea.

The barge changed the rhythm of its motor, slowly reversed toward the shelter of the point.

The plane was coming nearer . . . the sound of its engines roared down toward them. One—two—three . . . Juaquo clung to the rock, pushing against it with all the strength in his body as the explosions shook him. The water rose in great jets, so that the spray wet the wind. As the screen of water fell back, Juaquo could see the submarine lurch drunkenly. And the barge was gone.

The plane circled—harmless now.

And a terrible stillness settled over everything. . . .

WHAT was that? Juaquo heard a voice and another. Perhaps he had been a little deaf for a moment. Now he was conscious of men on the beach pulling one another from the water. Men . . . Germans . . .

His first impulse was to run—back into the hills—for his job was done. Then he remembered the American's gun. He took it from his belt and stood very straight. Then he came out.

They put up their hands as he gathered them together. He had no trouble indicating to them to help the ones that were hurt. And he made them move, marched them back around the path to Angras, forcing them, with an empty gun.

The patrol boat reached the harbor almost as soon as he did. The progress behind the point with the wounded men had not been fast. Juaquo was glad to give them over.

The sailors took them willingly. And from them Juaquo learned a little news. The German and his son had gone with the barge. It was a blow to Juaquo. He had worked for Meyer, worked that he might get the things and marry Clota. And although the weeks with the German had not been wasted, it was sad in a way to have missed the things he had worked for. No matter how much a man loved his country, he thought sometimes of himself.

The sailor looked at his glum face. "It's a rare business," he confided. "Very strange . . ." He looked mystified. "The prisoners say that the first load the man Meyer brought out was bad oil, bad with sand and coffee beans. In the dark no one noticed the impurities and the top was clear . . . it seems like a lie."

"It's no lie," said Juaquo. "I worked a whole night on the load, pumping out oil, putting in sand and coffee. That makes two nights that I do not sleep . . . and I should like to go now, if I may rest."

They did not let him go. They talked a great deal more, and Juaquo learned much that was new to him. It appeared that what he had done was not only an act of bravery but also a real service to his country, which was now at war with Germany, too. They said that the declaration had come just before the artist's arrival at the capital in his search for help. Juaquo was glad to know that everyone was pleased with him. But now that it was accomplished he did not take so much satisfaction from it and could only think of what he had lost.

It was late afternoon. The artist was back. He had been working with Clota—in fact he had just put the canvas away when Juaquo came into the garden.

Juaquo was glad to have missed her. He had not yet found the courage to tell her how things were—and how they must wait, and how he had made plans which would interfere with his working again for the things.

But the artist was pleased to see him. "You did a fine job," he said. "I was proud when they told me."

Juaquo shrugged his shoulders. "It was luck," he said.

"And holding the prisoners with an empty gun . . ."

"Luck . . ." said Juaquo. "Without the patrol boat, the plane and the sailors it would have been a defeat."

The artist did not contradict him.

"People cannot trust to luck—or they must be defeated," said Juaquo sullenly. "I have been thinking"—he took a deep sigh—"it would be better to be a sailor. . . ."

"Well," said the artist, "it is possible."

Juaquo nodded. "I will be a sailor."

"Fine," said the artist. And then very seriously, "But you are worried."

Juaquo sighed again. He looked toward the door of the house. "Have I permission?" he asked.

The artist gave his consent. Juaquo went in, turned back the canvas to gaze at the picture which was nearly finished now. It was like a flower hanging in the depth of the undergrowth. It took his breath away. The artist watched him.

"It might have been different," said Juaquo, "if this had happened a month later. I would have had the things. We could have married . . . it would have been all right."

"Juaquo . . ." said the artist suddenly, "why don't you marry before you go away . . . marry as you planned?"

Juaquo shook his head. "It is not possible," he said, "we planned on the things. Clota talked to the other women—and it is of importance."

"It is the brass bed you want?"

Juaquo nodded bitterly, added the others, "Cloth with flowers on it, chairs, some cups and a dress for Clota from the capital." His voice sank with emotion.

"You shall have them, Juaquo. You worked for them, and you shall have them—tomorrow night if you wish. . . ."

Juaquo gazed at him giddily.

"You shall have them," repeated the artist, "a wedding present from me."

"As a present . . ." It was a formidable gift and of value. Juaquo struggled to picture the difference it would make.

"You deserve it, Juaquo. . . ."

THERE was no doubt this changed everything. Excitement burst inside him. Explosively he planned out loud, punctuating each discovery with a little burst of laughter. "I can marry before I go with the sailors . . . Leon and the others will help me with the house . . . I can stay a little . . . then I will be away for a while. . . ." And the laughter was cut short. The thought of leaving so much was a physical pain. He looked questioningly at the artist: desperately he sought assurance. "How long will I be away?"

The artist seemed to know what Juaquo felt. He did not say anything for a minute. He did not look at Juaquo, instead his eyes sought the familiar view, the greens, the blues, the red of the earth. And he answered then, very gently, "Until the hillside is safe. . . ."

And Juaquo straightened at that, he took the challenge, he even managed to smile a little. "The patron chose good words," he said. "I would not be a man if I desired to return before that."

THE END

IT'S SMART TO SMOKE

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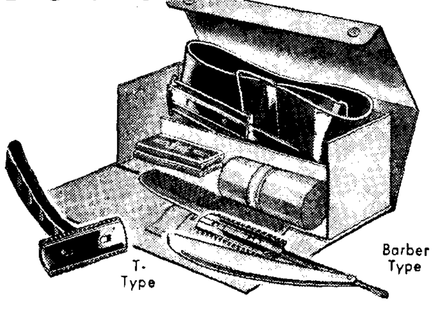

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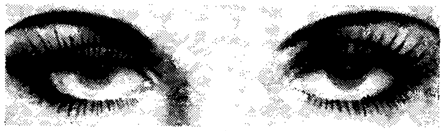

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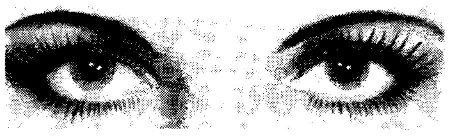

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Princess in Exile

Continued from page 16

accidents occur only where they will harm the Germans, not the Hollanders. There are many examples of great courage and ingenuity which one day will be told when the war has come to an end."

It was a snug, comfortable room in which the princess sat—full of sunlight and warmth; yet you saw in her face and heard in her voice that she is not always warm and comfortable even in this gentle room. Her thoughts take her too often to her country and her people; she has learned that it is possible to shiver and starve 4,000 miles away from the hunger and privation.

"I cannot help hoping for speed in winning the victory. I am impatient because I know there is hunger in my country, there is no medicine, no heating, no nourishment except sick potatoes and wet bread. The rates of disease have gone up terribly. Our infant-mortality rate used to be the lowest in the world; now, of course, it is high."

Juliana's favorite contact with her homeland is the Dutch navy and merchant marine. Delegations of them call upon her regularly, and up until a very short time before the scheduled birth date of her newest child, she traveled to Montreal to visit the seamen's home. There she would meet the sailors, admire the photographs of their families and listen to their troubles and adventures.

These are men whose ship is their only home; when that goes down, they lose everything they own, all the priceless small possessions connecting them with Holland—their pictures, their letters, their souvenirs of family.

Plight of the Homeless

The princess feels keenly this homelessness of the Dutchmen who wander the seas.

"Sailors of the United States and our other allies live in peril of course—but they have some place to come home to when the peril is over," she said. "They can look forward to seeing their wives and children. Our sailors have no dream like that when they are facing death."

The Netherlands troops now stationed in Guelph, Ontario, have also her constant attention. They consist of Dutchmen from all over the world and of those who, after much hardship, managed to escape from Holland. She has visited them often, encouraging them in their fight for freedom.

She receives many visitors in the gray stone house with the slate-blue shutters —ministers of the Netherlands, Hollanders who have escaped by the miracle of the underground, and sailors who journey from New York, Boston, Halifax—wherever a Dutch ship puts in to port —to feast their eyes upon the crown princess as if she were the very earth of their land.

"Yesterday there were six here," she said, speaking of the sailors. "A few are appointed of each ship in port to come and see me in Ottawa."

She sends Christmas cards of her own designing to every member of the Dutch armed forces. She confesses that she has done more sewing for the sailors than for the coming baby which, if a boy, will be the most important Dutchman born in this century.

Whether boy or girl, the name of the child has been decided upon in private by Juliana and Bernhard, but no hint of their choice will be allowed to leak out until after the arrival. However, a good guess is that a boy would be named Willem, as has been every king of the Netherlands since William the Silent. The prince and princess probably will adhere to that custom, even though the names they chose for their daughters—Beatrix and Irene—are not at all traditional with Dutch royalty (or for that matter anything Dutch) and were considered very "fancy" and quite radical. Should the third baby be another girl, the Dutch are prepared for anything

The baby will be registered as Dutch as soon as it is born. The consul-general of the Netherlands in Montreal, G. P. Luden, has been appointed registrar for the occasion. Ordinarily, anyone born on Canadian soil, of whatever parentage, would be a subject of the British crown; but the possible awkwardness arising from this law was averted by a decree of the Canadian government, published a fortnight ago, declaring the place where Juliana's child is born to be extraterritorial.

Juliana's decision not to have her husband or mother make a special trip to Canada to be present at the birth of her child is in line with Dutch policy as established at the time of the invasion—which was, in effect, "no special privileges for anyone." Only officials who were deemed absolutely necessary to carrying on the government of the Netherlands were evacuated from Holland or the overseas territories, and in almost one hundred per cent of the cases, their wives and children stayed behind to face whatever the poorer and less important citizens of the country had to face.

The governor of the Dutch East Indies, for example, chose to remain at his post and face the Japs when he could have been evacuated; his staff and their wives and children are still there, sharing the fate of the natives. The effect on the morale of these natives, Juliana says proudly, has been remarkable; she feels it would have been unthinkable if the whites had cleared out and left the bitter fruits of invasion to the native population. The Dutch, seeing that point, were unanimously willing to stay.

Juliana thinks of these heroic people when she prays for the war to end soon.

Her home, No. 120 Lansdowne Road, is set only a few hundred feet back from the street and is surrounded by tall trees, bare now except for ribbons of snow along the branches. It is comfortable and has a simple charm, but no glossy chic.

Children's toys are scattered and left about in all the places where children's toys might be found in any informal home—on the mantel in the drawing room, under a bench in the sitting room, on a chair by the stairway in the hall. Dolls are all over the house ("They are very dolly, my daughters," the princess admits) and some are in Dutch costume. None are the elaborate, expensive kind that little girls in America must imagine a royal princess would own.

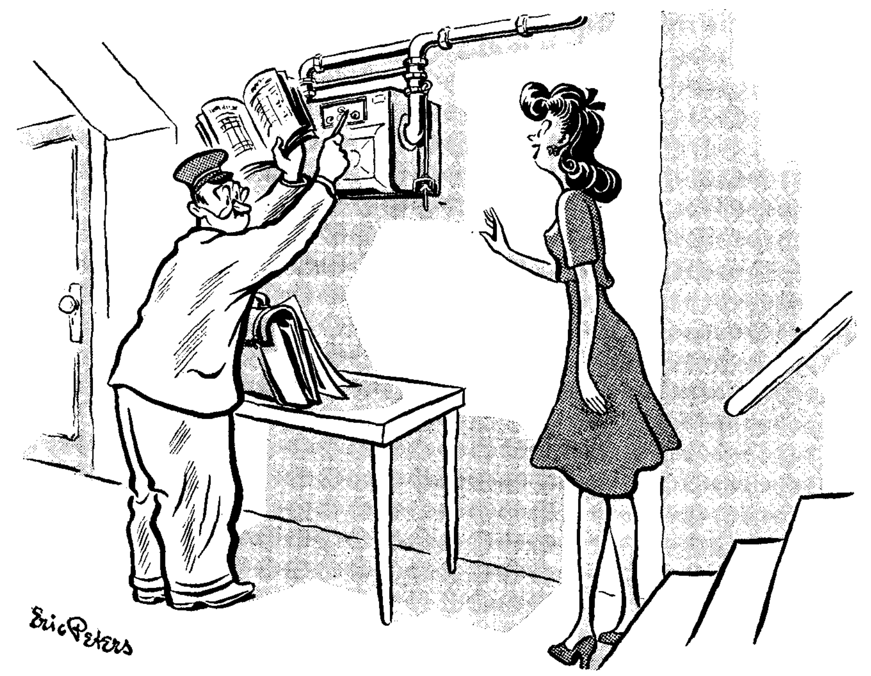
Royalty—Suburban Style

The drawing room is the size of an average suburban living room, with walls painted Nile green and a Turkey-red carpet. The slip covers on the sofa and chairs are white, plain, clean and well worn; the curtains are pale green chintz with pink blossoms in the design. There are fresh flowers—white, pink, yellow and bronze—on every table and desk in the room. The Dutch love flowers, and the princess is totally Dutch.

The tiny room in which Juliana prefers to receive is dusty pink and boxlike, and almost always filled with sunshine. Here are books on wall shelves and on tables; here is the desk where she writes her letters; here is the little green love seat where she does her knitting and sits to read to the children; here are framed photographs, inscribed, of President and Mrs. Roosevelt; here are the businesslike book-shaped cardboard filing boxes in which she keeps her correspondence; here under the needlepoint stool by the fire is a child's houseboat painted red, white and blue. It is a fine room for conversation and for living.

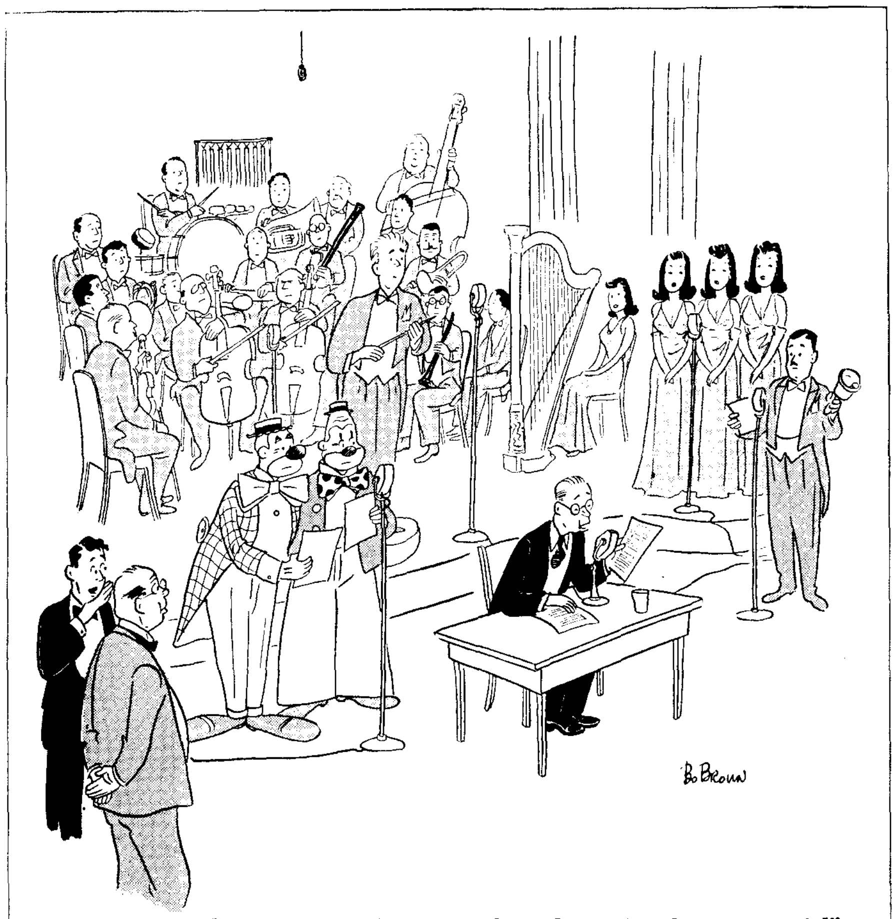
The only thing about the house to suggest royalty is the presence of some stalwart Dutch policemen who guard the place day and night and would die for Juliana not only because she will some day be their queen, but because they are genuinely fond of her in their hearts.

The little princesses—Beatrix is al-



"You needn't come to read our meter any more—my husband has invented an attachment to keep it from registering"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS



"He's the whole program. The rest of them dramatize the commercial"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

most five, Irene is three—attend nursery school along with their constant companion, a blond little girl named Renée, who with her mother accompanied the princesses to Canada and has remained with them. Renée's mother is a dear friend of Juliana's and is a widow; her husband was killed by the Nazis as a hostage.

Children learn winter sports very early in Holland, and as many Dutch customs as possible are being duplicated for the little exiles in Canada, so they are enjoying winter sports. They have learned to ice-skate ("Not on silver skates," the princess said with a smile. "We don't use silver skates in Holland"). And they are in the process of learning to ski, which at this point consists chiefly of falling down and getting up again. "Mostly," Juliana confessed, "they just lie in the snow."

The Proud Mother

She put her arm fondly around the children's shoulders as they stood by her lap, still red-cheeked from the cold outside. "Whom do they resemble? My husband, I think—especially Irene. Irene is the athlete of the family. Beatrix is more motherly."

Beatrix at that moment ran out of the room on sturdy legs and came back in a hurry with a sheaf of crayon drawings she had made at nursery school. She distributed them solemnly to her mother and the visitor.

"She is very generous," Juliana said with some pride. "They are both good children. They quarrel, as all children do, but they are very loyal."

In her artistic leanings, Beatrix appears to resemble her grandmamma. The queen is not only a monarch of exceptional executive ability but an amateur painter of no mean talent.

Juliana spoke proudly of her mother's advanced ideas. "People think my mother is conventional, but actually she is very free from prejudice and I should call her quite unconventional," she said gravely. "She is progressive in every way, and very young at heart."

She cited the queen's flight by clipper to the United States—her first flight—at the age of 62. "My mother liked it very much," Juliana said.

Does the queen spoil her grandchildren? "Not too badly." The princess smiled. "I can't complain. My mother is sensible."

Sensible is a word that applies well to Juliana too. She has an aura of great calm and no nonsense. She is interested in clothes "as every woman is," but she does not go to any extremes in chic, and nothing she has worn in recent seasons looks as though it had been whipped up by an expensive couturier. On this day, she wore a soft blue wool dress, brown suède high-heeled opera pumps, and several strands of coral-colored beads around her neck. Her jewelry was quite unremarkable; more than anything, it was like the ornaments you might see on an American high-school girl—three little gold rings, set with small stones, on one hand, a plain gold wrist watch, and a chain bracelet hung with varicolored charms.

She is inclined to be plump, but not so much now as before her marriage. The little princesses of course are delightfully plump, as Hans Christian Andersen children should be.

There is an air of pleasant expectancy about the gray stone house, which wears the deep winter silence of places surrounded by snow. Juliana, sitting with her golden-haired daughters at her knee, glows with it; the voices that pass her door are hushed with it. Even the little girls feel it.

Glancing out of her window at the picture-postcard view, the princess said, "The children are looking forward to the new baby. They are quite excited. In fact," she added softly, "they are already making presents for him."

She turned back to the little room and went right on talking, smoothing Irene's hair and straightening Beatrix's collar, now and then speaking a few words to them in Dutch, the language they understand best.

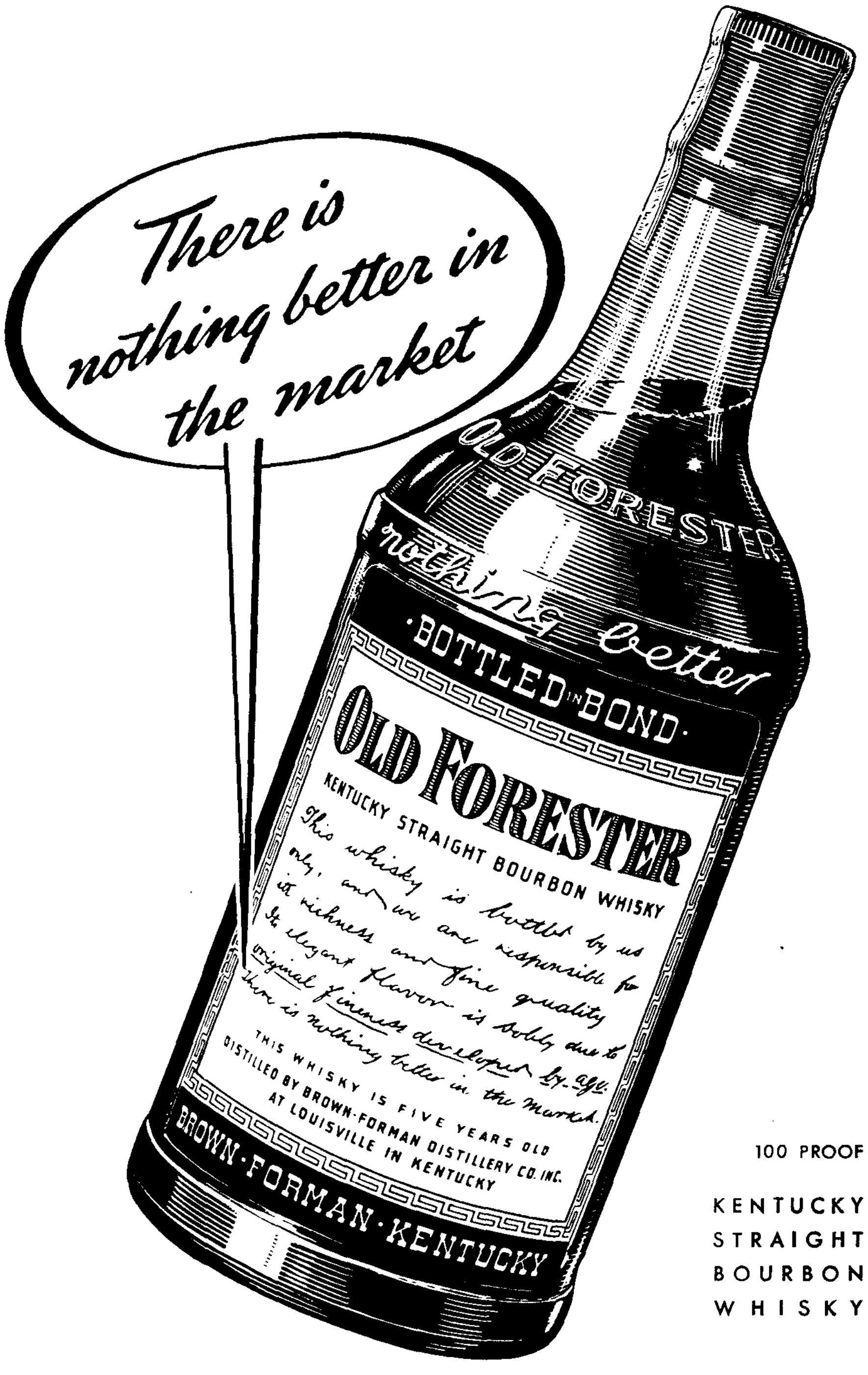
She had not even heard herself say "him."

THE END

LUXURY TREAT

WHEN GOOD

FRIENDS MEET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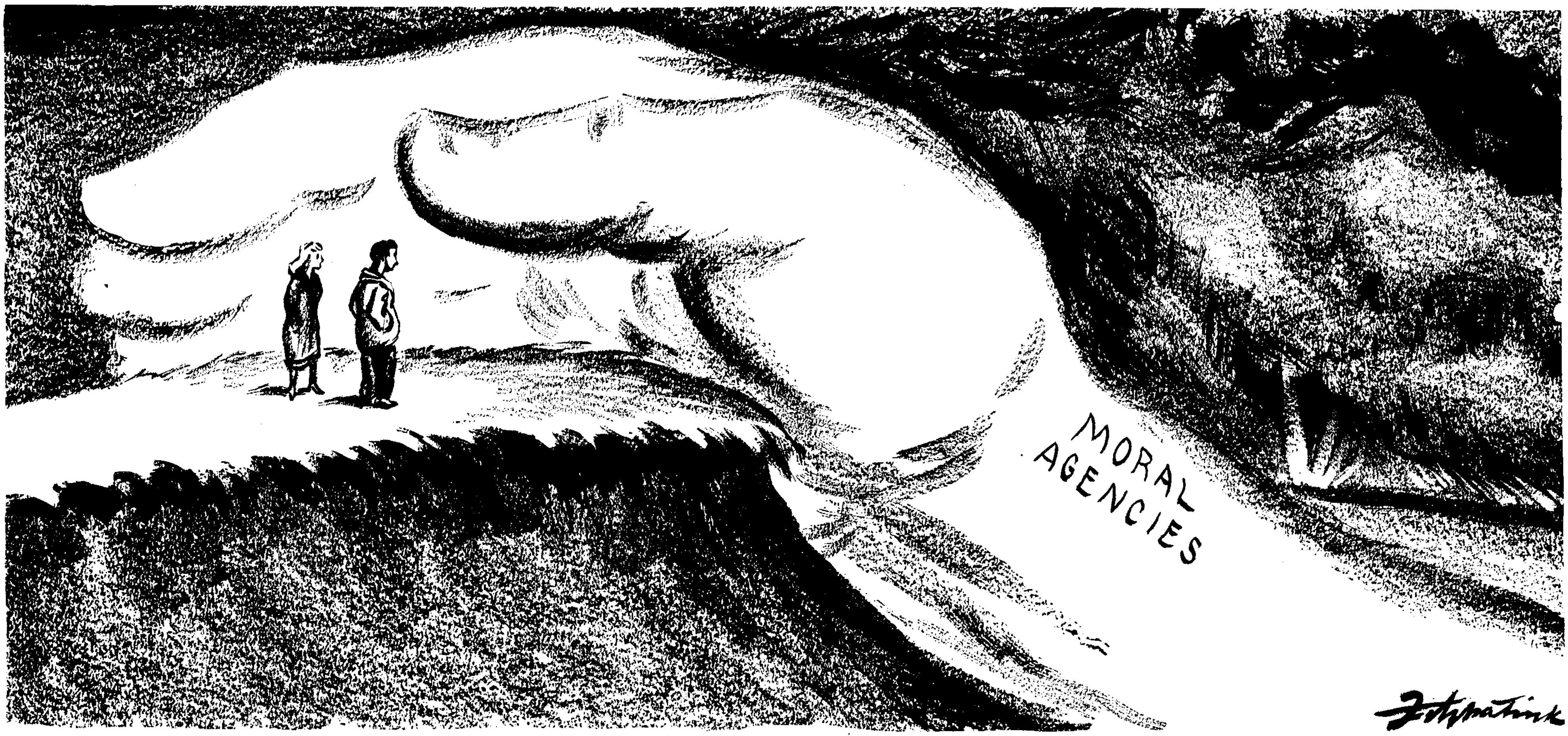


YOUTH AND WAR

WE'RE as much in favor as anybody else of sensible schemes for somehow counteracting the war-bred wildness of some youngsters. We're as heartily opposed as anybody else to the shooting or beating up of schoolteachers by schoolboys, and to girls of thirteen and up having illegitimate babies as one effect of the war excitement.

This interaction of youth and war offers big opportunities, we believe, to churches, city settlement houses, and youth organizations such as the Y.M.C.A., Y.M.H.A., Catholic Youth, Y.W.H.A., Y.W.C.A., and so on.

However, we do hope that everybody who addresses himself or herself to the challenge of youth in wartime will carry into the fracas a liberal load of two qualities which many a youth-saver lacks. These qualities are humor and realism. We don't know which of the two is the more valuable in dealing with youngsters. We're convinced both are indispensable.

Young people like adults who can laugh with them and—occasionally and on a basis of perfect equality—at them. They also like older people who can call their childish bluffs now and then, and deflate their childish pretensions—all in a forthright, noncondescending way.

We hope, too that the over-all seriousness of the war-youth problem won't become exaggerated in the public mind. Of course it is a serious matter when any young boy or girl begins to curdle. But what percentage of the present younger generation actually will go sour permanently?

We don't know. We do know, though, that the men who are fighting like wildcats on all our fronts, rolling up unsurpassed records for gallantry, and at the same time keeping more nearly free of venereal disease and alcoholism than the men of any previous United States wartime fighting forces, are sons of the boys and girls who careened through the Jazz Age following the first World War. That generation was cursed, bewailed and given up for lost by many of its elders and alleged betters. For some reason, it does not appear to have done too badly in its offspring.

Taxing Old War Dogs

WHEN the 5 per cent Victory Tax on gross earnings was decreed by Congress, the veterans' lobbyists were able to win exemptions from this tax for veterans drawing pensions from the Veterans' Administration. Nobody put on any pressure in favor of retired regular officers of the Army and Navy.

These men's retirement pay is pretty slim at best. They have as just a claim for exemption from the 5 per cent Victory Tax, we believe, as anybody who volunteered or was drafted in 1917 or '18 and later managed to establish a pension claim. These retired officers made the Army or Navy their lifework. They took the thick with the thin; and the thin usually predominated in peacetime. They kept in fighting trim the Army and Navy nuclei on which we have been building so rapidly and so effectively since the fall of France in June, 1940.

How about relieving this group of the Victory tax? Or how about refusing any exemptions whatever from this tax? We don't know of any fair compromise between these two courses.

A Year Ago This Week

ONE year ago this week, the President announced American war-production goals for 1942 of 45,000 tanks, 20,000 antiaircraft guns, 60,000 planes, 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping . . . OPM was in the first stages of the struggle to help the auto industry to convert to all-out arms production . . . Congress adopted year-round daylight-saving time for the nation . . . the Japs invaded Borneo and Celebes . . . the huge job of moving the West Coast Japanese population back from the Coast was only well begun . . . Manila had fallen to the Japs (January 2, 1942), and MacArthur and his men were holed in on Bataan for a last-ditch fight which the world knew to be hopeless . . . Rommel eluded the British Eighth Army and got away to El Agheila, where he held and where he prepared the offensive which was to carry him almost to Cairo and Alexandria . . and only on the Russian front, where Timoshenko's winter offensives were well under way, was there any encouragement for the Allies. We have done some of what we set out to do.

Speaking of Peonage

SOME highly scented revelations have been made from time to time about peonage in various parts of the United States—revelations having to do with poor sharecroppers deliberately kept always in debt by their landlords.

It seems to have occurred to few people up to now, however, that under the present method of federal income-tax collection, the United States government inflicts the same sort of peonage, though more politely, on all its income-tax payers.

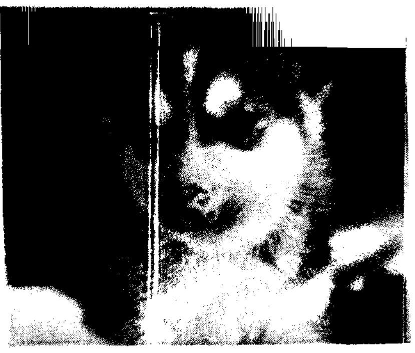
Federal income-tax payers never get out of debt to the government. They are forever paying taxes this year on income earned last year. Up to now, the Treasury Department has set its face stonily against the Ruml pay-as-you-go plan or some variation thereof. Under such a plan, we would turn the tax clock ahead and we'd all take to paying taxes this year on this year's income, as and when earned. Until we adopt such a plan, we shall all be partial slaves to the government—all of us, that is, who pay any federal income taxes at all.

What can be keeping New Dealers and Old Dealers alike from making common cause to stop this form of peonage and to knock out this threat to the entire federal income-tax structure?

Seen while

GOLDEN RACCOON

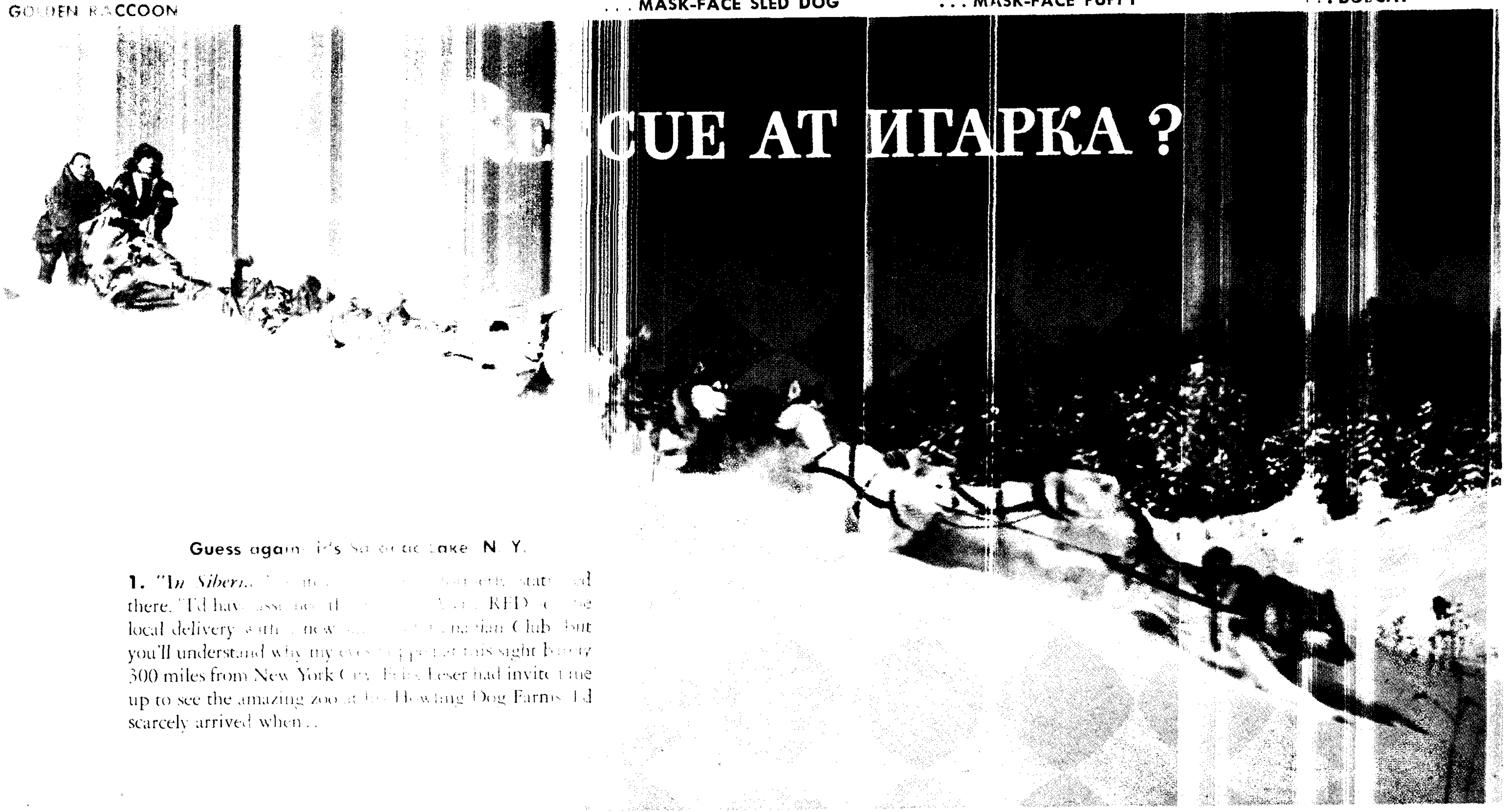
... MASK-FACE SLED DOG



... MASK-FACE PUPPY

... BOBCAT

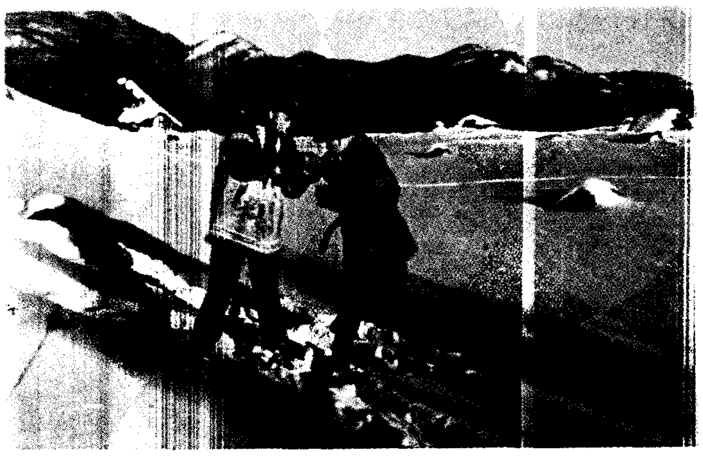
RESCUE AT ИГАРКА ?



Guess again—it's Saranac Lake, N. Y.

1. "*In Siberia* [illegible] stat[illegible] there. "I'd hav[illegible] RFD [illegible] local delivery with [illegible] Canadian Club but you'll understand why my eyes [illegible] at this sight barely 300 miles from New York City. Felix Leser had invited me up to see the amazing zoo at his Howling Dog Farms. I'd scarcely arrived when...

2. "*We had to hit the trail.* By phone we were told a eighbor was two days overdue from the snowbound vilds near Whiteface... was feared injured. Would Felix ake his dog team in and see? Moments later, we were off.



3. "*In that sub-zero climate*—fearful for an injured man to cope with—even lighting a cigarette was hard. So next day when the lead dog's trace broke, we went ahead on snowshoes, leaving our driver to make repairs and catch up.

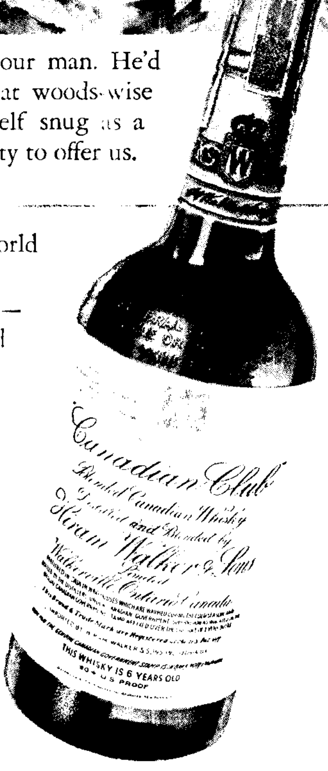
4. "*At dusk,* we found our man. He'd broken his ankle. But that woods-wise oldtimer had made himself snug as a bear... even had hospitality to offer us.

5. "*Lavish hospitality* it was—Canadian Club! Gentlemen, I've cheered this distinctive-tasting whisky at gathering-places the world around, but never so gratefully as at the end of that Adirondack adventure."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique and delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club.

Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



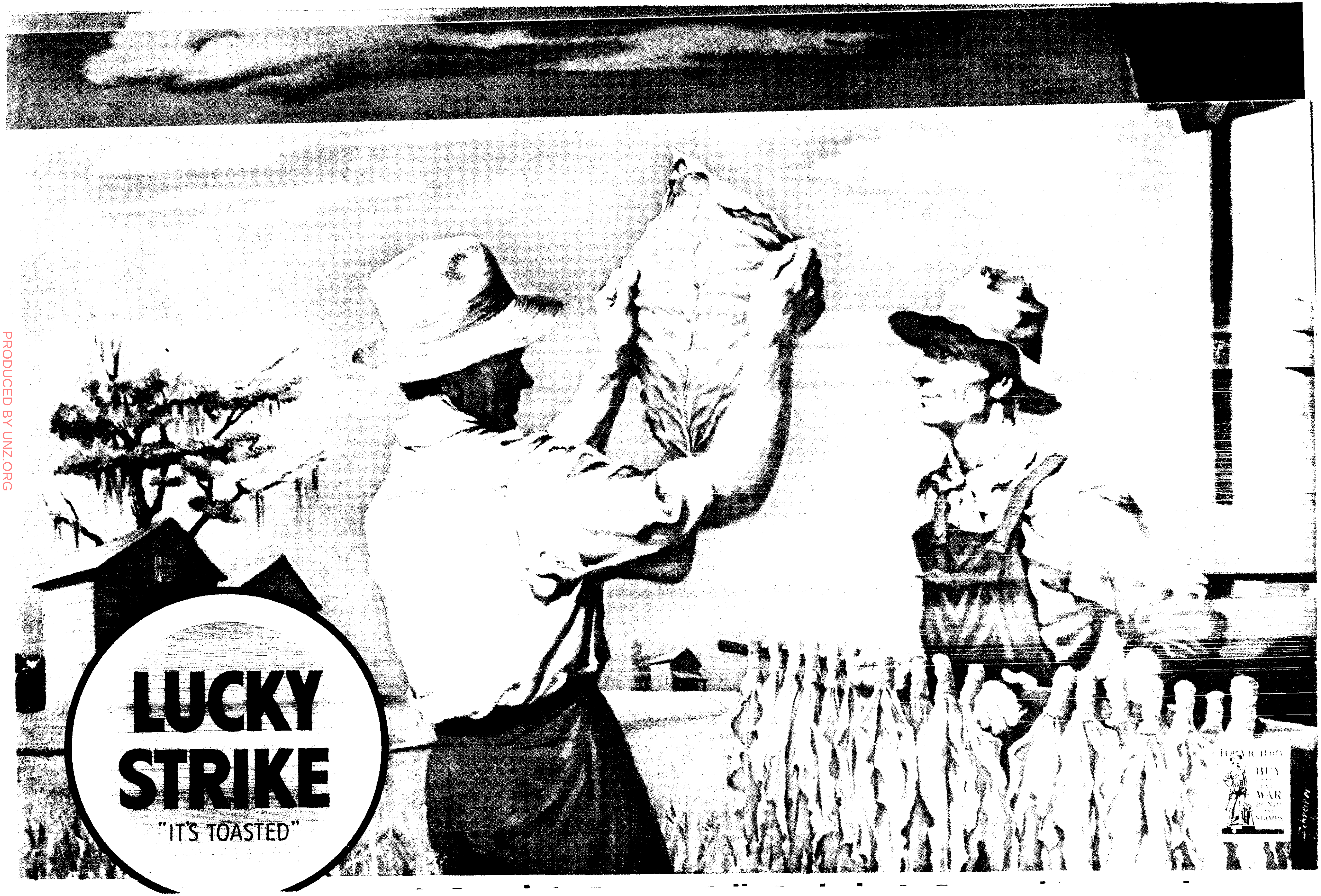
IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada
Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof. Copr. 1943

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber


LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
BUY
WAR
BONDS
STAMPS